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JULY 1978

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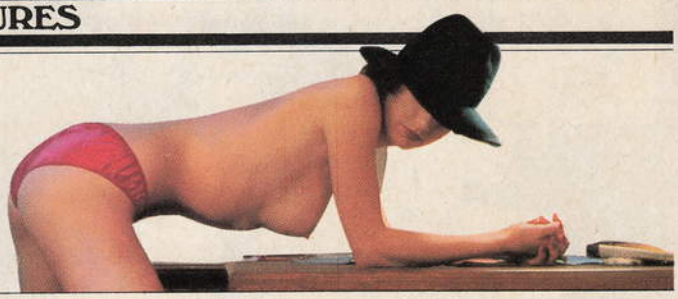

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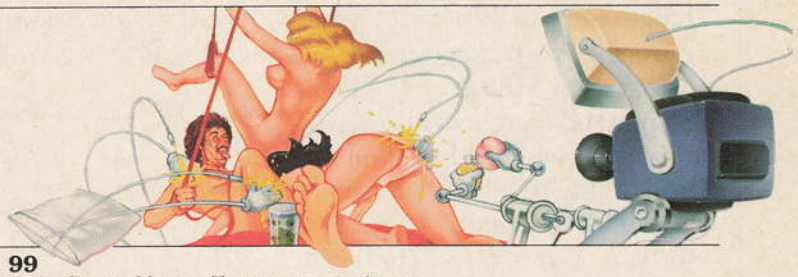

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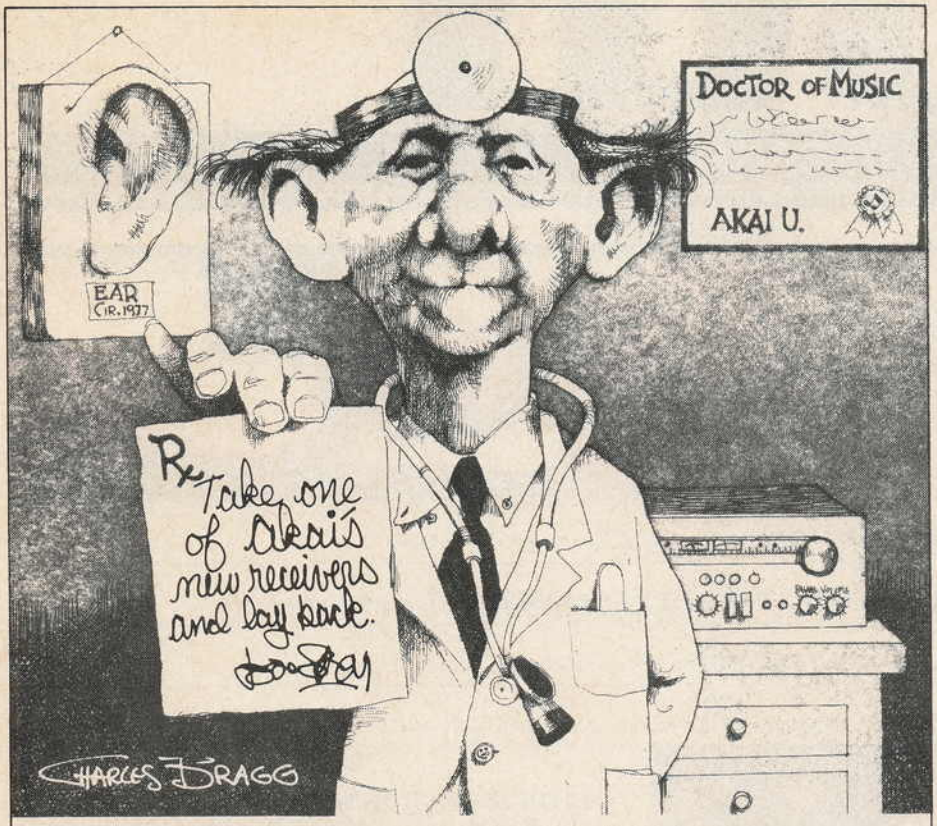

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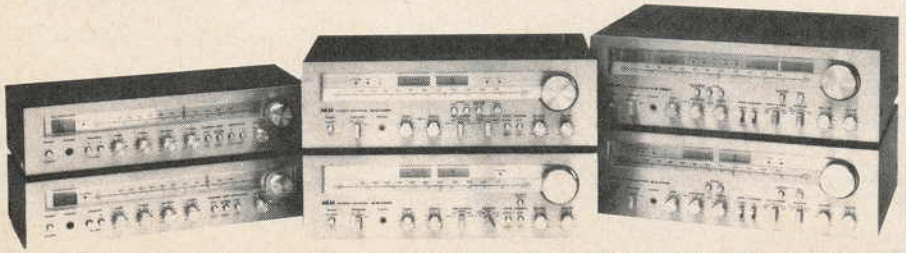

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COVER: The summery sprite on this month's cover is 21-year-old fashion model Julie Swanson. She's a real California girl—into tacos, TM and soaking up the sun. "I need a man with a sense of humor," she says. "One night a boyfriend and I got into a boysenberry pie fight in the bedroom." Sounds like our kind of foreplay.

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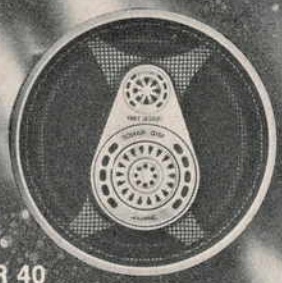

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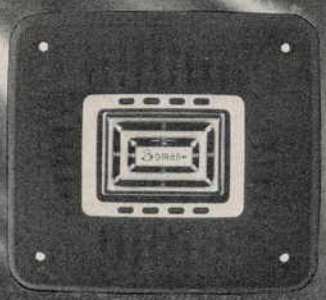

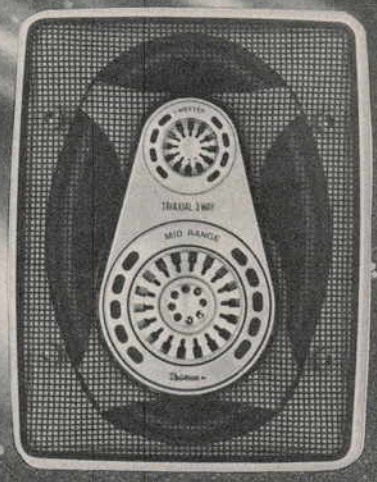

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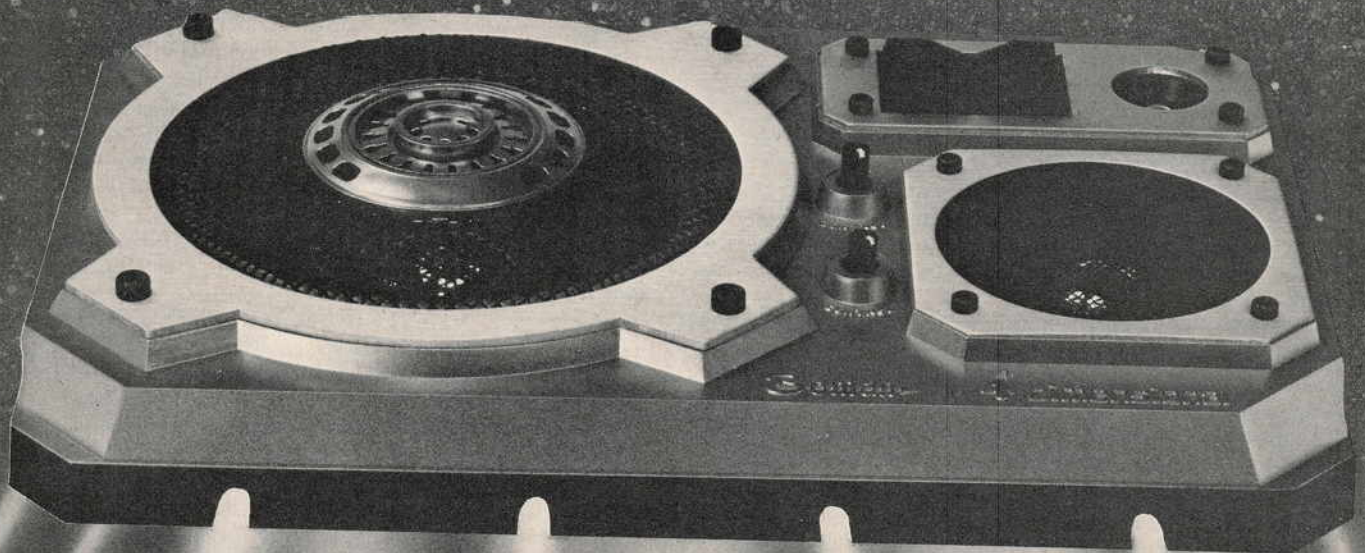

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MAIL

SON OF SAM MEETS PATTY

When I read the title *Almost All in the Family* (April) I thought maybe I was about to read some sort of humor piece. Jesus. I couldn't have been more wrong. The story of how 19-year-old Patty Columbo viciously murdered her parents and brother was more frightening to me than anything I read about Son of Sam. I mean, Son of Sam was a fanatic, but Patty sounds like the kind of girl I went to school with—and I grew up in a suburb of Chicago near where Patty lived. I don't really know why I'm writing this letter; it's just that I was so unnerved by the story that my hands are shaking.

I'll say one thing for OUI—it's never dull. I rather like not knowing what to expect every month, unlike some *women's* magazines I won't name.

KAREN WOOD
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

If Almost All in the Family *scared the bejesus out of you, then you'd better read this month's* Victim *(which starts on page 78) in broad daylight, when you're not alone in the house.*

CAN'T GET NO SATISFACTION

What a magnificent specimen of womanhood is *Susan* (March)! I truly feel sorry that she can't find the satisfaction she so rightly deserves. I'd certainly like to try to help her out.

Reading and looking at Susan reminded me of the time, some years back, when I'd just gotten out of the army and was working in the tiny town of Tuskegee, Alabama. There was a woman who worked in one of the town's two cafes whom I became interested in, mostly because of the rumor I'd heard that she'd fucked two husbands to death. I can believe it. I'm still alive, but then I only knew her a few months. After I began seeing her, I lost some 15 pounds in six weeks, even though I tried to keep up my strength by eating a dozen raw oysters every night. She could really make a man appreciate a good piece of ass, even though she was 55 years old.

Anyway, getting back to Susan, I just have to say that she is the most beautiful example of gynemania I've ever seen.

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST
Huntsville, Alabama

"Gynemania?" asked Susan when we showed her your letter. "What's that? A woman with a crazy cunt? A girl who goes nuts for doctors? It's not in the dictionary. I

guess it's a compliment, but you never can tell with guys who say you remind them of 55-year-old women."

COMING HOME

There are 31 other guys up here besides myself in this Coast Guard station in Alaska, and we're all crazy about OUI Magazine. The only thing that bothers me are the letters in the *Mail* column from readers who prefer one type of women over another. Believe me, all such a guy would have to do is spend some time on this base and he'd be happy to see anything soft that breathed.

By the way, if any of the women out there reading this letter should happen to meet a guy from this base when he returns to civilization, please be kind to him. Remember, he hasn't had any for a *year.* (Besides, I'm coming home soon!)

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST
Nome, Alaska

TICK, TACH, TOE

There is no sport anywhere in the world as exciting as Grand Prix racing, although, for the most part, we Americans have been mighty slow to catch on to it. I haven't seen an article that has revved me up more than *Life in the Fast Lanes* (April) by Charles Fox. *Sex Tapes* got me into first gear, and *Candy* had me nearing the red line, but *Fast Lanes* really shot my tach all to hell. I loved it.

THOMAS BARRY
St. Louis, Missouri

David Rothman got *bored* at Watkins Glen? Sure he didn't take too many Qs? Actually, I've met nitpickers like Rothman at the Glen before. They're like the kind of people who show up at an orgy with a case of crabs and then insist on infecting everybody. They just don't like to see anybody have a good time. I bet Rothman's idea of excitement is watching Sandy Duncan bite into Wheat Thins.

BILL ELLIS
Seattle, Washington

I CHING, YOU CHING, OUI ALL CHING

Howard Rheingold is a friend of mine but, still, the OUI CHING (April) is really superb. It might interest your readers to know that the Omnibus Crime Act of 1973, as amended in 1976–77, specifically recognizes *I Ching* hexagrams as an absolute legal defense for most acts otherwise regarded as unlawful. In one case, three convicted killers escaped from prison, stole a 55-gallon drum of industrial toluene, poured it into gas masks, drove an

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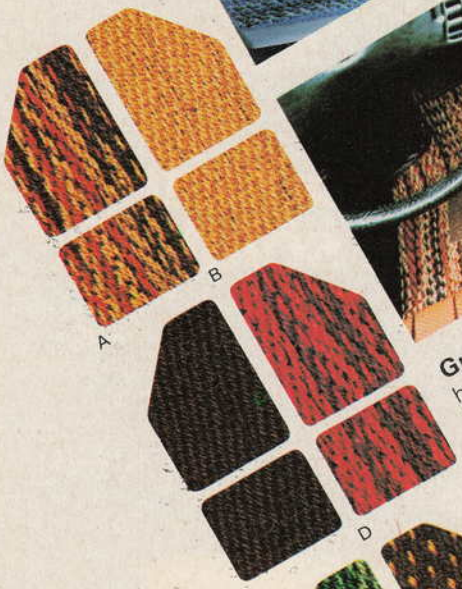

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armored personnel carrier through the front gate of a children's petting zoo, cut down 88 patrons with submachine guns, snipped the ears and snouts off the animals and robbed $7.40 from the cash register. Hexagrams discovered afterwards established valid *I Ching* authorization for their conduct, and charges were subsequently dropped at the arraignment.

It is also true that most state and local police will treat a driver's hexagrammic instructions to break traffic regulations as license to do so, provided the driver has possession of his *I Ching* paperwork in the vehicle at the time of the infraction—notarized, of course.

TOD CARROLL
Associate Editor, *National Lampoon*
New York, New York

Rheingold replies: "I see that you didn't spend those four miserable, horny months in law school for nothing. I have reconsulted my OUI CHING *regarding your more sinister implications and have obtained hexagram 20, Conspicuous Contemplation. The interpretation of the oracle is clear and unequivocal: Your totally fallacious innuendos are a subtly disguised attempt to blow your own demented horn. Your secret goal is to get some publicity for the* Lampoon. *At least you have the good sense to advertise in the magazine all your friends read."*

I've been using the *I Ching* for 12 years now, and I just had to tell you that I really flipped for the OUI CHING, coins and all.

JEFFREY O. HEIMER
Phoenix, Arizona

UP SHIT CREEK

I must admit that until I read the April *Openers* I didn't know that there really

existed a Shit Creek, be it in Alaska or wherever. However, perhaps *you* don't know that there is also a more-or-less official Shit Creek Yacht Club. Enclosed is their logo. No, you wouldn't want to join.

BRIAN D. DAY
Burlingame, California

EST TU?

In *Mind Over Money: How to Psych Yourself Rich* (March), an article I wrote with Dick Hobson, I did not express my personal experience of est in the way I would have liked.

As an organization, est has been extremely valuable to me. I have participated in est training and numerous est seminars and workshops. If est was described in ways that sounded negative to some readers, I regret not having conveyed the way I actually feel.

Est's Money Series program does not try to psych people into getting rich, but to help them resolve whatever stands between them and a satisfying relationship to money, in large or small amounts.

The description of est as having a family tree with Mind Dynamics only two limbs back on it, and the reference to "disquieting connections" between the Leadership Dynamics Institute debacle and money seminars such as est's may have given readers an impression that est comes out of those disciplines. It does not. The integrity of est's staff and methods put it in an entirely different class.

THOMAS C. GREENING, PH.D.
Psychological Service Associates
Los Angeles, California

BURTON BITES BACK

Never mind the *Conversation with Richard Burton* (April); that incredible illustration by Ignacio Gomez says it all. That ugly/beautiful face, pockmarked, blue eyes staring unflinchingly—a very powerful picture. I thought, when I began reading the interview, that Richard Burton is really boring—you know, who really wants to hear about his umpteen marriages to Liz? But it's hard not to like a guy who distrusts psychiatrists, especially in this day of est or be ested.

He really won me over, though, when he referred to Shakespeare as "pretty ropey"—I guess Burton may be my kind of guy after all.

JESSE BROUSSARD
Houston, Texas

COPPING A FEEL

Like many other women, I sometimes dream of having a motorcycle cop ride *me* instead of his Harley. That's why I bought your April issue—to see those two police officers give Beverly (*Beverly Beats the Heat*) a piece of the action.

I was disappointed, however, in the lack of male nudity. After all, a gun and a nightstick aren't the only long, powerful weapons a cop has hanging below his belt.

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Those pictures of Beverly "in the long arms of the law" really turned me on. I have a thing about men in uniforms and cops in particular, but I've always been afraid to actually go up and ask one out.

CHERYL SCHWARTZ
New York, New York

Not that you asked, Cheryl, but Beverly has some advice for you. "Police officers," she says, "tend to get defensive if you come on too strong. So leave your pants on. It takes a little longer, but they finally get the message as to which stick you want them to pull out."

LET IT BEATLES

I have never read a more moving piece of fiction than John Weeks's story, *The Beatles' Not-So-Magical Mystery Tour* (March). The idea of The Beatles coming together again for one last concert is one that haunts my thoughts constantly. As the story ended, I had the feeling that *I was there.* My goose bumps were big and real. The tears in my eyes were real. I must have played seven or eight of my Beatle LPs nonstop after finishing the story, and for a few minutes John, Paul, Ringo and George were up there on that stage, together again. Let's hope that someday they do it for *real.*

KEVIN G.J. FITZGERALD
Sarasota, Florida

I was completely surprised by the ending and even let loose a few tears. The Fab Four is and always will be the greatest.

L/CPL. PAUL R. SMITH, USMC
Twentynine Palms, California

Weeks speaks for many of us who dream of a Beatles reunion.

As a legally incorporated nonprofit organization, we're trying to set up a museum about rock-'n'-roll music from the Fifties through the Eighties. Naturally,

Smoking Section™

Welcome to the e-z wider® Smoking Section. This is the first of a series in which we plan to talk about rolling papers, music, smoking, hang gliding, surfing, old movies, people, racing cars, pipes, and other stuff.

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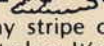

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people like The Beatles will be very well represented for their tremendous contribution to musical history.

We'd be pleased to hear from like-minded readers who like the idea of a rock-'n'-roll museum, and we'd love to see more Beatles fiction in OUI (would that it be non-fiction!).

JUDITH A. VACHON
President, Museum of
Contemporary Music, Inc.
P.O. Box 714
Dover, New Hampshire 03820

Thank you, John Weeks, for providing a truly magical mystery tour. Perhaps it's better to remember The Beatles as they were, but I'm glad I had the chance to catch one last concert!

HAROLD LEO
Los Angeles, California

I've been a Beatle freak since 1964, when I was 14 years old. I loved the story. I only wish I'd written it.

PC3 MARK P. BRANSON
United States Navy
San Francisco, California

I hate to take a dig at a really terrific story, but Weeks should have known that *Let It Be* was actually recorded before *Abbey Road*, although *Abbey Road* was released first. Weeks would have us believe that the last Beatle effort consisted of "dog-end" music, but that is not the case, as *Abbey Road* was and still is a classic.

ROB CREIGHTON
Wheaton, Illinois

It is 2:00 A.M. and there are three cases of very real tears in my house.

So the kidnapping is Ringo's idea? Marvelous. Because if anybody else got the idea to kidnap the Fab Four, there would be a manhunt that neither Kojak nor Carter could handle.

I hope you send copies of this story to The Beatles themselves.

MARK P. SIMON
San Jose, California

Well, Mark, we did send copies of the magazine to The Beatles, but none of them have responded. Ringo Starr's friend, Nancy Andrews, did enjoy the story, but insists that Ringo would never have done it.

TAX BLOCK

What is this? Here I am, trying to do my taxes for the zillionth time, and I open my recently arrived OUI to take a break, and here's an article about how the best way to avoid the tax man is to become one (*Inside H&R Block*, April)! How can someone who can't even figure out his own form ever be able to figure out some mythological Wilson's? I ask you. Never mind, don't answer. I really don't want to know. I've read a lot of tax articles lately and there's only one thing I really want to know and it's the thing that nobody ever mentions, which is this: What if I give up and just don't pay them at all? Can I get away with it? I mean, I never won in any kind of lottery, so why should I lose to the IRS computer? Come to think of it, I don't want to know the answer to that, either.

BOB ISON
Atlanta, Georgia

Good, because neither do we.

I don't believe it. Theodore Fischer has almost—but not quite—made taxes seem like fun. At any rate, his is the first article on taxes that I have ever been able to read to the end. No small accomplishment, that. Now maybe he'll tell me how to talk back to my BankAmericard.

L.K. MAHONEY
Richmond, Virginia

Forget BankAmericard and go have a Big Mac. And get ready for Theodore Fischer's next article, Have It Your Way, *which will tell you all you could possibly want to know about franchises. Coming in August.*

"SATURDAY NIGHT" FEVER

Aside from an occasional glance at the news, I never watched television until *Saturday Night Live* came on the air. About a year ago I was over at a friend's house—we were both stoned—and the TV was on, although we weren't really watching it closely. All of a sudden a sign flashed the "Claudine Longet Invitational Ski Tournament," and these skiers came flashing down the hill, only to be shot at every turn. I couldn't believe it. I thought I was hallucinating. Such inspired lunacy on *television*? I was hooked. I didn't go out of the house on Saturday nights for months.

I didn't realize that the mind behind much of the madness belonged to Michael O'Donoghue, until I read Bruce McCall's article in the April OUI (*Growing Up with Michael O'Donoghue*). The show is not the same as it once was—inevitable, I suppose—but what delicious insanity it was while it lasted.

LOUIS POLANSKI
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Anybody who sits around and thinks of stuff like "You can show a cunt on television as long as there's a baby coming out of it" is a fuckin' genius.

J. TEAGUE
Fort Worth, Texas

If Michael O'Donoghue's search-and-destroy sense of humor is indicative of what entertainment in this country is coming to, we're all in deep shit.

FRED CALDWELL
Washington, D.C.

I used to think that *Saturday Night Live* was sophomoric (until O'Donoghue defined the word as a "liberal code word for 'funny' "). Unlike many of my hip friends,

I didn't see what was so screamingly funny about people falling off of ladders and grown men dressed as bees. But recently I've been watching *Love Boat* and *Fantasy Island* and *Three's Company*, and all I can say is: Help! I'll take sophomoric over *moronic* any time. Where are you, Michael O'Donoghue, now that we need you? Please say you'll come back.

JOHN AIELLO
Detroit, Michigan

STUFF IT

I always wondered what happened to the "Slam Dunk" contest CBS put on last year during halftime. I never realized that there was so much politicking and infighting going on (*Remembrances of Slam Dunks Past*, April). It sounds as if the real show was going on behind the cameras, not in front of them. I bet Norman Lear could make a great comedy series out of "Slam Dunk"—in any case, it's a hell of a title.

FRANK ARNOLD
Springfield, Illinois

Hey, I have a great idea for next basketball season: "Slam Punk." First make some hoops out of a bunch of safety pins and then have Doctor J and Dunkenstein toss those silly Sex Pistols and the like through the hoops onto their pointy little heads. I'd even give up my halftime six-pack to stay and look at that one.

CHUCK HESS
Indianapolis, Indiana

STARKIDS

It's about time that someone had the nerve to point out that starkids like Pat Wayne, Taryn Power and Shaun Cassidy, among dozens of others, are indeed *Stumbling in Their Parents' Footsteps* (April). I hope they all trip.

HAROLD ADAMS
Kansas City, Missouri

I think it's unfair of Richard Pietschmann to include William Katt (*Carrie*, *First Love*) in his list of starkid rejects just because his mother was Barbara Hale. Having a famous parent doesn't automatically ensure a lack of talent, as Pietschmann implies. And William Katt is going to be more famous than Robert Redford in a couple of years, mark my words.

CANDY BRYANT
Las Vegas, Nevada

SUBLETT'S NEW LEASE

In Rick Sublett's April *Film* column, he takes some cheap shots at some terrific people by giving out those "Oscars OUI'd Like to See." I'm referring to his unfair remarks about Al Pacino, Richard Pryor and Diane Keaton, all personal favorites of mine. As long as we're thinking up imaginary Oscars, however, it only seems fair to award one now and then to a film critic. As

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for the award for Best Writer to make us all pray for the hurried return of D. Keith Mano—and I never thought I'd ever say this—let me nominate Mr. Rick Sublett. (Mano, I take back every lousy thing I ever said about you at O'Rourke's tavern. You may have been mean, but at least you didn't sublet your mind entirely.)

JEFF TIMMONS
Chicago, Illinois

JFK WOULD HAVE GRINNED

It's been a long time (perhaps never?) since I read something about the JFK assassination that made me laugh, but the April *Openers*' "15 Least Important Facts about the JFK Assassination" is a giggle. And a belly laugh—especially the part about Jack Ruby's advice on erections. With a sense of humor this country can live through anything. (Although with Carter, it isn't easy—thank God for Hamilton Jordan!)

JIM PHELPS
Cincinnati, Ohio

FRENCH FISH

I'd like to address this letter to Tom Shea of Hartford, Connecticut, who wrote in to the April *Mail* complaining about his sexless vacation in Paris.

Tom, it may be true that *la Parisienne* is less than enthusiastic, but give her country cousins a chance. Find a small hotel next to a youth hostel—there's one on the Rue des Bernardins that's just fantastic: black girls from Kenya, blonds from Sweden, Jewish princesses from Long Island and French girls from all over the country. It's like shooting fish in a barrel—honest.

WALTER E. MAGNOLIA
Lynbrook, New York

TANK YOU

April cover girl Cherie Chung's tank suit sent me screaming into the surf!

"DOGMAN" FRANKLIN
South Houston, Texas

HOLE-IN-ONE

If D. Keith Mano were to take his comedy-writing talents to Hollywood, he'd make a mint. His *Nonduffer's (Yawn) Guide to (Ho-hum) Watching Golf* (March) is the funniest thing I've ever read about golf—in fact, it's the funniest piece in the whole magazine. Anyone who's ever been to a golf tournament must have fallen out of his chair, laughing. I did.

BUD CALVERT
Kissee Mills, Missouri

TONGUE-TIED

Many times I've been tempted to write letters to the editor out of provocation, so I never thought that the first such letter I'd actually send would be out of admiration! I'm talking about Lisa Southern's article, *The Little Man in the Boat* (January). If enough men read it, there will probably be a dramatic decrease in female nighttime headaches.

I noticed in the April *Mail* column that Southern's article has stirred up a lot of controversy. I'm one of the lucky ones. After years of searching, I was lucky enough to marry a man who loves the way I smell and taste, and who has the three most desirable sexual traits a man can have—perseverance, patience and strong tongue muscles.

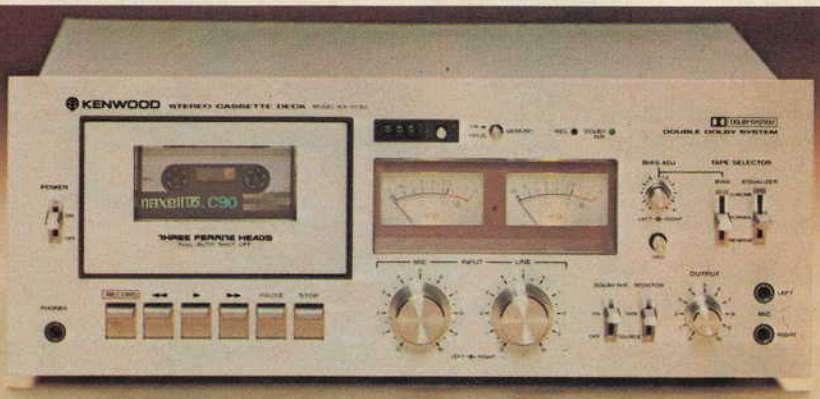
MIMI A.
Los Angeles, California

MERCY FOR MERCENARIES?

D. Weeks says in the March *Mail* that *Soldiers of Fortune* publisher Robert K. Brown incites mercenaries and will "bring World War Three down on all our heads." I take exception to that. Brown does not encourage people to become mercenaries; rather, he intelligently provides a manual for survival that is accurate, informative and necessary. After all, World War Three has already begun!

THOMAS C. FARRELL
Bloomfield, Connecticut

Address letters to:
Mail, OUI
8560 Sunset Boulevard
Los Angeles, California 90069



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"Ilie Nastase introduced us to white rum and tonic."

"One day when I was photographing a match for a tennis magazine, Ilie Nastase came over to say hello. He displayed his usual charm—and then proceeded to tell me how much he hated one of my pictures of him in a recent issue.

That night, in a spirit of atonement, Ilie took Bob and me out to a Japanese restaurant. Before dinner, he ordered Puerto Rican white rum and tonic, a drink we had never tried before. We were intrigued, so we ordered the same.

When Ilie is right, he's right. White rum and tonic were made for each other.

A Rumanian in a Japanese restaurant introducing two Americans to Puerto Rican white rum.

That's how we got on to a good thing."

Convert yourself.

Instead of automatically ordering gin and tonic, try white rum and Canada Dry Tonic next time. Canada Dry is the classic summer tonic. And Puerto Rican Rum makes a smoother drink than gin or vodka—for a very good reason. Unlike gin or vodka, white rum from Puerto Rico is aged for at least a full year before it's bottled. And when it comes to smoothness, aging is the name of the game.

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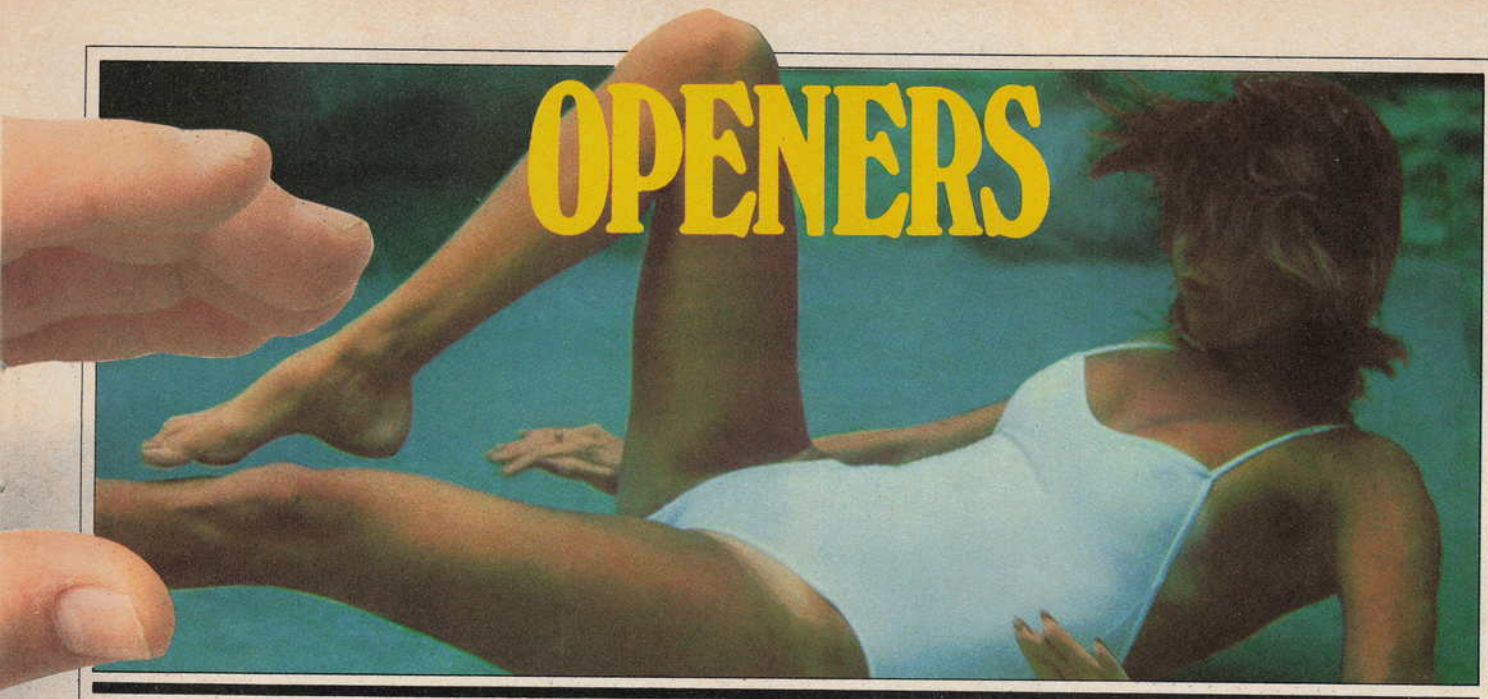
OPENERS



The Hydro-Nymph from Atlantis (above) is the star of this fall's rave new TV series. As you can see, our biosonic minimermaid (only ten inches tall) is in serious trouble. That's the groping hand of the evil Captain Schnook, who, in the pilot episode, holds our aquatic Tinker Bell captive in his lobster catch. Will our heroine's tail get broiled?

FLIGHT OF THE BUMBLEPEANUT

The mystery began a few years ago when an old pal left town for a few days, giving restaurateur/actor Jay Fiondella the once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to get his nut off.

Eventually, Alan Shepard returned to Santa Monica, California, accompanied by the world's very first *Arachis hypogaea* ever to make a round trip to the moon. First class. Not bad, for just a plain ol' undistinguished garden-variety peanut. And that was back in February 1971, before anybody had even *heard* of Billy Carter.

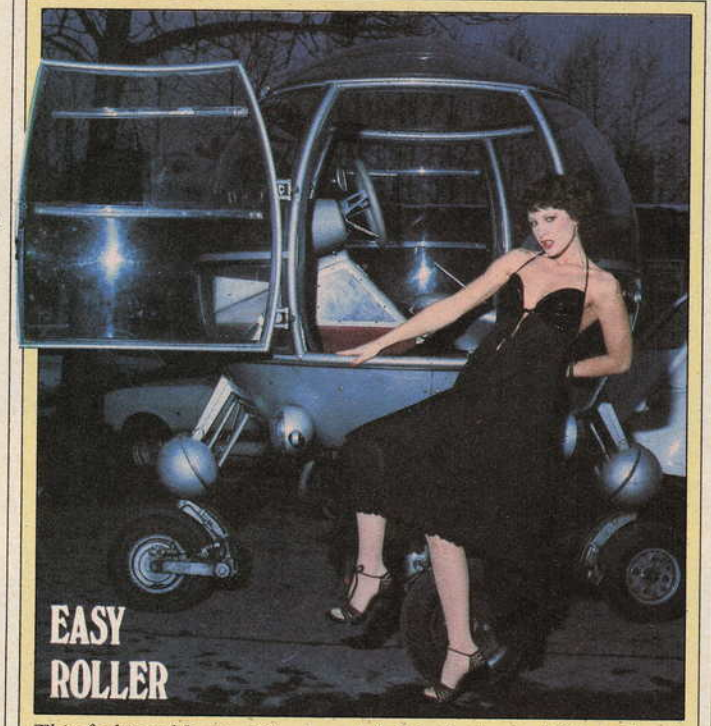
Chez Jay's, Fiondella's establishment, popular with the movie crowd and a colorful variety of impetuous beachniks, has baskets of the goobers all over the place, and Shepard had snagged one—probably for company on the lonely flight. There was much excitement and celebration when he presented it formally to Fiondella, who announced he was considering having it gold-plated to wear as a ring. Natty.

Meanwhile, the regular customers kept celebrating. There was handshaking and backslapping and tush-grabbing and drink-drinking and, of course, *everybody* wanted to touch the peripatetic peanut, to hold in their hand, however briefly, that history-making li'l mother. And you know peanuts: they all look alike . . .

Some people say it never left Chez Jay's intact, that it was put on the bar or a table and vanished into a crowd of peer peanuts. Some say the cocktail waitress left with it in her navel. Some say it fell to the floor, joining many of the celebrity celebrants. Some say it was eaten by an actress who thought it was a part of a producer. Some say it drowned in a Harvey Wallbanger. Some say John Cassavetes sat on it.

Jay Fiondella insists that he has it in a safe-deposit box and will display it only under armed guard. Yeah, but how can we be sure that that peanut is *the* peanut? And how about a certain elephant at the Santa Monica zoo? The one who's been stoned to the eyeballs since February 1971.

—MICHAEL PRICE



EASY ROLLER

This fashionable new "Automodule" is the brainchild of French designer J.P. Ponthieu. The chassisphere putts along atop a two-cylinder Fiat engine and revolves 180 degrees so you never have to drive in reverse. Ponthieu rents out six of these bubble buggies to aspiring Parisian Cinderellas who want to take an evening "roll" down the Champs Elysées. You can reach Ponthieu at Société Holster, 39 Rue du Colisée, 75008 Paris, France.

MAY THE FARCE BE WITH YOU

Hardware Wars, a 13-minute parody which opens with a steam-iron spacecraft being buzzed by an eggbeater before reaching a space station that looks suspiciously like a waffle iron, is the creation of 32-year-old San Franciscan Ernie Fosselius. The arch-villain of the film is Darph Nader, who duels Augie Ben Doggie with flashlight laser swords. Other stars of the project, which took only two months and a paltry $8000 to make, include Fluke Starbucker, Princess Ann-Droid, star-cruiser pilot Ham Salad, robot Artie Deco (who is really nothing more than a vacuum cleaner) and 4-Q-2, who looks very much like the tin woodsman in *The*

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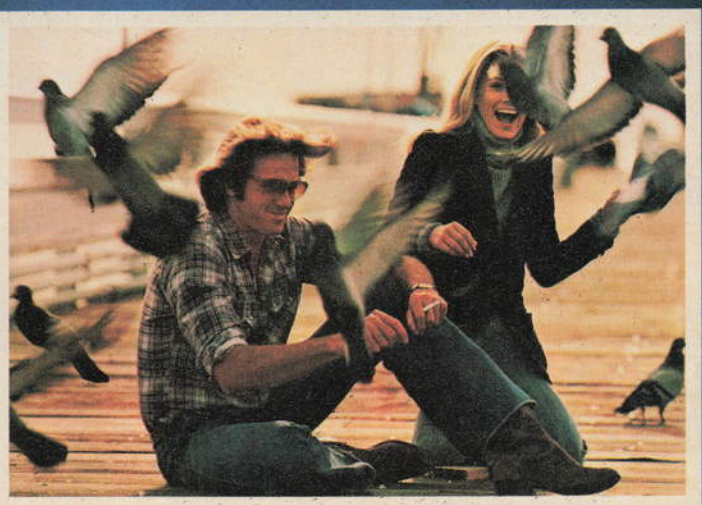

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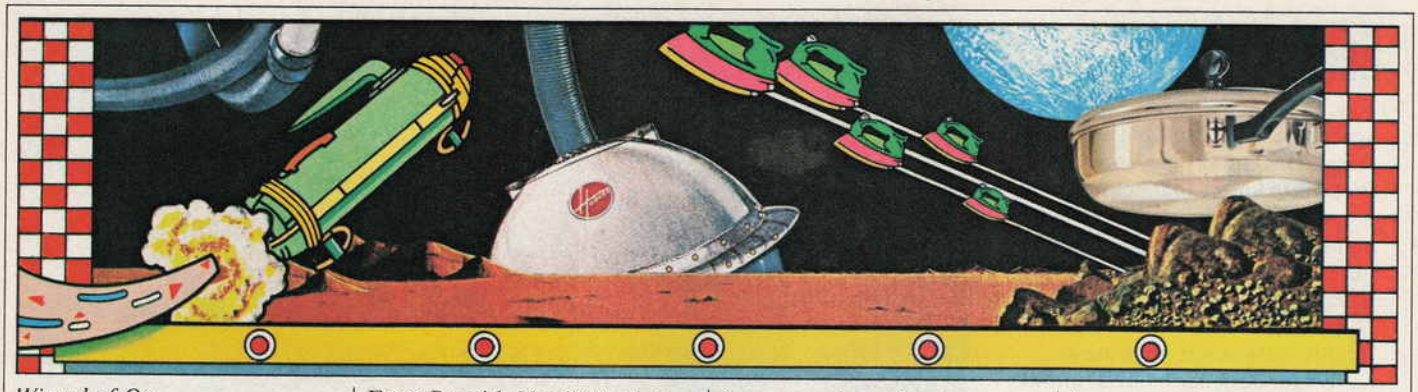


Wizard of Oz.

"Most of it was shot in a big garage we rented," admits Fosselius, who served as writer, director and animator, as well as playing Darph Nader. For the desolate-planet sequence, Fosselius sent his crew down to the sand dunes of San Francisco's Ocean Beach. In many of the scenes you can see wires, ropes and other so-called "special effects" clearly; during one desolate-planet shot, a sunbather is visible.

But Fosselius offers a lot more than just gimmicks in this "spectacular space saga of romance, rebellion and household appliances." He's got the slogan "May the Farce Be with You." "And," says Fosselius, a veteran animator-writer for both *Sesame Street* and *Electric Company*, "one thing we are doing to ensure the popularity of the film is to force everyone to stand in line for at least two hours."

There's also an official *Hardware Wars* calendar. "It doesn't have any pictures," explains Fosselius, "but what do you want for $4.99?" And when asked about a very thick book called *The Making of Hardware Wars*, Fosselius answers: "It's about 2000 pages."

And then there's the official T-shirt and poster, the official *Hardware Wars* game (you set a timer for the amount in your budget, then dole out film clips to each player; the object is to make the film before the budget runs out), a record album called *Sounds of Space* ("You don't hear anything because in space you don't hear anything"), an official 45 rpm record called *Disco Hardware Wars*, a Wookie bag that very much resembles a doggie bag, an official helmet, official deodorant called "the Force Stick," official lunch box, and official watch which shows the time of day, date and the amount the film is grossing at any particular moment ("Lucas had one for *Star Wars* but it broke because it ran out of numbers").

What's next for Fosselius?

"I want to make another short called *Walking Small*," he reports. "The true story of Buford Munchkin, a four-foot-tall, small Southern town sheriff who is enraged at the song *Short People*. He goes to Los Angeles to seek revenge, hoping to smash Randy Newman's knee-caps with a Little League baseball bat.

"*Walking Small*," continues the straight-faced Fosselius, "will be adapted from the short story by the same name. It will star Mickey Rooney, with music by Paul Williams."

—GARY HANAUER

TOP SECRETS

Victoria's Secret, a designer lingerie boutique, has a catalog full of old-fashioned girls who will bring a nostalgic lump to your, uh, throat and thoroughly satisfy your aroused interest in this exciting period in history. Send $2 to P.O. Box 31442, San Francisco, CA 94131.

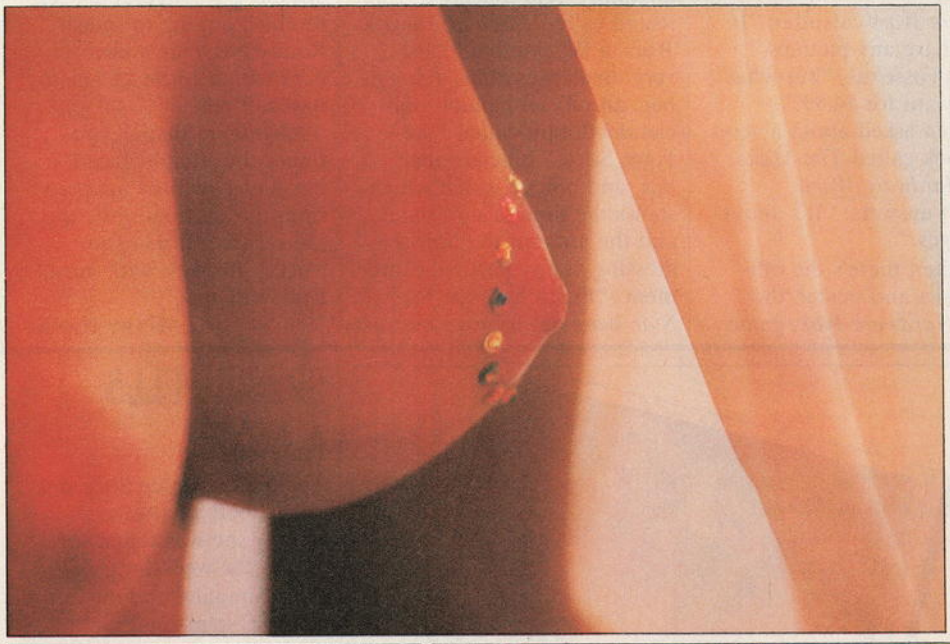
GRACIE PULLS A BONER

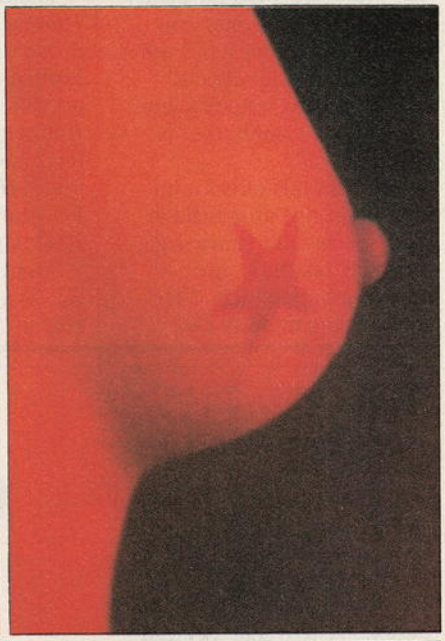
Apparently Grace Slick misunderstood what kind of activity she was slated for during the week-long First Annual Condom Couplet Contest, sponsored by the Population Institute in San Francisco. Grace thought that she and fellow judges Frank Zappa, Janis Ian and Ben Fong-Torres were going to "rate the rubbers" after personally road testing some of the products. Instead, the rock personalities fielded 500 latex limericks that came in spurts from around the country.

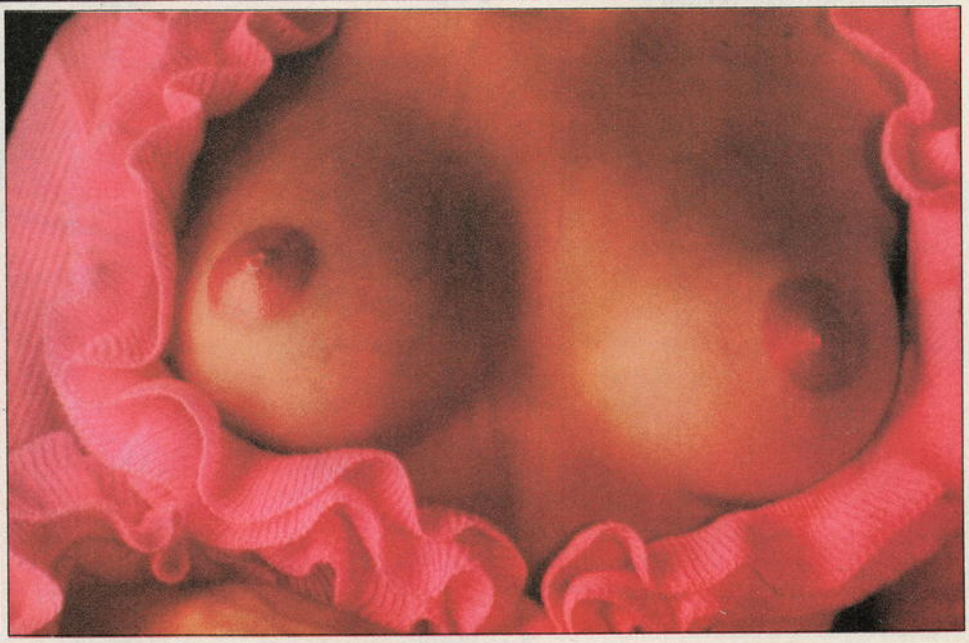
A glance at some of the entries indicates that more than a few boners were uncovered during the competition, like: "Remember that for each erection/A condom gives the best protection"; and "When you rise/Condomize!" The author of the judges' first choice ("From using a condom you will

BREAST BETS

Today's fashionable miss knows how to make the breast of a few good things. Her equally clever boyfriend also knows that helping apply her makeup is a lot more fun than night baseball. Try eye shadow for the exotic look (right), or some tiny sequins and rhinestones (Titty Glitter) for the fancy disco dancer (middle left). A wet lip brush is perfect for designer models (middle right), or just glue on a gold star to dazzle an unsuspecting peeper (bottom left); for shiny maraschino cherries good enough to slurp, smear on the lipstick and top it with gloss (bottom right). Better yet, just apply your own imagination. Remember, most nice girls feel *naked* without their makeup.







learn/No deposit means no return") received a gold condom pendant, while the second-prize winner was awarded a bronzed wallet with a familiar circular indentation. Third place garnered a gross of condoms (for the night of the recipient's life).

The condom project pumped to its conclusion on a stage festooned with helium-filled, multicolored rubbers in San Francisco's fashionable Union Square. After ex-Fish Barry Melton's band played, members of the local government rose in support of the occasion, and Grace, although a little confused, had a real slick time, anyway.

—MIKE CASTLEMAN

THE BABUSHKA 500

What do you get when you have 5000 Polish racing drivers? Give up? The Polish Racing Drivers of America—and that's no joke. This nonsensical and noneth(n)ical (you don't have to be Polish to join) organization has dedicated itself to "advancing the sport of motor racing in all its forms, and spreading a little laughter throughout the world." For three bucks you can become a lifetime member and receive for your accomplishments and mishaps such notable honors as the PRDA Man-of-the-Hour Award (which is currently held by a PRDA member who "crashed his plane into a garbage truck in Mexico"); and for setting world records, the special PRDA Not Bad Award. *Plus*: You will receive a subscription to the PRDA *News*, "published irregularly and with great difficulty." Interested? Contact the PRDA, 701 North Keyser Avenue, Scranton, Pennsylvania 18508. By the way, PRDA president Oscar Koveleski has just been named "Thing of the Year," an honor, we are informed, previously bestowed only upon vehicles. Sounds like a real ham to us. —TOY GIBSON

RX FOR STIFF JOINTS

A nationwide survey conducted by Jean Corey Holroyd of UCLA and Annette Brodsky of the University of Alabama shows that while only 5 percent of all male psychiatrists and psychologists are having intercourse with their female patients, more than 7 percent of gynecologists, obstetricians, surgeons and general practitioners are getting their extra-medicular

This is Ms. Clean. She magically appears whenever you seem to need her. But beware of her pitch. The manufacturers of LIES warn that sensitive people should avoid prolonged contact with their product and they accept no liability in cases of excessive use. You can get a box of LIES for $1.75 plus postage from Strangeways Ltd., 502 Kings Road, London SW10 England.

OPENERS' GURU MIDTERM

These may look like outtakes from a dialog between Norman Mailer and Billy Carter. They are, in fact, actual statements made by so-called American "gurus." Match them.

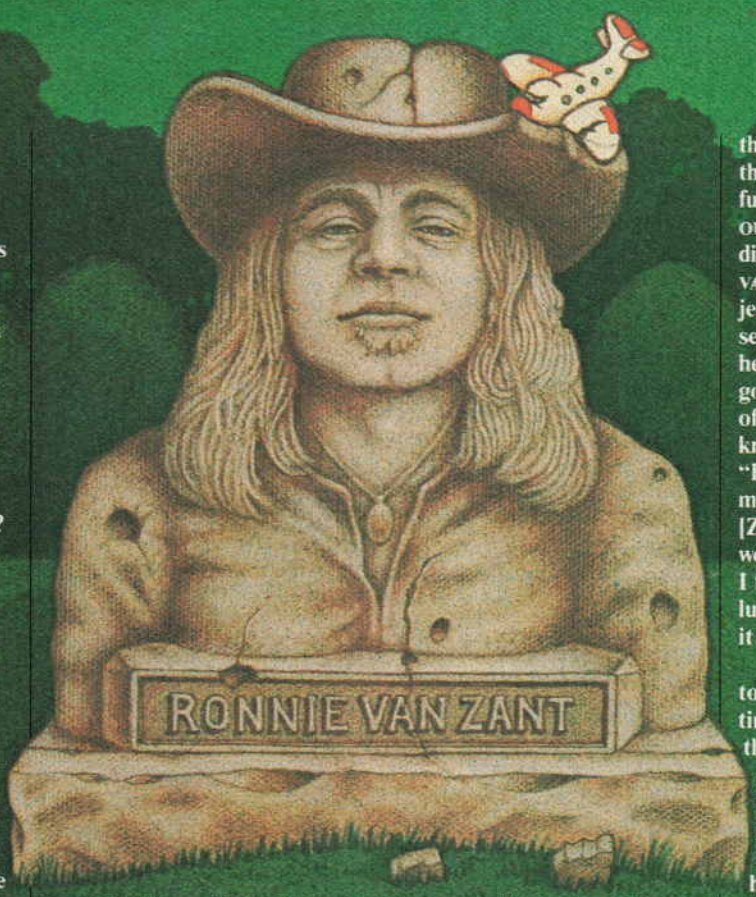
A. Jerry Brown
B. Thomas Edison
C. Albert Einstein
D. Henry Ford
E. Benjamin Franklin
F. J. Paul Getty
G. Pauline Kael
H. Ann Landers
I. Timothy Leary
J. Henry Luce
K. Eric Sevareid
L. Vic Tanny
M. Mark Twain
N. Andy Warhol

1. "Indolence is the mother of ugliness."
2. "Something kills love . . . something always does."
3. "Everything comes to him who hustles while he waits."
4. "Abundance has become visibly the norm of life in America."
5. "We're going to move left and right at the same time."
6. "The immortal Franklin has said, 'Masturbation is the mother of invention.' "
7. "When I look around today, the biggest anachronism I see is pregnancy."
8. "Motion [picture] photography, like most other useful things in the world, is of non-Jewish origin."
9. "The genetic aspect is a stronger factor in child development than most psychiatrists are willing to concede."
10. "At odd moments, when sunk in contemplation of some cosmic navel, the vague suspicion that I am, at heart, an anarchist flashes through my mind."
11. "The influence of Vince Lombardi (win at any cost) on the American right wing cannot be overestimated. It is no accident that Lombardi died in Washington."
12. "Give heed to your clever and patriotic womenfolk and remember that the Capitol of mighty Rome was once saved by the cackling of its faithful geese."
13. "I refuse to feel guilty about their poverty. I don't think we did it to them. I don't think Europeans did it. In fact, look at black Africa. There's very little there that's worth much in 20th-Century terms."
14. "Why should it be thought more impossible in nature to find means of making perfume of our wind than of our water?"

Answers

1-L	6-M	11-I
2-G	7-N	12-C
3-B	8-D	13-K
4-J	9-H	14-E
5-A	10-F	

LYNYRD'S LAST LICKS



This is, perhaps, the very last interview with the late Ronnie Van Zant. We caught him at a Georgia recording studio a few weeks before Lynyrd Skynyrd was decimated in a plane crash. His reflections on his violent life and musings about his own death provide an eerie postscript to the singer's rough-and-tumble legacy.

OUI: Is it true you're the baddest man in rock 'n' roll?

VAN ZANT: No, but I'm the meanest. I'll fight the motherfuckers, yeah. I'll shoot your motherfuckin' ass. If I was pushed in a corner, I'd have to. There would be no peace, love or flowers. I'm an *hombre*, period, and you know it.

I was bad as a kid. They kicked me out of all the schools in Duval County [Jacksonville, Florida, where he was raised]. I got nailed for attempted murder. I made a mistake; I thought he was *dead. I had a reason to kill him, too.* If I didn't have a reason, there ain't a cow in Texas. The motherfucker took this RC Cola bottle and smashed this beautiful girl, who was a friend of mine, in her fuckin' face. Just completely knocked her teeth out. There was a pinball machine there, and I climbed up on top of it and jumped off, just like you see on wrastlin' on Saturdays. *Bam!* His head just spun. Then I slammed him with all I had. Guessed I was finished then. I got the girl and went to the hospital where they arrested me. She had to have plastic surgery and all kinds of shit. I went to court. There was a bunch of goddamned bastards who testified against me. So they put me on probation from seventeen to twenty-one. Every two weeks, go down there and sit behind a desk. I fucked him up good; he ain't right now. I tried to fuckin' *kill* him.

OUI: What are some of your other close brushes?

VAN ZANT: Shit, you name it. I've been shot through the leg. . . . Just last year when we went to Japan, a fuckin' German cut me with a blade. I had a bottle of Dom Perignon and I used it like a baseball bat. We all went to town, man.

One night we was playing Funochio's here in Atlanta. Gary [Rossington, a Skynyrd guitarist] and I were so drunk, we was holding onto each other. We saw this beautiful girl, and she was with this guy who was just so scrabbly. I gave her the wolf whistle, and the guy yells, "What did you say?" I turned around and whistled again. Gary was going to me, "Take him, take him." We walked back towards the door of the club, and the next thing I knew he pulls a pistol. The dude's hand was quivering and shaking.

I learned a real fuckin' good lesson from him. Never trust a goddamn scrubby hippie or a faggot. They liable to blow your shit away. He had me, he had me dead right. I just knew this guy's gonna kill me right there, outside of Funochio's. I was dead, you know? When they're scared, they're dangerous. That's one of the scaredest I've ever been in my life. *What a fuckin' way to die.*

OUI: Do you feel there is a reason why you've pulled through all of this to become the name you are today?

VAN ZANT: I'm not a great singer, and most people will not even say a good one. I feel I can write and arrange, but I'm lucky to be here. The only word that got me here is *determination. When you're determined you're just not gonna be denied.* Determination. *Quit* is not a word in my vocabulary. That's all there is to it.

More than likely I'll be the first millionaire from Shantytown. You know what that means? That means that determination *does* fuckin' work, period.

OUI: How do you want to die?

VAN ZANT: I'd be shot by a jealous husband at the age of seventy, right through the head. That's the way I wanna go. Son, I've made a lot of mistakes, and I've been known to be wrong. [Sings] "But I just might be mistaken," as Billy Gibbons [ZZ Top] says. It might well cost me one day, 'cause I feel I've been really lucky. That's why I feel I owe it all to the kids.

I go back to Shantytown, where I grew up, all the time. There's kids there that are headed down the wrong road. They'll shake my hand. All I can preach is school. That's where power lies, man. Sure, I stole hubcaps. If I can come out of this shithole, you can do it.

I made a bad, bad mistake. You gotta have education. I've laid platinum albums on my father's wall, but never a fuckin' diploma. *I'd trade the three of them for one fuckin' diploma.*

I hope those kids don't wind up like me, eleven times busted. Only one other guy besides me and my brother who ever came out of there made it, and that was Lee Roy Yarborough, who won the Daytona 500 one time.

Talking to them kids, that's where power lies. It ain't on no album cover. You don't have to be black to be a fuckin' nigger. Can you help somebody not to be a nigger? Can you change them? Can you give them a little bit of dignity? If you do that—well, I'll tell you what. I think the ole Lord'll shine down on you, 'cause he sure should've had *my* ass a long time ago.

Russell Shaw

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The American Psychological Association has decried therapist-patient sex as unethical, but many psychologists claim that a physical relationship is a useful way to help a patient overcome mental or emotional problems. Shrink-room sex almost seems a natural development in the soft lights and comfortable surroundings, with an understanding and accepting male listening to an attractive female as she reclines on a soft couch, pouring (purring?) out her fantasies and problems. Intimacy, to be sure, has flourished in many less piquant places. Yet, regular sawbones are getting more action in those cold, metallic, sterile examining cubicles, on those hard, uncomfortable, paper-covered tables—indicating that the mind may not, as sex researchers tell us, be the sexiest part of our bodies.

So the next time your lady tells you she needs more mental stimulation, just rip her clothes off and take her blood pressure—it will definitely be rising. —SUSAN PLESKO

OUR #1 PROBLEM

Caca. Doo doo. Grunties. Crapola. Whatever you call it, it's still shit. And now somebody's plopped out an entire book on the subject: *End Product* by Dan Sabbath and Mandel Hall (Urizen Books). "America's always had a problem with shit," says Sabbath, who's actually a college professor using a pseudonym. "It started with John Harvey Kellogg (brother of the cereal man) at the turn of the century. All Kellogg's products were invented to make you shit. The theory was that if you had any shit in you, you tended to masturbate."

"You can't believe the trouble we've had with the book," adds Hall, also a pseudonym. "Finding a publisher in the first place was difficult, and we're having trouble with distribution right now. Brentano's in Chicago refuses to display it." So what's in it? A lot of it sounds like old George Carlin routines, like the rap about how our favorite word for excrement has invaded every corner of our existence: "If a senator opposes the president, he's put on a shitlist, sure as shit. This is tough shit for the senator but he's not up shit's creek. Why should he be scared shitless when he is such a hot shit himself? It is the rest of the American people who are shit out of luck. You can dump on this kind of talk, but just remember . . . it was our 37th president's favorite word. Cut the shit."

—STEWARD LEBREO

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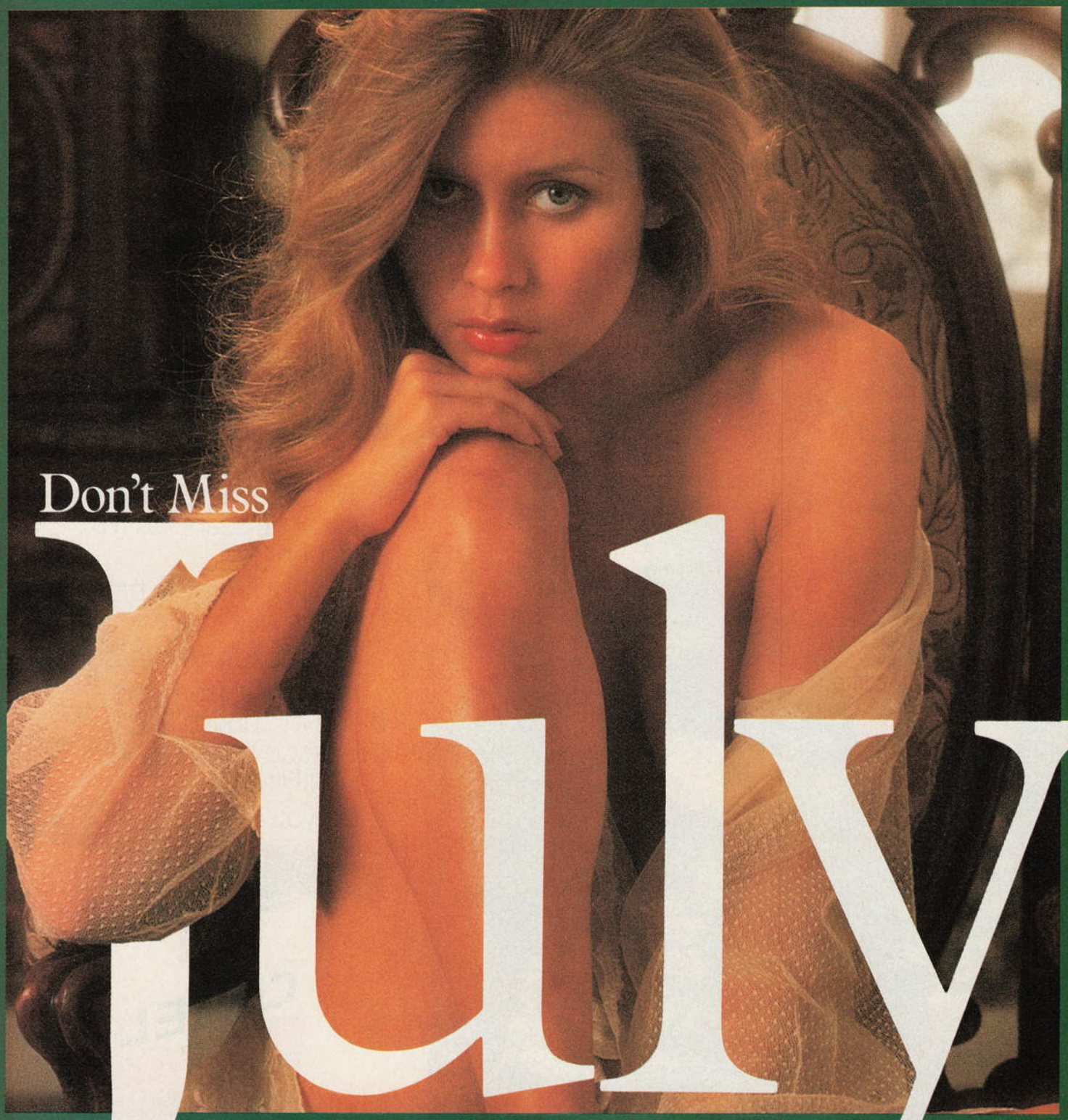
MERCI

Whooops. It looks like we won't see this one on the tube after all, folks. These tits-ass TV producers just keep pushing their luck. And we thought they were looking for something with a little more depth than *Charlie's Angelfish*. But before we bring our former starfishlet up for some mouth-to-mouth resuscitation, allow us to lay a few clams on our subsurface contributors: guru quiz, Mitch Tuchman. Art: hardware wars, Jim Heiman; Van Zant, Larry McEntire. Photo contributors: openers, merci and lies, Grant Edwards; automodule, Marc Richez; makeup, Charles Gilchrist.



Don't Miss

July

Playmate Karen Morton is just one of many reasons to pick up this month's PLAYBOY. Our July interview with ex-CIA chief William Colby provides surprising revelations about intelligence operations around the world. Dr. Carl Sagan, meanwhile, offers startling assertions of his own about intelligence in other worlds. You'll also read a somewhat cynical profile of Jane Fonda, see Pamela Sue Martin shed her clothes and *Nancy Drew* inhibitions and learn from Dr. William Masters why the night you lost your virginity was much more important than you think. Plus Martin Mull's illustrated guide to sophisticated seduction and a whole lot more.

PLAYBOY
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Sex Tapes

FIRST ORGASM

Orgasm" is rather dryly defined by one dictionary as being "the series of responses at the climax of copulation." In practice, though, the vagueness of that definition seems appropriate, since the meaning of the word "orgasm" varies wildly from individual to individual. For a few men, there can be orgasm without ejaculation, and thus some have reported reaching orgasm before puberty. Some men consider their first orgasm as simply their first wet dream; for others, "first orgasm" means their first fuck, hand job or blow job—i.e., the first sexual encounter with a woman; for still others, "first orgasm" means the first time they masturbated to climax. Still, most men experience their first orgasm, however defined, by their midteens, an age at which most women are only just becoming proficient at masturbation, and may be years away from their first orgasm at the hands of someone other than themselves. Generally, the woman's sexual response increases with experience; the man's stays fairly stable from puberty on. And while revisionists will claim, in the Great Multiple Orgasm Backlash, that a climax is not necessary for sexual fulfillment, most of us will admit that an orgasm makes a good thing a hell of a lot better.

Phillip W., 24, restaurateur: Christ, it's tough to remember my first orgasm. I suppose it was when I was 11 and, having just read *Portnoy's Complaint*, I locked myself into the bathroom and jacked off into a pair of my sister's dirty underwear. That's what comes to mind, anyway.

Kim B., 25, legal secretary: I've been horny for as long as I remember, and I was always pretty experimental. I was 12 when I had my first climax, or at least my first big one. By then I'd been masturbating a year or so, but I didn't think I'd ever come from it. But this one night I was babysitting for the neighbors, and as soon as they drove down the driveway, I started looking for dirty books. I found *Tropic of Cancer* and started skimming it until I got to a good part. It was where this guy shaves off the girl's pubic hair and pastes it on his chest.

Anyway, before I settled down to read, I realized I was hungry, so I went into the kitchen and found some candy in the refrigerator. Also in the refrigerator was a cucumber. I was pretty smart for my age, and I figured that cucumber might come in handy during my reading adventure, so I took it into the living room, settled into a reclining armchair and started reading. My cunt was twitching after a few minutes and I pulled up my dress, snaked my hand inside my panties and started playing with myself.

When I got to the part in the book where these people were fucking—it was describing this guy's long, hard cock swishing in and out of the girl's cunt—I closed my eyes and imagined that I was the girl with this hard cock in her, and I spread my legs, grabbed the cucumber and put it inside me. I was tight and it hurt, but it felt so good, too. I pushed it in and out, and I moved my body on it. I really believed it was a man inside me, and I moved it faster and faster and faster, until it seemed like my whole body burst and then floated away. I just lay there for a minute with the cucumber still inside, and then I slowly pulled it out and looked at it, all wet and shiny from my juices.

And then—this may sound funny but it's true—I put it in my mouth and began licking my own come off it. I didn't even know what cocksucking was in those days, but it was pretty good practice, and it also taught me to love my own taste and smell. Afterwards, I washed it off and put it back into the refrigerator. I wonder if the neighbors ever ate it.

Jonathan B., 35, businessman: Believe it or not, my first orgasm happened on my wedding night. I grew up in a very repressed, religious household,

and early on it was drummed into me that masturbation ("touching yourself" was how my mother put it) was evil, as was premarital sex. "Save yourself *in every way* for your future wife," is what my father would tell me euphemistically. Although I had all the sexual longings any adolescent boy would, I never explored them out of a combination of fear, duty and guilt.

You'd think I would have grown up to be really hung up and maybe even crazy. I guess I was a little of both, but I had the fortune to meet, fall in love with and marry an exuberant, nonrepressed girl, who was not even a virgin when we married and who had no qualms about telling me well ahead of time. It shocked me, and so did her urging me to sleep with her before we married. Now, I *know* you won't believe me—but I *insisted* that I wanted to wait until our wedding night. And she went along with it, although it seemed to amuse her somehow.

We went together for a year and planned to be married the spring after we met. I was 22 and she was 24. As the date approached, I couldn't stop thinking about our wedding night, just like a virgin bride. I was terrified, but also stimulated to the point where I couldn't think about much else. I couldn't wait to see Jan's naked body. I had touched her breasts and, of course, we made out, but that was about it. For months I was a wreck just thinking about sleeping with her. How do you do it? For how long? All that stuff. Fortunately, she was open and experienced and we talked about it—God knows I couldn't ask my father—but what can you really say until you do it?

To this day, I can't remember our wedding service—what we said or how we kissed or anything—because I was so busy imagining finally fucking her in just a few hours. We got to the hotel where we were spending our honeymoon about midnight, checked into the room, locked the door . . . and my excitement turned to cold fear. I'd had an erection off and on throughout the wedding reception, and now . . . nothing. Jan hadn't noticed and she began kissing my neck, my mouth, while slowly unbuttoning my shirt and then unzipping my pants.

When she saw I was soft, she just smiled, moved away and began a very slow striptease, leisurely taking off her dress and throwing it aside, then her stockings, then her silk slip, until she stood there in very brief, very lacy panties and matching bra. Without taking her eyes off me, she unhooked her bra, and her lovely, full breasts sprang out. She drew her fingers slowly across her nipples, then down across her stomach to remove her panties.

All of a sudden she was naked, and her body was more beautiful than I'd imagined. I wanted to touch her, but I felt frozen and my cock was still limp. I didn't know what to do . . . she did it for me. She came over to me and began kissing my shoulders, my chest, and on down to my cock, which she kissed and licked and then took into her mouth. Almost immediately, I got hard, and I wanted her fiercely. Holding my cock lightly in her hand, she moved us backward to the bed. I lay on top of her, flesh against flesh, and it was an incredible feeling with her soft breasts crushed against my body, my hard cock pressed against her cunt. Then I was inside. I can't really tell you how great it felt—her muscles tightening around me, her cunt hot and wet—and I sensed my own power as I began to thrust in and out. I wanted to scream with pleasure. And then, without warning, I did scream, because I was coming for the first time in my life, and I was lost in power and pleasure and a sort of triumph as my come poured into her. Though I've certainly had many orgasms since then, I'll never forget my first. But then, can anyone?

I can't really tell you how great it felt—and I sensed my own power as I began to thrust in and out. I wanted to scream with pleasure.

Eleanor H., 41, housewife: This may sound strange to you, but I didn't have an orgasm until I was 40, and when I had it, it wasn't from sex. It was during a session with my analyst. Don't misunderstand me—he didn't touch me and never has. He's a paunchy Freudian shrink, and his relationship with me is strictly professional. But let me tell you how it happened. I was lying on the couch—I'm in real traditional analysis—and I was talking about my son, and how he didn't get along with his father, my ex-husband. I was upset and crying. As usual, the shrink wasn't saying anything.

Talking about my son led me to talking about my 18-year-old daughter, who—I'd just discovered—had started taking birth control pills. I found them in her drawer. I wasn't sure if it bothered me or not; I think maybe I was jealous of her, and I was trying to figure out who she was sleeping with, since she seemed to go out with different boys. As I talked, I started imagining she was sleeping with all of those guys, not just one. I didn't say that out loud. It often happens when I'm on the couch that I'll be talking about one thing while my mind is working on a different level entirely.

Words were coming out of my mouth, mother-type statements, but in my mind I guess I was fantasizing that I was my daughter and I had all these lovers. I vaguely felt that I was getting wet and warm in my vagina, and I thought I might have to go to the bathroom. I also felt as if I were half-asleep. My whole body grew warmer. I closed my eyes and the feeling got stronger.

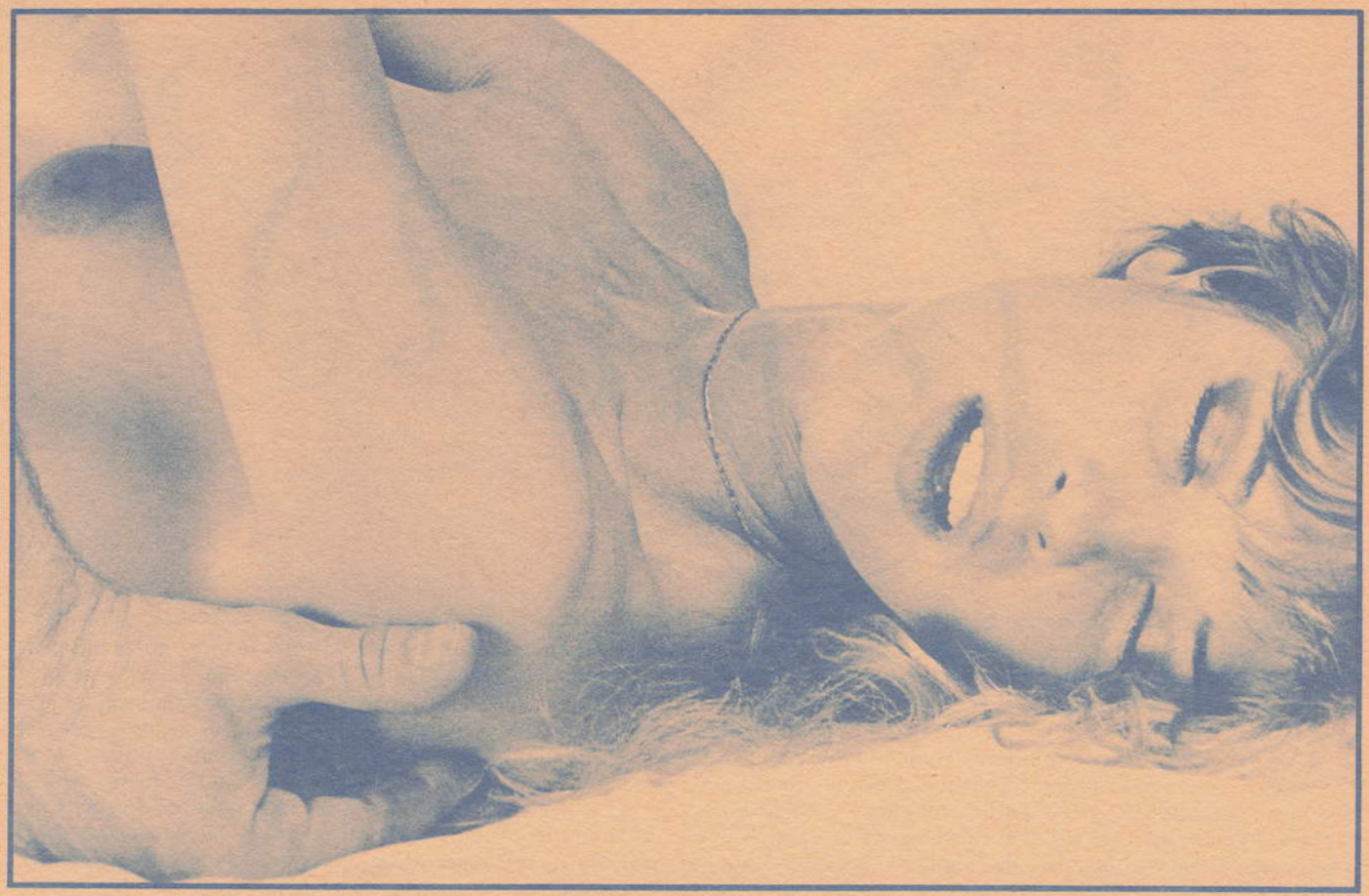
I moved my hand down across my stomach and let it rest on top of my pubes. I had almost forgotten there was someone else in the room. Well, just laying my hand there, not moving it or anything, caused a shock through my body, and then another and another, and it was all concentrated in my vagina. It had never happened before so I wasn't sure what it was. There was one big final shock that left my body shaking, and then I went limp. I thought I'd wet my pants and felt embarrassed, although I was very relaxed and, in fact, fell asleep for a minute or two.

When I opened my eyes, I heard my analyst's voice in back of me; he asked me what happened, and I said I didn't know. He said he thought I'd had a climax, that it had happened to people before on the couch and was perfectly normal, and that it indicated I was more sexual than I thought I was. That all made sense, but I barely paid attention, since I was so overwhelmed by the feeling of what had just happened. All those years of not knowing what a climax was like, and there it was. The only problem is I've never been able to repeat it.

Lori N., 33, copywriter: I wish I could tell you about my first orgasm, but since I've never had one, I can't even make anything up. I've tried masturbating and all that, and I can get wet and hot, but so far I've never come close. I wonder if I ever will. I'm 33 now and my husband has practically given up on me.

Harold N., 34, medical attorney: Your question really brings back memories. I was ten years old and physically precocious: My cock was already well developed and I was capable of ejaculation, though I didn't know it. I had an older brother who had lots of girlfriends, and I was very curious about what he did with them in his room with the door closed when my parents were out. One day I found out.

I heard some noise out in the garage—which we sometimes



used as a playroom—and I went to check it out. I climbed on top of some boxes so I could sneak a look in through the high window, being careful not to make any noise. Inside were my brother and two nice-looking girls, all in various stages of undress. My brother had his pants on but no shirt; one of the girls, Patsy, had on a T-shirt and a pair of bikini panties. The length of the T-shirt covered up her crotch, but her legs were totally exposed. The other girl, Diana, had on a pair of tight jeans, but she was bare on top, and I haven't seen a better pair of tits since I don't know when.

They were all playing strip poker and, whether by chance or design, my brother was winning. Patsy lost the next hand, and she flushed as she pulled off the T-shirt, showing off a set that were smaller than Diana's but beautifully formed, not to mention her delectable dark pussy, which was clearly visible through the thin white material of her panties. I could see my brother's hard-on bulging through his jeans. So could the girls: They were laughing and pointing at it with some embarrassment, but my brother just gave them come-on looks and acted very cool.

He dealt out the hand, and Patsy was again the loser. By now my own cock was hard and I shivered in anticipation of seeing Patsy naked. She started half-complaining, half-flirting with my brother, saying that he was cheating, but both he and Diana insisted that she be a good sport. So Patsy took a deep breath and slowly pulled down her panties until she was completely naked, but she kept her legs tightly closed. My brother told her that, since all her clothes were already off, if she lost another hand she'd have to give everyone a look at her pussy. But then my brother lost the next hand, and off came his pants, leaving him in only his jockey shorts with his cock so hard the tip was peeking out of the top. The girls couldn't take their eyes off his erection and seemed to forget their own exposure for a minute.

They played the next hand, and the loser was Patsy, who obligingly opened her legs a crack. My brother said he couldn't see, so she would have to open them wider. She did, and it was lovely—all pink and glistening from excitement, and nestled in silky dark hair. Diana and my brother each took a long look, my brother telling Patsy that the next time she lost they got to touch her pussy. They resumed playing, and Diana was the loser this time. She pulled off her jeans, and she wasn't wearing any underwear; she had blond pubic hair and, unlike Patsy, she didn't seem at all embarrassed. She casually crossed her silky legs in such a way that I could clearly see her vaginal opening and the damp spot on the light-colored couch that must have been caused by her wet cunt.

God, I was hot from all this pussy; I had pulled my cock out of my pants and was playing with it almost unconsciously, since most of my attention was still focused inside the garage, but I could feel pressure building until I almost had to close my eyes. Then my brother lost his underwear, and they were all naked. Patsy told my brother that if he lost the next hand she and Diana would get to touch his cock, and sure enough he was the next loser. Both girls squealed and Patsy rushed over and took his cock in her hand and started pumping it. I was pumping my own harder and harder, fantasizing that the hands on it were Patsy's. And then, for the first time in my life, I started to come, and it surprised me so and I was so aroused that I forgot I was spying and I cried out while spurting all over my pants and fell off the boxes onto the ground with a loud thump.

I must've scared the shit out of them, because my brother quickly pulled on his pants and raced out to see what was going on. When he found me lying there in the dirt with my cock out and come all over my hands, his fear turned to anger and he said, "You little creep, did you have to do that right then?" But I could tell he was sort of proud that I'd gotten off on the whole thing. By the time he went back into the garage, the girls had dressed and gone, and my brother and I never mentioned it again.

Louis K., 28, schoolteacher: Orgasms are highly overrated. Big deal. You spurt and it's over. I'd rather read a good book. □

SEX TAPES Letters

Sex Tapes Letters" is a column devoted to you, the reader. This is your opportunity to comment on any of the preceding "Sex Tapes" or to share similar experiences with us. All writers in this column will remain anonymous. Write to OUI *Sex Tapes, 8560 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90069.*

NURSING THE DOC

I was really shocked by the women who told you about having affairs with their doctors. *I* certainly know of no women like that. Believe me, lying there with your legs in stirrups is goddamn humiliating, and I just can't see how *any* woman could be turned on by a man poking her with plastic-coated fingers. It's about as much of a turn-on as vomiting.

JANIE Y.
Bar Harbor, Maine

It seemed strange to me that none of your stories about sex and doctors involved nurses. After all, they are doctors' helpmates, and their help frequently goes beyond the technical or the spiritual. I should know—I've been a nurse for seven years—and, far from being a hindrance to my sex life, it's gotten me into some very interesting sexual situations. I worked in a big-city hospital when I was young and horny, and I managed to have sex with patients on two occasions. One was a handsome young guy who'd been hurt in a car wreck. His dick stood up so sweetly when I washed him, and since there was no one around, I thought I might as well yield to temptation, so I sucked him off. The second was a rich old guy who gave me gifts. I balled him for real behind a canopy while his senile roommate read magazines, and I guess I nursed him a little too hard, because he died shortly thereafter and I never did get the sports car he promised me. Isn't that always the way?

But I was going to tell you about the doctors. There was this young surgeon at the hospital who got a lot of attention because he was for socialized medicine. He was also real sexy, and all the nurses had the hots for him. Imagine how excited I was when I ran into him one day in the X-ray department, and he said, "Mary, I bet your insides would make quite a study." I guess he sensed I was highly sexed. I blushed, but I had the wits to say he could order an X ray on me anytime he wanted. He said we could discuss it after work; so that night we had dinner, after which I went to his place and balled him most of the night. It was great—except that afterwards, he started coming on to me at odd moments in the hospital, trying to drag me into a corner where I could give him some quick relief (and he didn't mean the kind they're always prescribing on television). I sucked him off once in a closet full of artificial legs, and I let him fuck me in a room full of wheelchairs. What finally happened was that he told another doctor to take over for him during an operation and ran out of the room looking for me. I didn't know where he'd been, so I started giving him some head, but this time we were caught. He lost his job but I kept mine—I said he had coerced me.

RUTH B.
New York, New York

> I blushed, but I had the wits to say he could order an X ray on me anytime he wanted.

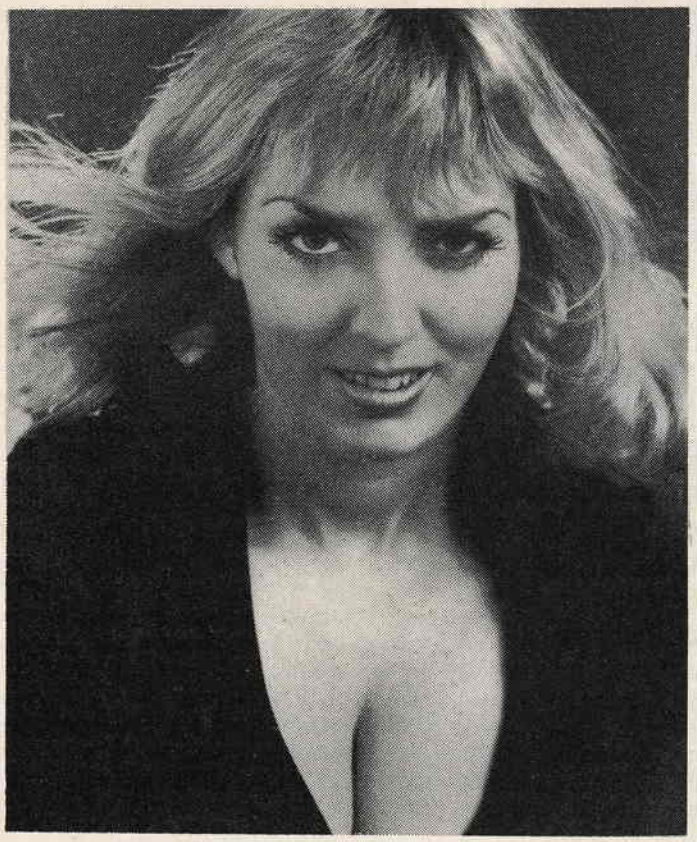
Your doctor column reminded me of this dentist I saw about two weeks after I'd moved from Virginia to San Francisco. I cracked a filling in one of my back teeth while eating crab legs, and my friend Shirley referred me to this dentist she had been to once. I made an appointment to see Dr. Edwards before work on Friday. His office turned out to be neat and modern, with a waiting room that was really restful. I filled out the usual forms and his nurse seated me. She was tying the bib when Dr. Edwards walked in. As Shirley had said, he was a big guy, about six-four or five, and very handsome. His eyes met mine, and he warmly asked what my problem was. I explained about the crab legs and how an old filling must have given way. He said he would have his assistant take an X ray.

As he left the room, I noticed what a lean, muscular build he had. I wondered if he was married. Then he returned, looking at the X ray and confirmed that I had a broken filling. Then he started working on me. As his long fingers caressed the roof of my mouth, I noticed a warm, sensual feeling in my crotch. That had never happened at the dentist's before. I was horizontally positioned in his contour chair, staring at the ceiling and trying to avoid his eyes, because it had been a long time since I'd had any sex.

Dr. Edwards dismissed me at 8:45 so I could get to work on time. I was to return to his office after five o'clock so he could check my bite and polish the filling (he said he would be out of town for the weekend and didn't want me to have any

(Continued on page 135)

WHORE!



Yes, Xaviera Hollander is a whore, the most celebrated prostitute in the world. She is also articulate, charming, well-read, fluent in half a dozen languages, and devastatingly witty. Here's what she says in the introduction to her book *XAVIERA'S SUPERSEX:*

"All of my other books, from 'The Happy Hooker' to 'Xaviera on the Best Part of a Man,' say it with words alone. But now I've decided to Show and Tell, and in this book you will find pictures that illustrate my words. You'll get even more out of *SUPERSEX* than you did from my other books. And with the new goodies you'll discover in these pages, you'll have more delights to share with your partner in bed.

"These are my 'official' lessons in love. I don't concentrate so much on what I've done as on what I've *LEARNED* from what I've done. I *TELL* you, point by point, how you can be better in bed than you ever thought possible. But more than that, Robert Baxter has helped me no end with his beautiful, graphic illustrations that explicitly show you what I'm talking about. If you came to me in person for a course in supersexmanship, I couldn't show you in the flesh more clearly than this."

Among pointers you'll pick up from the world's most expert bed partner are:

★ How to perform the "Butterfly Trick," perhaps the most excruciating—and little known—of sexual thrills.

★ How to give a "Toe Job."

★ How "The Knee Ride" can help a man to make up for a small penis.

★ Which researcher catalogued—and personally tested—*3,542 DIFFERENT SEXUAL POSITIONS!*

★ Why militant feminists are *NUTS* for objecting to the missionary position as "symbolizing male dominance."

★ What form of foreplay can make a woman "writhe like a snake in heat."

★ How to perform "The Schoolgirl Twist," developed by teenagers in back seats of cars.

★ When a man should let a woman do all the work.

★ How to make the most of mirrors—and star in your own porno flick.

★ Why a woman should avoid being "too feminine."

★ How to avoid "orgasmic cramp."

★ How to promote a "desk job," the divine form of quickie.

★ How to avoid hassles over simultaneous orgasm.

★ What possibilities are in rocking chairs ("Was Whistler's Mother trying to tell us something?").

★ Why the "wheelbarrow" position is good for laughs—and then some.

★ How to cheat—successfully.

★ Why older women are better.

★ How to stage an orgy.

★ What type of woman appears most attractive with her pudendum clean-shaven.

As intriguing as these topics may be, they barely hint at the tortures and ecstasies that writhe to life on every page. *NOTHING* is too outrageous for Xaviera's quivering pen: She tells how to massage a man all over with erect nipples, how to perform "the act" undetected while dancing at a discotheque, what to do if you are a man watching two women go at each other frenziedly, how to perform cunnilingus to perfection, how to get your woman into a swinging situation with another couple, how and what to lubricate with whipped cream, and how to make a dildoe in your freezer.

Her homey advice is charming:

"Pretend you're both a couple of horny high-school virgins back in the days before the pill."

"A position is a mistake if either partner utters any of the following: 'Goddamn it!'; 'Oh, wait, wait!'; 'Will you for Chrissake get off my foot!'; 'Well, you said that's what you wanted'; 'Darling, I can't breathe'; 'Is it in?'; 'Is it in *WHAT?*'"

"Be daring. Be innovative. The best that can happen is that you will discover a new route to ecstasy. The worst is that you'll have a good healthy laugh at yourselves. And if you've learned anything from your friend Xaviera by now, you know that sex is much too important to be taken seriously."

As you read this book, you get the feeling that the "Happy Hooker" would much rather have been playing the delightful games she describes than writing about them. And, indeed, she seems so turned on by her own vivid, hot memories that you imagine she had to stop for a lovemaking break after every chapter. You may, too.

As you can see, *XAVIERA'S SUPERSEX* is one bedside reader that definitely won't put you to sleep. The book, in *HARD*-cover for permanent preservation, is available *BY MAIL ORDER ONLY.* It is the most lavishly and expensively produced —not to say the most explicitly illustrated—of all of Xaviera's books. It has been painstakingly printed by costly monochrome offset lithography, using flame-set inks, on Finch antique-finish paper. The book is *CASE*-bound in Payko cloth. Its jacket is varnished and imprinted with four colors—including *GOLD.*

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SPORT

OLYMPIC CHALLENGE OF THE SEXES

by D. Keith Mano

There's male. There's female. And now there's another heading: the East German (or Russian) lady athletes.

Your West Virginia coal strike is prettier on average. They have the musculature of a brick *dacha;* their vocal cords are dumbwaiter ropes, deep. One knowledgeable contact told me, "Take a look at photographs of Kornelia Ender, the East German swim star, over the last eight years or so. You'll see her breasts flattening out and her calf and shoulder and arm muscles thickening." The standard East German hermaphrodite athlete could probably masturbate herself/himself pregnant. You've heard of women who are really built. These bints are really constructed—from a select anabolic-steroid diet: more care given than Frank Perdue would lavish on his best oven-stuffer roaster. A new high in Marxist-Leninist dialectical materialism: Hegel's ultimate synthesis, the third sex. Stark naked, they'd be transvestites.

It's a lousy time—for sport, for everything. Even the Phantom got married. (Now he's sending child support, by monkey mail, to a 700-pound teenage gorilla.) Olympic games have become the World Pharmaceutical and Wirehead Competition. Color commentary oughta go like this: "Well, Chris, in lane one we have O.D. Simpson, representing Merck, Sharp and Dohme. He and Karen Quinlan roomed together for six months after Montreal. See, Simpson has the starting block in front of him again. And over at lane two, Pavel Benzedrich, who'll be running on one thousand milligrams of Desoxyn. They have a net and a big hammer waiting for Pavel at the finish line." What is it ABC says? The thrill of victory and the agony of coming down.

Dr. Irving Dardik won't agree with me, which shows remarkable good sense. Dardik is chairman of the U. S. Olympic Sports Medicine Committee. "There is no hard data on steroid use. It depends on age. Given during puberty, the androgenic effect of a steroid might cause accelerated muscle deposition. Conceivably, tough training can have the same effect." Uh, conceivably. But the East Germans do just that: force-gorge 13- and 14-year-old children on a steroid regimen (though at lower dosage), the way we prepare filet mignon in Kansas feedlots. Gross, man. If it were necessary, they could sprout pubic hair on a bust of Stalin. "Synthetic steroids have been developed because you can separate, to some degree, androgenic effects from virilism." So, fewer women who have five-o'clock shadow. And I thought Schick would replace Mark Spitz with a lady swimmer in 1980.

"Some people have guessed that as many as 70 percent of athletes in the strength and weight classes used steroids." Yet only eight were caught at Montreal. You can flush a body like you flush a john. "How many had taken steroids in training, then stopped? There's the question." Dardik will assure me that new, more accurate tests have been developed. Yeah. And what're the chances that a Russian swim team, say, will get disqualified for steroid use at Moscow? What're the chances that Sid Vicious will appear on the next Walt Disney special?

For a change, though, our Olympic program does seem to have some hustle and initiative behind it this quadrennium. Training centers are now in full operation at Squaw Valley and Colorado Springs. "I believe the program we've developed is far superior to theirs. The East Germans don't have anything more than we do as far as scientific or medical information. It's the idea of getting down to the athlete. And we have one decided advantage: the freedom of the athlete to want it so badly because *he* wants it—which is a lot different from being taken up, level by level, in a regimented system. Our main area of interest now is in the field of biomechanics. We use high-speed cinematography and computers. For example, we've determined, from films of the East German swim team, that if the American girls had developed their starts techniquewise, they would have won. On average, we lost about one-half second per start."

The Sports Medicine Committee has a problem, though. What if their research proves that steroid popping does indeed improve performance? "Then we'll say it. I personally feel it's cheating. Competition is designed to pit one individual against another, not physicians and scientists against each other. I know this: Athletes would like not to take it, if they knew that the other athlete wasn't." Sure, but our asshole SALT negotiators can't even get an agreement to cover on-site missile inspection. What hope have we of finding out whether Vasily Alexeyev pissed purple in his bathroom last night?

And now the bad news. "I'm concerned about what will happen ten, twenty years from now. Tumor growth due to steroid use has already been documented in the liver—pretty much benign—but these things take time." So Russia and East Germany may be developing a 1996 All-Cancer team. We'll never hear about that, just as we never heard about cosmonauts killed in the Soviet space program. But a private apartment in Moscow with modern equipment (such as, oh, windows) is worth more, ruble for dollar, than Dr. J could get free-agenting over here. Worth even death: the leisurely, rotting kind. That thought alone is enough to put hair on your breasts. □

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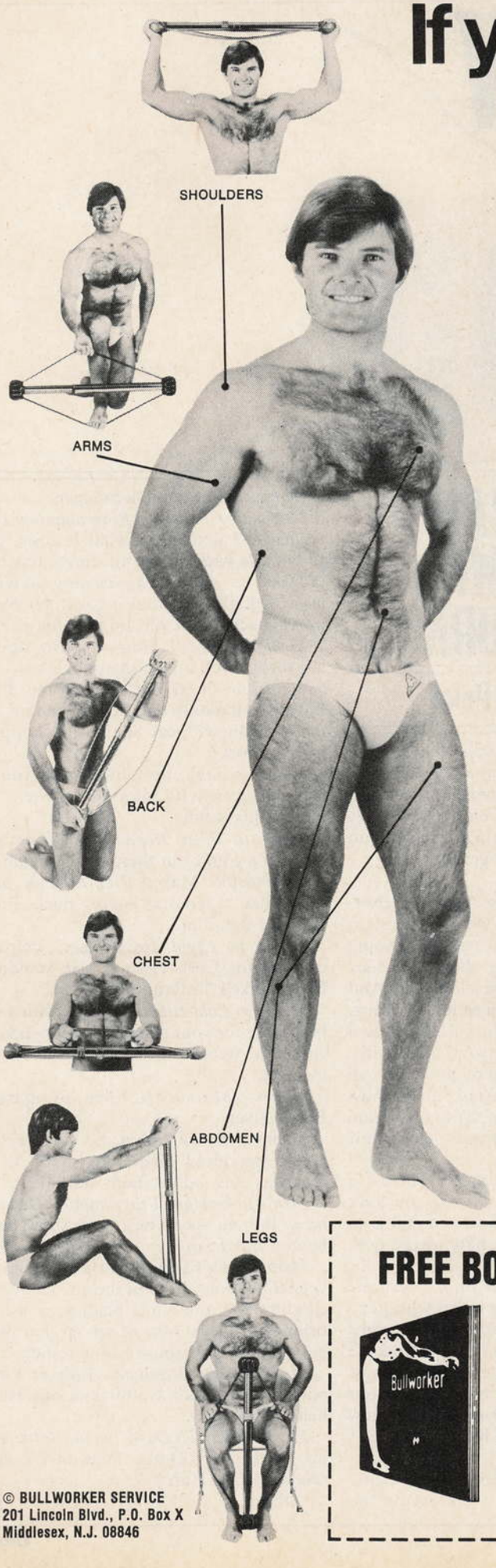

"Looking for a fitness program that's fast, easy and gets results right away?," asks fitness expert, Bob Breton. "Bullworker puts it all together. In just 5 minutes a day you can give your body a complete fitness workout: shoulders, back, arms, chest, abdomen and legs.

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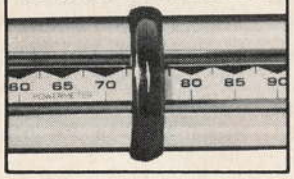

"I earn my living by keeping executives in top shape," says Bob. "My customers want results and they want them fast. I recommend Bullworker for one reason only: because it's the most advanced fitness trainer on the market and you better believe it."

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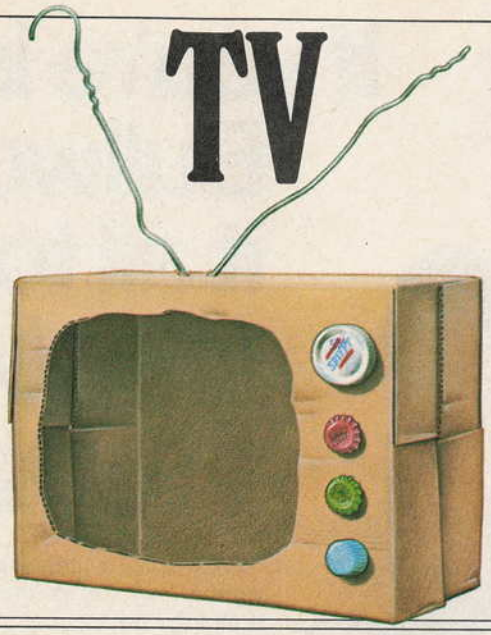

IF I RAN MY OWN NETWORK

by Michael Price

Ohboy. Fantasies.

Sometimes you have them at the damnedest times. Remember the one where you could become invisible? Or you could fly? And the one where you have *all that money*? Those three, we've all had.

Then, of course, there are specialized fantasies. Like job-related. Like this one. *I have my own television network.* And it's the *only* television network.

Ohboy.

Right away, I'd do memos. Us network bosses love memos. Memos and meetings.

Memo to Jaye P. Morgan: Let's have a meeting. In fact, let's have several. In fact, you be present at *all* my meetings. (Just something about having that girl in the same room . . .)

Memo to Mike Douglas: It's about your singing, Mike. Stop it.

Memo to Rona Barrett: Give us a description and we'll arrest the moron who writes your questions. Like on *Good Morning America*, when you asked Goldie Hawn whether she thought winning the Academy Award was "important." Remember when she answered in the affirmative without laughing in your face? Next, you asked her if she thought having a baby was "important." Again she replied without shoving the microphone up your hairdo. In fact, it was only after your very next question, the one where you wanted to know which of the two, career or motherhood, she thought was the "most important," that Ms. Hawn referred to the quality of your queries. Something about "dumb," wasn't it?

Memo to Editing Department: For chrissakes, edit her.

Memo to Henry Winkler: Thank you for saying, publicly, that Ron Howard taught you the art of television. He's probably the most underrated, genuine all-around talent in the industry. Keep up the good work and I promise to help you become famous. Eventually.

Memo to Advertising Department: Stop running those bullshit oil-company commercials about how beneficial the companies are to the environment. If they wanna sell gas, then let 'em sell gas. But no more insults to our intelligence.

Ohboy.

Memo to Chuck Barris: Ain't it interesting how all the wise guys who took shots at you for *The Dating Game* are now running around Hollywood lying about how they "knew all along" you'd be a hot item? And now they wanna take you to lunch. Gong.

Memo to Minnesota Fats: How come a while ago you shot off your mouth like Muhammad Ali, then shot pool like Ali McGraw? And all that talk about how much money you've won, c'mon. I mean, those guys in VA hospitals *need* their dough.

Memo to Barbara Walters: There's a nasty rumor going around that you have ugly knees. Oh well, there's nothing to worry about. We took a nationwide poll. Nobody cares.

Memo to the Rest of the Staff: Next one who calls her Barbie has to eat with her.

Memo to Jack Lord: Your hair is ready.

Memo to Howard Cosell: A lot of people (two) like your style. They want to know how you reacted when you landed your sportscasting job. Tell 'em. Tell 'em how you laughed right into Roone Arledge's balls.

Memo to Bob Hope: I grew up respecting you. Please see the memo to the Advertising Department re oil companies.

Memo to Children's Programming Department: I don't care what it costs, get *Bullwinkle* back on the air. Immediately.

Memo to Adult Programming Department: I don't care what it costs, get *Bullwinkle* back on the air. Immediately.

Memo to Jaye P. Morgan: Sorry about last night. I fell asleep in a movie.

Memo to TV Guide: How come Tom Brokaw is the only one listed by name for the *Today* show? Gene Shalit isn't chopped liver, y'know.

Memo to Jerry van Dyke: You, you're chopped liver. With mayo. On white.

God, this is fun!

Memo to Talent Department: There's a killer of a comic out there by the name of Cork Proctor. Makes Rickles look and sound like a geriatric hockey puck. Find him and sign him.

Memo to Legal Department: Prepare contract for Cork Proctor. Use standard form marked "Lifetime Bondage."

Memo to Lola Falana: Have decided on best thing for your showbiz career. Take a couple of weeks off. Then give it up altogether.

Memo to Maynard G. Krebs: Bring back Bob Denver.

Memo to Susan Harris: So you created and co-produced *Soap*? So what? All it took was guts, brains, faith and talent.

Memo to Daytime Programming Department: If there's gotta be a game show, let it be *You Don't Say*.

Memo to All Executives: Hate to remind you fellas about this, but the air we broadcast through does not belong to us. It belongs to the public, of whom you may have heard. Let's show a little respect.

Memo to Fred Silverman: Gosh, sir, I was only foolin' around. Nothing serious. Heh-heh. Just kidding.

Memo to Payroll Department: Better get my check ready. Don't forget two weeks' severance pay. Hurry.

Ohboy. □

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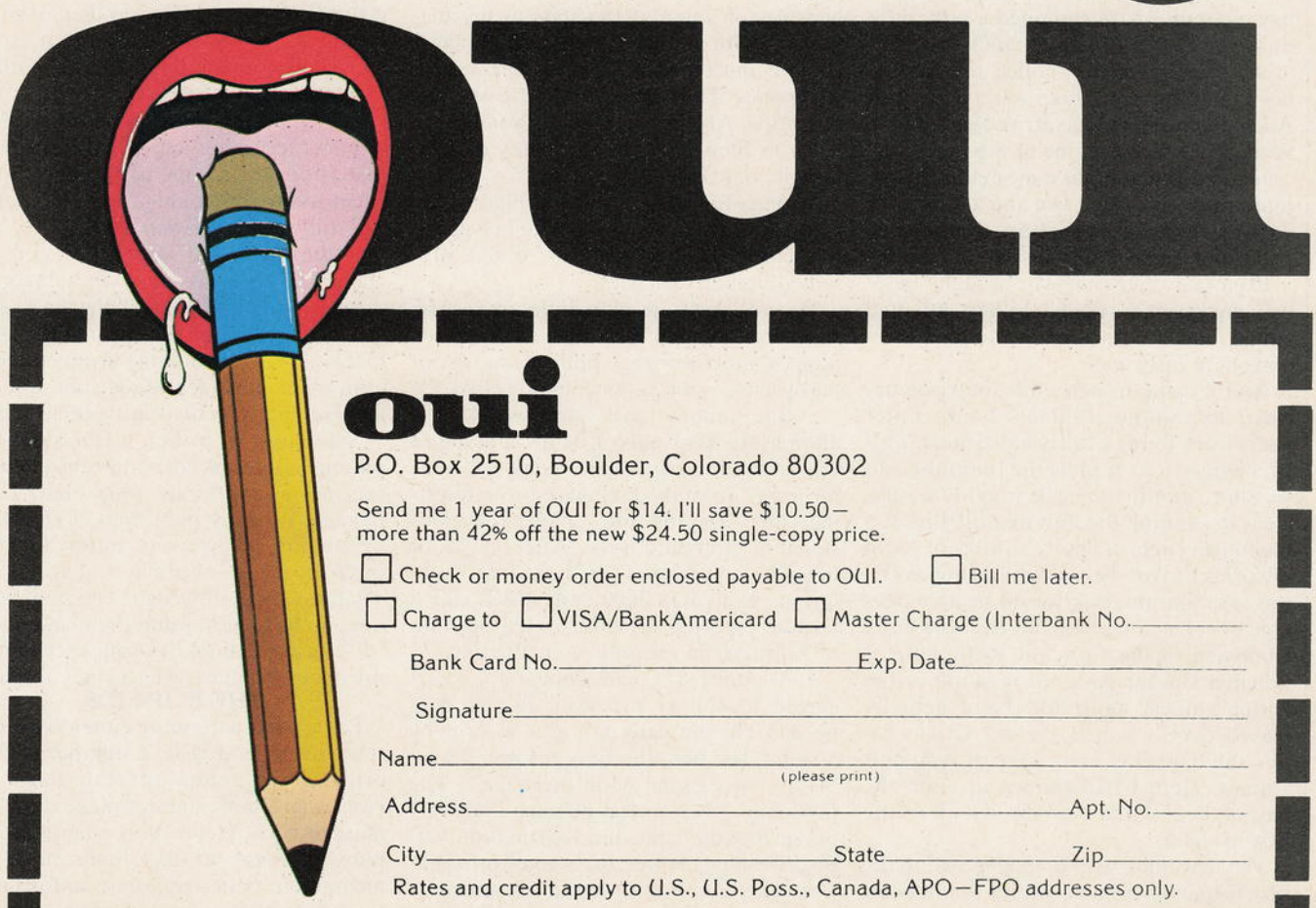

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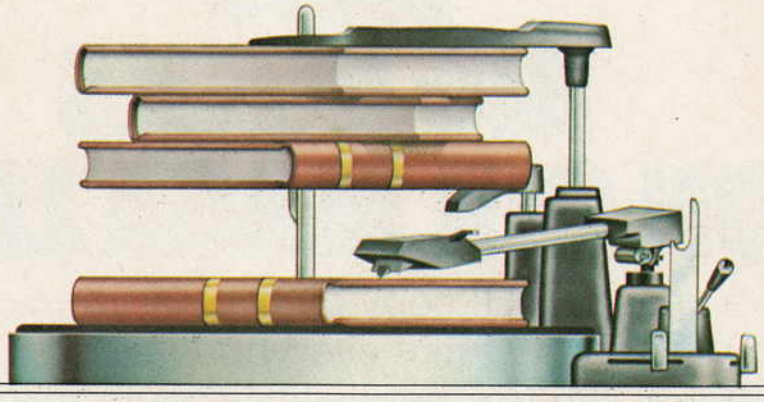


WONDER WONDER WHO WROTE THE BOOK OF ROCK

by Ed Naha

Writing a book about rock 'n' roll is a bit like composing an ode to a brick. There's not a hell of a lot to say about it that you don't already know. Rock literary efforts are not so much penned as parroted. The big stars, the big hits, the big theories and the big downfalls are regurgitated *ad infinitum*, making most rock books the perfect gift for crazed music aficionados or terminal insomniacs.

I have regurgitated a rock-'n'-roll book. Spurred on by the transcendental desire to pay my rent, I have compiled a nifty little number entitled *Lillian Roxon's Rock Encyclopedia*. As you may notice, my name is not Lillian Roxon. Lillian was a delightful Australian woman who arrived in the U.S. years ago to become one of the first "big" critics in the then-embryonic field of music journalism. She spent two and a half years writing the original historical encyclopedia and aggravating a respiratory illness.

Eventually, her endeavor brought about two unexpected results. Lillian attained global fame as a rock critic and died at an obscenely early age.

And it came to pass that someone decided to exhume Lillian's book. Enter yours truly. Being a fairly naive mercantilist, I agreed to complete the fun project in six short months: a task roughly equivalent to running the minute mile through the fourth circle of Dante's Inferno. As an offspring of Woodstock Nation, however, I was sure that the task would be an agreeable one. I mean, rock is my life, ya know? I boogied in the front row with Janis. I watched Cocker pass out in some of the nation's finest halls. My band actually played NYC's famed Electric Circus *before* the dawning of the Age of Amphetamines! Hell, I had thrown up with the best of them. I had even thrown up *on* the best of them.

The new book would be identical to the first, formatwise. Each entrant would boast a history and discography. The history would be a piece of cake to pull off, since I had files on most of the stars at my disposal. As for the discographies, I knew I could count on the numerous hep record companies. They had all the info at their fingertips. All they had to do was let me loose in their archives for a day or two. Simple, right?

Wrong. To begin with, although many companies were truly wonderful in helping me gather data, quite a few others presented unique obstacles.

Record labels are incredible prehistoric structures doomed to wallow in their own illogical mire. Aristotle himself would not make sense working for a major label.

• One famous label simply refused to allow me to Xerox their LP files, although I was allowed to copy them *longhand, word for word!* To make matters more interesting, their last decade's paperwork was stored in cardboard boxes. After a week of marathon penmanship, I emerged victorious with over 3000 song titles and a posture ensuring me the coveted position of bellringer in a European cathedral.

• A publicist I had known for years agreed to supply me with all the data needed. His company, however, was run by a *name*. The first question put to me was: "Is my boss gonna be in the book?" The first reply: "Not unless he cuts a record." Seven months later, the information was finally culled. It was the wrong information. The boss has yet to cut his record.

• In terms of discographies, a big problem was the phenomenon known as the "cut-out": an album that is no longer pressed and is not readily available in stores. These proved almost impossible to track down. One jolly record exec, however, found a simple solution to my quandary. He *a)* denied that the record in question ever existed and *b)* denied that the band ever recorded on his label—stating that the sales department computer showed no trace of them. Better living through science.

• An irate flack/friend of a deceased artist promised me "I'd never work again" if I printed that the late star died of a drug overdose. "It was an accident! It coulda happened to anybody!" I am still working. The star is still deceased.

• A charming press representative of a sightless recording act casually suggested that I forward a copy of the book to his client so the star could "take a look at it." I'm still waiting for *that* critique.

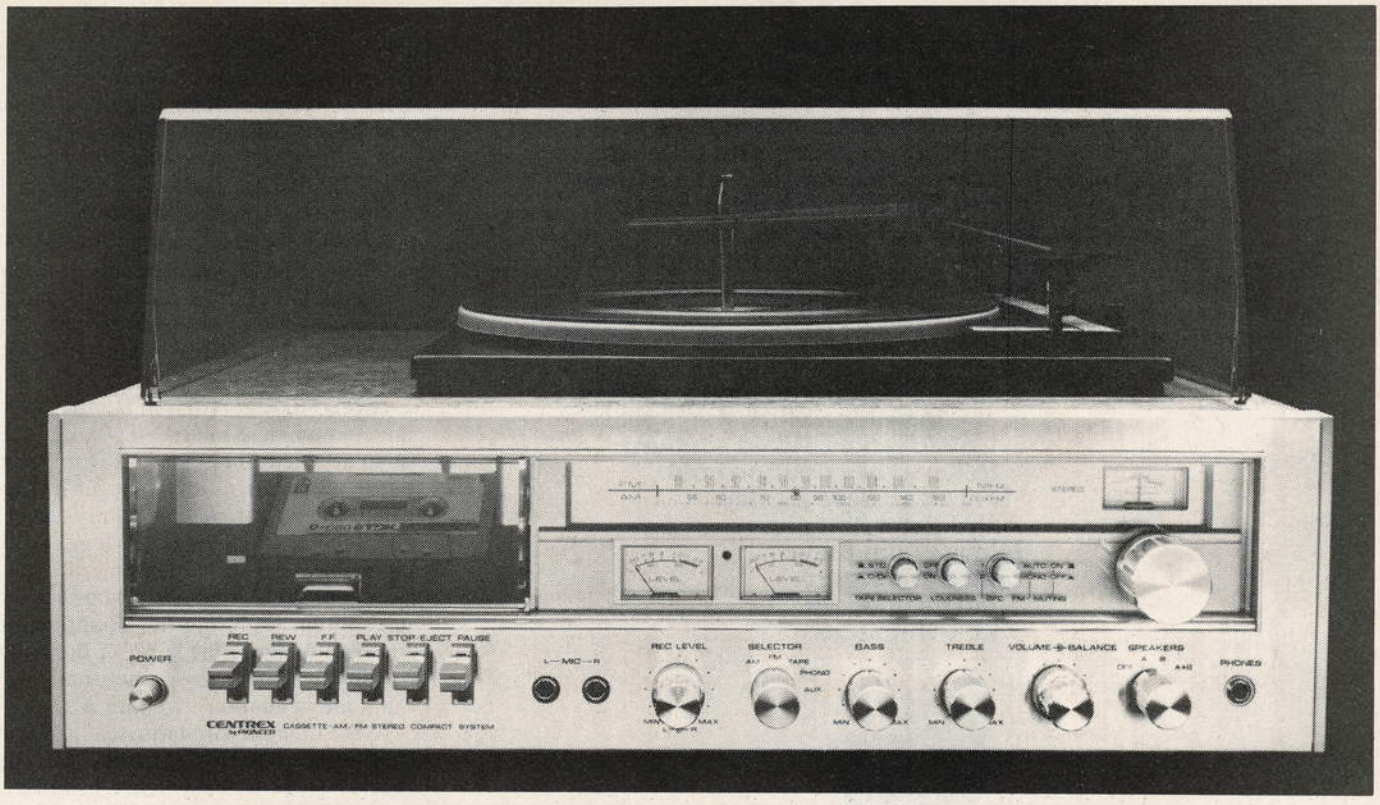
If these cerebral skirmishes were not enough to make my good vibes dissonant, during the completion of the final draft, groups that had broken up reunited, acts that had pledged undying loyalty punched each other out, ideal duos split, and up-and-coming stars died in freak accidents.

Somehow or other, after countless prayers, bottles of beer and tubs of coffee, the manuscript was completed. Upon handing it to my publishers, I celebrated by burning my private music files and ordering a quick prefrontal lobotomy. That was six months ago. The book is out now. To be honest, I don't remember what it looks like. I think it's square. Following my operation, however, so is my forehead.

THE FLIP SIDE

For reasons pertaining either to a lack of space or to good taste, a number of items originally planned for the *Rock Encyclopedia* simply did not make it into the finished book. Herewith is a random sampling of some of rockdom's more unmemorable traits—gone but, unfortunately, not yet blotted from memory.

BAD ACID: A popular catch phrase in the



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Make toys out of junk.
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Learn the metric system.
Jog successfully. Backpack.
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psychedelic-rock circles, *bad acid* meant either 1) rotten luck, or 2) a dose of tainted LSD powerful enough to turn a Rhodes scholar into a ten-foot mound of ear wax.

THE CAPTAIN MATCHBOX WHOOPIE BAND: In 1973, ESP Discs (the label that brought you Charles Manson's LP) unleashed this seven-man band on the public. Despite such potential hits as *I Can't Dance (I Got Ants in My Pants)* and *My Canary Has Circles under His Eyes*, the group did not succeed in knocking Elton John out of the #1 spot.

CATCH PHRASE: A verbal fad that sweeps the country in a matter of weeks. A few popular catch phrases are: "Don't hassle me about it, talk to my manager"; "Don't hassle me about it, talk to my lawyer"; and, "Please don't break my legs—I didn't know she was your daughter."

HEADBAND: A cross-strip wound around one's forehead during the Counterculture Era both to evoke the spirit of the American Indian and to keep one's hair off of one's forehead, thus avoiding zits.

HYPE: In the record industry, this term is synonymous with "earning your paycheck." Hype is the practice of talking a musical sow's ear and convincing the public it is a silk purse.

THE KOALA: Ten years ago, Capitol Records took a New York band and, claiming that they were Australian, sent them on their neo-Stones way. United States–Australian relations nearly collapsing was one result of their LP. Instant obscurity for the band was another.

NERD: Popular phrase in the rock culture of the Sixties, a nerd was someone who wore his headband around his arm. This practice later became in vogue at Kent State.

O.D.: A popular rock hobby during the Psychedelic Era, to O.D. meant to overdose on one's favorite drug. In gold-records circles it was to O.D. on drugs like smack and speed. Struggling bands had to make do by sucking Sterno through a Flavor-Straw.

2001: In 1968, Stanley Kubrick's esoteric science-fiction film became the ultimate trip. "See it stoned," advised music mavens. "See it over the phone," advised film critics.

SINGER-SONGWRITER: A meaningful poet who rasps delicate lyrics about pain, suicide and not getting laid to empty rooms while pounding on his acoustic guitar. In other words, a social pariah who can't carry a tune, get a date or keep a band together.

RIPPLE: A wine popular at rock concerts in the mid-Sixties, Ripple was a cheap high for the weekend hippie who couldn't afford drugs. Unfortunately, in order to get a buzz, a young freak had to guzzle some 19–20 gallons of the stuff. Happily for everyone concerned, the wine was sold at a very affordable price, something like 25 cents per tub-full. □

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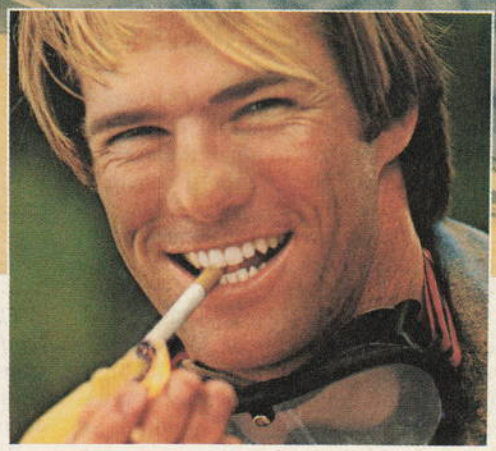

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FILM

MOVIE HISTORY AT A FAST CLIP

by Rick Sublett

For the true movie buff, last fall's debut of the TV series *That's Hollywood* was like stumbling upon a $100 bill in the middle of a pigsty.

It was so much better than the average living-room salute to filmdom that many nostalgia addicts had to pinch themselves, just to make sure they weren't hallucinating the whole thing.

For the sixty-some stations who bought the syndicated series, it quickly became a bona fide ratings sleeper.

Strangely enough, there's no deep, dark secret behind the success of *That's Hollywood*. After all, showing famous film highlights is hardly innovative genius at work, even by television's woeful standards of creativity.

In fact, you and I could probably make a few quick episodes (and a few quick bucks), providing we had the advantages that executive producer Jack Haley Jr. has. You know, piddly little things, like access to almost all the big-studio film vaults . . . a crackerjack research and production staff . . . full front-office support . . . and a staff of bright and aggressive salesmen.

Yes, with a couple of lucky breaks like those, we could all be Jack Haley Jr. Which would mean, in turn, that we would all be: *a)* wealthy; *b)* respected within our profession; and *c)* in and out of marital difficulties with Liza Minnelli.

But the best thing about *That's Hollywood* is the writing. It's strictly plain, good-humored, straightforward stuff . . . not the bullshitty, studio-press-agent prattle we've all been forced to endure on other trips down memory lane.

Rather than toe the "studio line" or quote from the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce *Nostalgia Superlative Handbook*, talented writers like Draper Lewis, Fletcher Markle and Susan Walker seem keen on bending the rules a bit. And so do Eytan Keller, Stu Bernstein, Bonnie Peterson and a handful of other non-household words.

That's Hollywood scripts are lean and economical. Somehow, the words never seem to get in the way of the pictures. They never pile up in your ears like overloaded, derailed boxcars.

Witness the uncluttered observations of writer Mark Massari, as spoken by series narrator Tom Bosley in an episode called "*The Funny Side of Hollywood*," a half hour devoted to sight-gag comedy.

"Hollywood's funny folks will go over cliffs . . . fall from great heights . . . take incredible punishment.

"They'll do anything . . . anything for a laugh . . .

"And . . . to Hollywood . . . nothing sounds better."

Astounding, isn't it? Not an extra, overblown syllable in sight. I went through Massari's script *three full times* and never once found the word *Chaplinesque*. (And, under Hollywood law, all scripts about film comedy *must* include that phrase at least once, under penalty of cancellation.)

In spite of such un-American heresy, it looks like 20th Century-Fox has a good, long-term success on its hands in *That's Hollywood*.

First, the format and the feeling are right. If they weren't, the series would already be sleeping with the fishes, like Luca Brasi, *The Man from Atlantis* and other Vast Wasteland cancellees.

Second, *That's Hollywood* appeals most to the audience that TV executives covet: women, 18 to 34 years old, the ones with the biggest share of money to spend nationwide.

Name your market. The demographic story is pretty much the same, whether it's being tallied in New York, Los Angeles or West Palm Beach, Florida. *That's Hollywood* draws more young women than free drinks at a singles' bar. (In Buffalo, *That's Hollywood* actually beats out *The Gong Show*!)

Finally, the series seems destined to a long life because it isn't likely to ever run out of material. The number of topics is limited only by the imagination (and, of course, the television censors). And the material to fill the topics? Almost endless, when you realize Fox has more than 2000 titles in its library and can lay its hands on 4000 more, currently held by other studios and distributors.

Next season alone, *That's Hollywood* will deal with everything from "The Pin-Up Girls" to "Comic Book Heroes" to "The Stars Are Born"—some of the movies' biggest stars in their first-ever scenes. For more sadistic film fans, an episode entitled "You've Never Seen This Before" is planned. It's a bonanza of butchered lines and blown scenes, rescued from the cutting-room floor and shown for the first time anywhere.

The mawkish among us can look forward to "The Great Marilyn Monroe." And *King Kong* and *Bedtime for Bonzo* devotees will be pleased by what they see when *That's Hollywood* salutes the great apes of the Silver Screen with "Monkeys Are the Craziest People."

That's Hollywood has enough new episode ideas on the drawing board to skate through the next five seasons.

And if five years doesn't seem like a long time to you, just remember. That's longer than most motion-picture executives spend behind bars for embezzlement.

Which, come to think of it, might make a very good installment someday . . . on *That's Hollywood*. □

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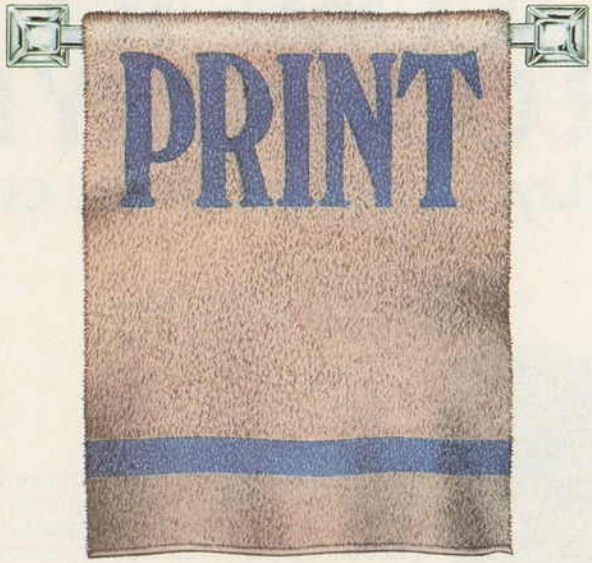


WET BEHIND THE ASS

by Jesse Kornbluth

Print freaks like me are always buttonholing Leonard Koren, the founder and publisher of *WET, the Magazine of Gourmet Bathing*, to tell him that his journal is about to become the California print medium of the 1980s. Leonard is flattered to hear this—you'd be flattered, too, if you had published a dozen issues of a fairly esoteric 32-page magazine that came out once every two months and had only 14,000 subscribers, and yet, before you'd even arranged national newsstand distribution, guys were calling from New York to tout your little rag—but he does not take even these first sprinklings of celebrity very seriously. For one thing, taking anything seriously, even the holiness of water, violates all of the central *WET* precepts.

Exhibit A is the publisher's story. Leonard Koren studied philosophy at UCLA, but he was spending so much time with the muralists of the L.A. Fine Arts Squad that he dropped out. When he dropped back in, he found himself degreeless but at UCLA Grad School, nominally working toward his masters in architecture. What he mostly studied that term, however, was Irina Averkieff. Soon after they met, they hitched to Mendocino for the weekend. On the way back, they stopped at Esalen for the hot springs. Leonard watched Irina take the waters and, in a moment of illumination at least as profound as Werner Erhard's "getting it" on a San Francisco freeway, he realized that people use the common ritual of bathing in highly individualized ways. Bathing was, in fact, art.

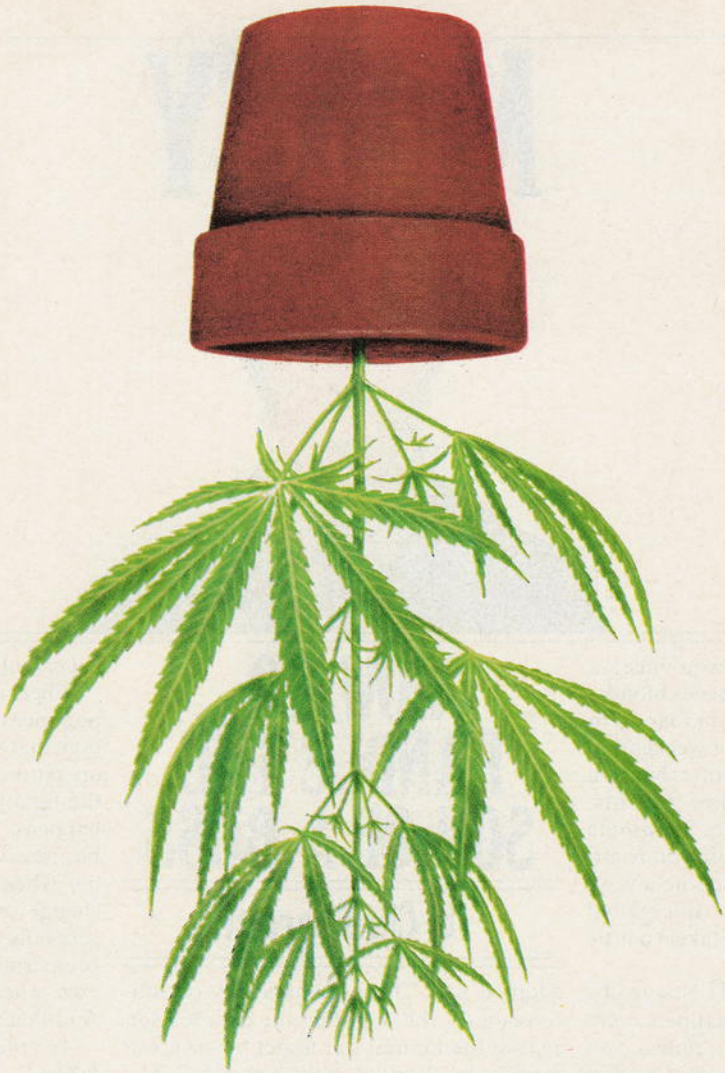
He took photos at "bath events," which were giant parties at coed bathhouses in L.A., and set out to document bathing consciousness in some other way. But his core group of bathers—200 strong from the beginning—wanted to know when the next event was; so Koren decided to publish a one-page newsletter for them. It worked, so he went to eight pages next time out. *WET* was already starting to look like a real magazine, with real sections like "Wet Tips," "Wet's New," "Wet to Wear" and even its own Alfred E. Neuman, a Christ-like, Crumb-inspired character called "Vaporperson." By the third issue, in the fall of 1976, *WET* had 24 pages, two-page photo spreads and a quasi-serious study of drinking water ("Bathing from the Inside Out").

Enter Bob and Bob.

Bob and Bob are really Francis Shishim and Paul Velick, but they have been playing together so long, as musicians ("The Fab Two"), as artists (latest exhibit: "From Bunny Steaks to Bankers"), as moviemakers (*A Visit with Bob and Bob*) and as *WET* interviewers, that they are now indistinguishable—or, as they say, "two peas in a Bob." They claim they met Leonard outside an L.A. art gallery where they were explaining aquadogs to a crowd of the curious. The recipe for aquadogs, incidentally, is: Take a dog and a stick to the beach and throw the stick in the water. As "the most important figureheads in art," they let Leonard know right off that theirs was to be a strictly professional relationship. The Bobs would always wear suits ("We think the human body is disgusting") and never, never would they accept *WET* staffers' offer of Perrier in the office ("They're not going to put that stuff over on *us*"). In exchange for greater celebrity, however, they'd consent to interview the UCLA swim team (sample question: "Have you ever held hostages in the pool?"), the Beverly Hills water department and the mysterious desert pigs in Santa Monica Canyon. They were almost beaten up by the swimmers; the guy at the car wash they mistakenly thought was the water department became outright abusive; and the desert pigs were never seen by lesser folk—but Bob and Bob persevered, "making art that makes sense."

Leonard Koren is cheerful about these bozos; he has known one Bob for years and was his advisor for an Antioch University-without-walls project he thinks was called "Learning about Reality 1." While other *WET* editors confess a visit with Bob and Bob is a "draining experience," Koren believes they are sufficiently socialized to introduce new legions of educated and hedonistic readers to the magazine without the necessity of lengthy statements from the publisher about *WET*'s position on the issues. Bob and Bob, Koren believes, are good hooks for those who might not understand what articles on squirt guns and immaculate conception are doing in the same issue of the same magazine.

Assuming Bob and Bob don't make good their threat to start their own magazine (entitled *Where's the Party?*, it would advance the theory that you can have a better time with animals than with people), Leonard Koren agrees with media types that *WET* could well become the Randy Newman of magazines. His only worry is that some media mogul will make an outrageous takeover offer. But with subscriptions a bargain ($6 a year from *WET*, P.O. Box 1017, Venice, CA 90291), he anticipates a management-sustaining response from those who realize that *WET*'s at least the ultimate in bathroom reading. If he's wrong and *WET* turns out to be just another fad in our decade-long dry season, Leonard won't be devastated. Every 2.2 pounds of magazine paper contains 100 milliliters of water. More or less. There is no way, therefore, that you won't get *WET*. □



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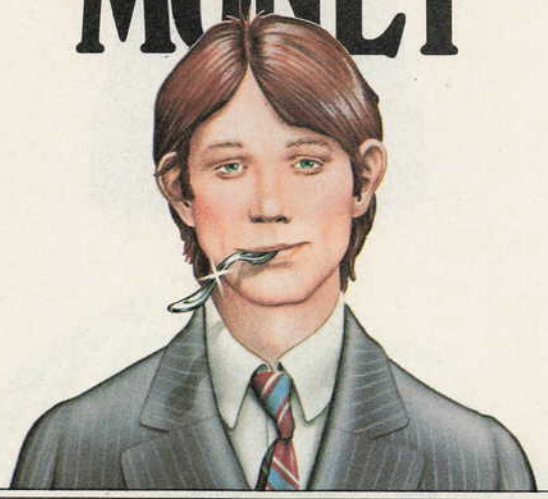

HOW TO HANDLE THE SON OF A BOSS

by Chris Barnett

It's every man's fantasy. You meet a bright, beautiful, angel-faced blond—wanton and full-figured. You roar off in *her* Porsche Carrera for the weekend at *her* family's isolated mountain cabin. On Sunday night, you meet her parents. Mom's thrilled because you're handsome and tweedy; Dad's glad because you're all-male and Yale—just like the son he always wanted who could take over Interglobal Rivets when he gets ready "to take it a little easier."

Straight out of Hollywood? Not really. That and similar scenarios happen every day across the country. But unless you know what you're getting into, that kind of dream scene can easily turn into a nightmare. Instead of getting the keys to the kingdom, most management consultants say you may be headed for a lifetime of fears, frustrations and anxiety attacks that can drench you in self-doubt, possibly even lead you into premature senility.

Even *working* for a family company—if you're ambitious and assertive—is sometimes akin to swimming with sharks. Whether it's a privately owned corporate dynasty or a publicly held company with family at the top, your chances of someday running the show are slim indeed.

Still, it's not impossible. If you are alert, skillful and willing to work, nepotism needn't shoot you out of the saddle in a family-influenced company. Many have made it. But you alone must decide whether it's worth the hassles. To start you thinking about your future with the family, here are 15 important things to consider. Maybe less if we run out of space.

Do you really want another family?

You don't have to marry the boss's daughter to become the boss's son. Stuart Atkins, who heads his own Beverly Hills management consulting firm (clients include U. S. Steel, PepsiCo and the state of California), says that a paternalistic owner/president of a private concern will often try to turn a new executive into an adopted son. "Then—consciously or subconsciously—he might pit the adopted son against the natural son to get his own son moving by creating sibling rivalry." The young exec who gets caught in that web usually tries to become the favored son, Atkins adds. They kiss ass.

Beware of the boomerang.

Inexperienced adopted sons who cater to the corporate patriarch are susceptible to a devastating boomerang effect, warns Atkins. "Watch out if he tells you you're just like a son to him." He says adopted sons are forever haunted because they will always want to know if they could have made it on their own without the social connections. "This creates feelings of inadequacy and doubts about your capabilities, and it destroys your confidence," notes Atkins. Many others agree with him.

Get some experience under your belt.

To stave off those doubts, build a reputation for yourself before you join a family business, whether you're adopted or not. Atkins tells of a persuasive marketing man, viewed as a comer with a Fortune 500 company, who quit short of a promotion to join a family operation. Though he and the company were successful, he was never sure of his contribution. "The president acknowledged his competency, but he never let him forget he was the owner/founder and if it hadn't been for him [the boss], the business wouldn't thrive or even survive." Points out Atkins: "It's just typical of a paternalistic company."

Look out if they talk about the old days.

When a company overstresses the importance of the founder or dwells on tradition, that's a clue to steer clear of the whole operation. "The young exec from outside the family is in a double bind when that happens," Atkins maintains. "The family business wants new blood, new thinking, but when an outsider tries to implement change or advance his own ideas, that's generally a threat to the owner. He'll often countermand the authority of the young exec when he becomes too successful." And that's the way it is, 1978.

Are there jam-ups on the promotional ladder?

Larger family companies sometimes have a lot of promotional ladders that you can climb, not just one crowded with sons and nephews. "Sure, some son may get to the presidential rung," says Atkins, "but there are plenty of other top slots to be filled." In essence, the head of a major division or subsidiary is a power post that pays well. Don't write off a family company that's growing and expanding—unless you really want to be president and you know that will never happen.

Make the family company a stepping stone.

Let's face it—chances are you're not going to rise to the top of the heap in one leap. Dr. James Gallagher, a social psychologist who specializes in career development for fired senior executives, says a family company can be a good place to stop and grow for a while. "We all like to think we're going to be at our next job forever, but a good executive with an upward curve in his career should move up or out every three to five years." He claims people who are "kin to" will always win out over people who "can do." Yet the family-owned company can be a fine "testing ground for your talents."

Not all sons have the inside track.

Just because he's family isn't an ironclad guarantee he will fill dad's shoes. Consul-

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MONEY Before joining a family business, remember: The owner may take a surrogate son along with a real one, but when the chips are down, the family is going to stay together.

tants say some sons complain, "Dad still sees me as I was in junior high school—I'm still Sonny." Outsiders aren't so easily typecast. Or you might be all of those things he had hoped his own son would be. Don't throw in the towel.

What's more, family disputes could open a door for you. Not long ago, Richard Barrie, president of Fabergé, the big cosmetics outfit, had a dispute with his dad, George, the patriarchal founder, and quit the company cold. Another dynasty builder, Max Jarman, turned over the reins of Genesco, a shoe-apparel conglomerate, to his son Frank; he fired Frank eight years later and filled the job with an outsider.

Don't jump ship too soon.

A son doesn't have to blow up at his father to exit the family business, as did Richard Barrie of Fabergé and countless others. Today, says Gallagher, who heads Career Management Associates in Manhattan and consults with companies like Uniroyal, Nabisco and Johnson & Johnson, many sons are either dropping out of the business or never going into it in the first place, thus giving nonfamily execs a better shot. "Though the sons may have the same abilities and drive as their fathers, they channel them into other areas. They just don't want to be under the thumb of their very powerful old man." Gallagher sees it another way: "It's the Freudian theory of the primordial battles between father and son—namely, that you have to kill your father if you want to grow up yourself."

But even if the sons and nephews are out of the way, don't rule out the wives, daughters and nieces, adds Gallagher. "The daughters of very strong fathers get treated like sons, and they're expected to be strong." He claims that the women's movement has allowed strong fathers to "feel comfortable in turning over the company to a competent female in the family."

Complement Junior—don't compete with him.

Before you sign on with a private-family company, find out what the son's strengths are other than his last name, advises J. Philip Broyles, who heads Broyles Management Co., a San Francisco–based executive search firm. "If the family member is strong in finance and you're a marketing or manufacturing guy, fine; you can form a team with him. Otherwise, avoid companies where your area of competence is the same as the son's."

Be active and attractive.

Broyles tells executives working for family companies to get some visibility in industry trade associations and the community. If the owner/president is secure, he won't object. He and his son may not enjoy the spotlight, giving you the chance, says Broyles, to "become known as someone who does an exceptional job." This gives the nonfamily exec some leverage at salary-review time in case there's a sudden power play by the son. In the long run, though, when that happens, the outsider should be psychologically prepared to leave.

Insist on a performance checkup.

No matter how many sons or nephews you're up against in a family company, insist on an annual performance checkup, recommends Broyles. "You've got to sit down annually with the owner to reinforce the fact that you're making a growing contribution to the company's success and that you're a valuable fellow." This is sage advice for everyone, whether you work for a small family company or a huge public one. Be constructive but not threatening. Says Broyles, "Let the boss know that you know what the job market is. If you're making $30,000 a year and the competition's paying $40,000 for that post, let him know it." But be prepared to leave if push comes to shove.

Remember, he can always sell.

The biggest drawback or danger for anyone considering a management post with a family company is the possibility of a sellout, especially if the owner/founder/president is 63. Even if he has a hard-charging son waiting in the wings, the boss knows he can pull a lot of cash and equity out of his company, often at a favorable tax rate, by selling to another company. Then where would you be? Probably out in the street if the acquiring company doesn't want to hang on to the old management team. It's a fact of corporate life: Unless you've got a tight contract, all bets and agreements with the founders are off if the boss cashes out and retires in Tahiti. Remember, it can happen.

Family company chiefs want psychic income.

Gerry Slavin cuts through the bullshit. As president of Shop-Aid, Inc., a supplier and distributor of specialty metals located just outside of Boston, he warns outsiders that small family companies aren't predicated on profits as are most American businesses. "The family business is managed in such a way that it will bring the greatest amount of pleasure to the founder. It's that simple. He works for psychic pleasure once the company is breaking even—the yacht-club membership, the Mercedes, the time to enjoy the three-martini lunch. The owner of a family company knows he's the master of all that surrounds him. He wants to be the king of his castle. And, unlike the president of a public company, he won't do things he doesn't want to do."

Never try a "High Noon" showdown.

Slavin, 33, who worked for another company after graduating from Carnegie Tech, before rejoining his dad in the family business ("It gave me credibility when I came back—I was more than just the boss's son"), makes one fact crystal clear: "The owner may take a surrogate son along with a real one, but when the chips are down, the family is going to stay together. And if he takes a 'this-town-isn't-big-enough-for-both-of-us' attitude with the family and plays a 'meet-me-at-high-noon' game, he might as well get on a horse and ride out, because he's going to be the loser."

Not only is Slavin an S.O.B. (Son of a Boss), he launched an organization called S.O.B.s (now known as the National Family Business Council). As a consultant to many of the members, he knows that the upwardly mobile nonfamily exec will almost always be "dead-ended" at some point on the ladder.

Never stomp on the king's foot.

If you're compatible with the family, Slavin knows you outsiders will want some guarantees, security and a piece of the action. "But normally you're not going to get it," he says bluntly. "You'll be accorded a lot of respect and consideration, and you'll be 'taken care of,' which means whatever the owner wants to do for you. But while you'll *almost* be part of the family, if you push, you'll get less and will probably be shit-canned."

What strategy would Slavin use if he were on the outside looking in? "You've got to create a feeling of guilt within the owner/boss. Something like, 'Okay, Mr. Smith. I trust you. I want to stay here and build the company, and I'll do it your way. But I'm going to trust you to see to it that I'm compensated.' Whether it's a guarantee, stock or percentage of the profits, you've put all of your marbles in the boss's lap. Now it's incumbent on him to come through. He'll almost be forced to take care of you."

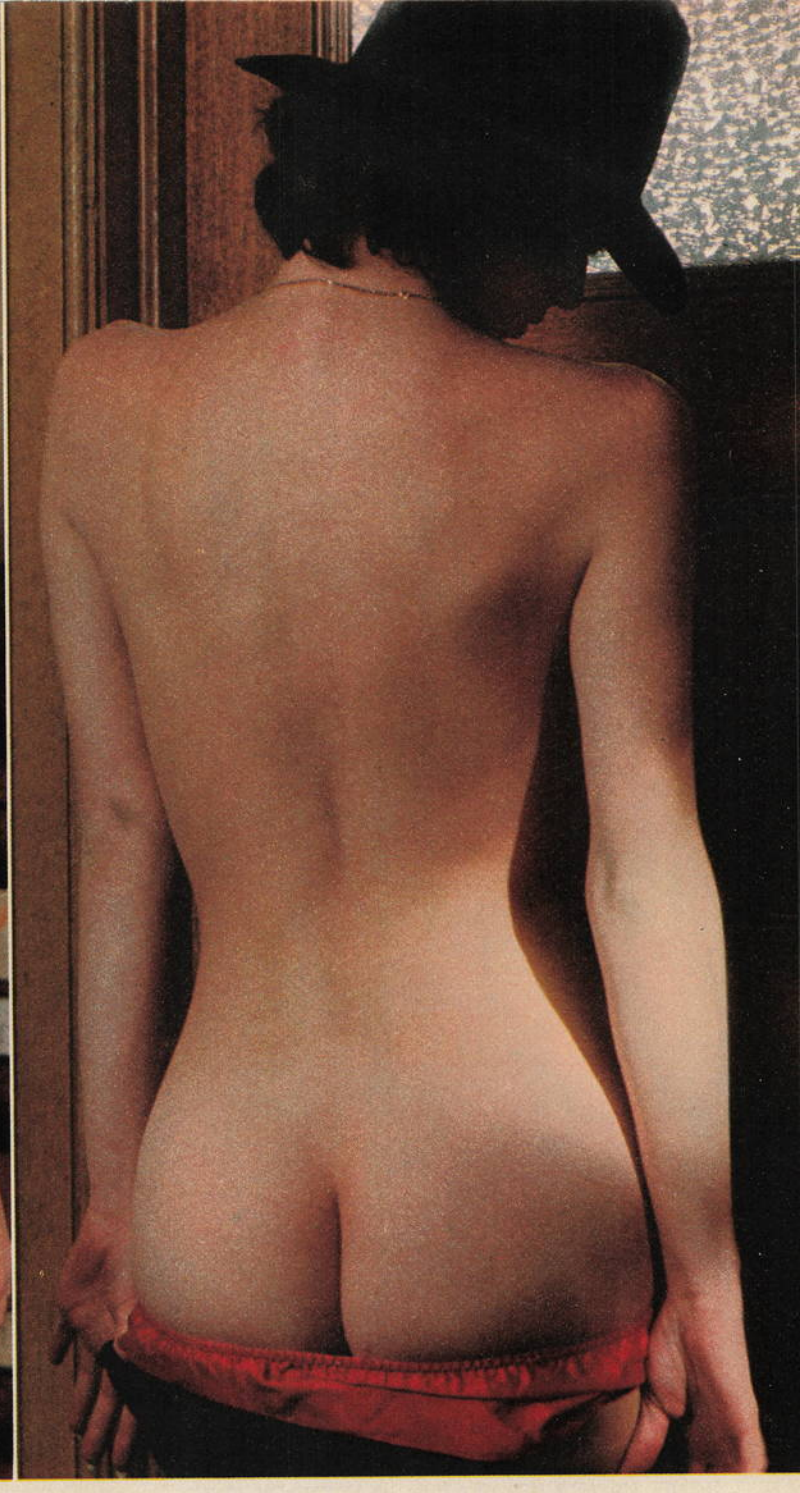
Slavin, meantime, says it's not just the outsiders who have to tiptoe lightly in a family business. "Today the sons want guarantees too. Although I don't have that problem, many sons are saying to their fathers, 'If you get pissed off and fire me, what do I walk out with?' And they traditionally respond with, 'What's your hurry, son? Someday it will all be yours. You're going to get nothing until you get everything!' "

A 45 rpm record by a Boston musician named Nancy Schifrin Fox says it best, claims Slavin. Entitled *The S.O.B. Blues*, its opening line is: "Life's no bed of roses when you call the boss Daddy." Last line: "He calls it my allowance but I'd like a salaree. I'm ready to take over because Dad is ninety-three." □

I DIDDLE WITH DANGER

PHOTOGRAPHY BY NICK DESCIOSE

THE PHONE CALL INTERRUPTED MY SELF-ABUSE. IT WAS A FAMILIAR STORY.

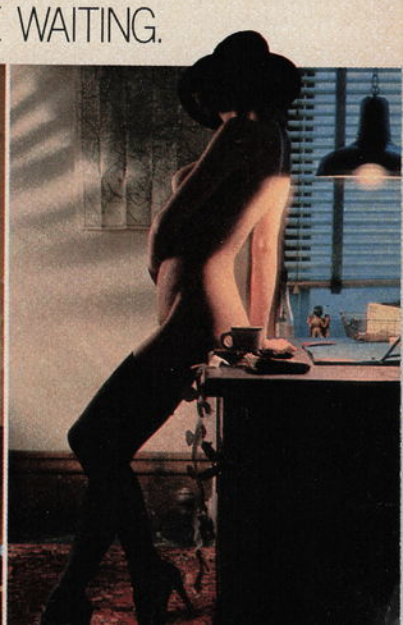


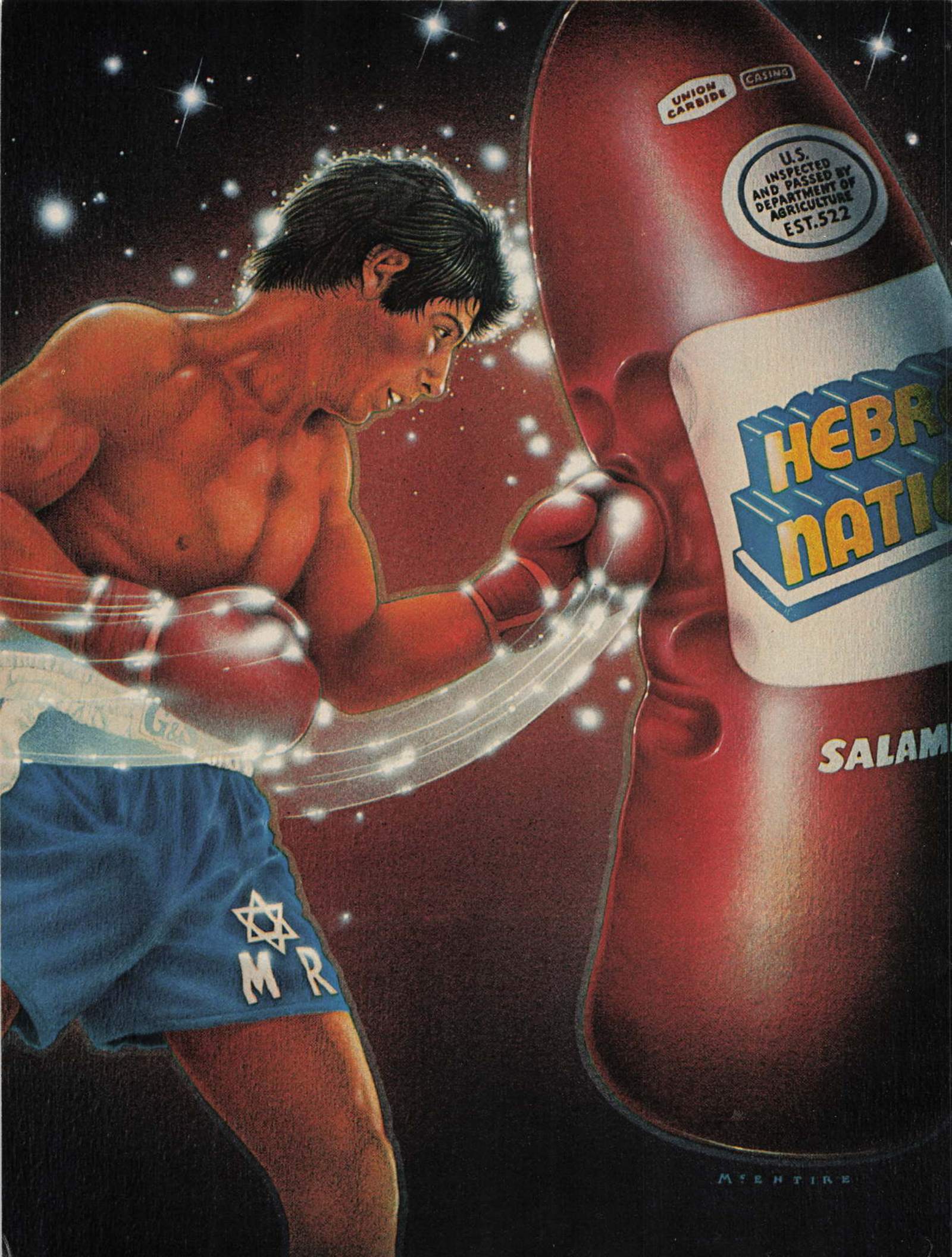
WEALTHY WOMAN MARRIES GIGOLO. GIGOLO FOOLS AROUND. WIFE HIRES ME.

I TOOK DOWN THE INFORMATION ON THE HUSBAND. AGE. LOOKS. INSEAM.

THEN IT HIT ME. THE WOMAN WAS DESCRIBING LOUIE. MY LOVER LOUIE.

I TOLD HER TO COME AND SEE ME ABOUT THE MATTER. I'D BE WAITING.

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ARTICLE BY STU BLACK

THE GREAT KOSHER HOPE

Where else but in America would an Italian kid turn Jewish to fight Latinos?

On March 2, 1978, Mike Rossman, "The Jewish Bomber," was knocked out by Yaqui Lopez of Stockton, California, at Madison Square Garden. The following day, the New York Post*'s sports pages read: "Yaqui Lopez came swooping into the Felt Forum last night and wiped out Mike Rossman with a sixth-round TKO before 3157 fans. He also wiped out the Garden's plans for a title fight between Rossman and Victor Galindez.*

"Lopez was cut over both eyes early in the bout but rallied midway in the sixth round, when he caught Rossman in the corner and slammed home a series of head shots which sent the Jewish Bomber's mouthpiece skidding across the ring.

" 'Why they ever matched Rossman with Yaqui I'll never know, said one of Lopez's handlers. 'Rossman is a good kid but this fight was a big mistake. He's not ready for the likes of this guy.' "

The big-boned kid behind the wheel took another pull on the home-rolled butt. The smell it emitted was familiar—cannabis. The kid, his right hand encased in a plaster cast, held the steering mechanism tightly with his left. He smiled, offered the joint to the man in the passenger's seat, then took another pull and slowly let the smoke slide out.

"I often take Mary Jane with me when I fight away from home. Sometimes I like to get high right after a fight, and you can't buy it in a strange town. I'm no different from a lot of fighters who like to turn on. Hell, most boxers are from a ghetto, and marijuana is a natural part of a ghetto guy's environment."

Mike Rossman, a strong contender for the light-heavyweight championship of the world this year and possible challenger for the heavyweight crown next, the coming "Great White Hope," toked one more time, then snuffed out the roach. He was pushing the rented Celica south toward Philadelphia as fast as the miserable weather would permit. It wouldn't permit much. The scene from inside the car seemed lifted from a Dracula movie. Fog enshrouded all. The sky bled rain. The skinny, naked, brown roadside sticks, which had been luscious, green trees three months prior, bent under the fearsome squalls of the cold wind.

Mike Rossman, of Southern New Jersey, is hardly a ghetto guy. Far from it. Michael is a product of America's headlong rush to suburbia. Nor is he a palooka, a down-and-outer, a white boy gone wrong. He and his wife Maxine live comfortably in a clean apartment complex known as "Chalet at Ski Mountain," in the booming metropolis of Pine Hill, New Jersey. One-bedroom apartments at Chalet rent for $330 a month, so the tenants there must be in a decent income bracket. Decent enough to have left Philadelphia, only 15 miles away, far behind. It is not your normal hangout for 21-year-old pro pugs. Cold-water flats in North Philly are more their income speed. In fact, if there is another 21-year-old boxer living at Chalet, he's disguised as a housewife.

"I don't have to box," says Rossman. "You can see where I live. My parents always took care of me. My father was always hustling. In fact, he's in Florida hustling up an Israeli beer deal for me right now. My folks have a real nice, private house about five minutes from here. I wasn't born in poverty. I'm only boxing because I love it."

If you close your eyes and listen to Rossman speak, you notice his cadence and voice quality are familiar—a dead ringer for Jimmy Caan's Sonny Corleone in *The Godfather.* His wide muscular build is much bigger than Caan's, however. With the five-day growth of facial hair he seems rough-hewn, a look-alike for a Marlon Brando consort in *On the Waterfront.* He's also John Garfield in *Body and Soul.* Hard, but with multiple edges of different textures. He is

Stu Black is an ecumenical New York thug who writes about jocks. He is a debit to his race.

ILLUSTRATION BY LARRY McENTIRE

GREAT KOSHER HOPE "In the ring, Jewish guys are usually evasive. Rossman stands straight up and gets hit in the head...Maybe hits in the head don't hurt him."

the boy next door who can knock your house down.

He is not Rocky Balboa. His dream of life is more than just survival. He is "The Jewish Bomber," a half-baked nickname a New Jersey writer hung on him because of the magnum force in his fists and the half-accident of his heritage. It is a lousy nickname because it's an uncomfortable marriage of words, *Jewish* and *bomber.* Go together like applesauce and aperitif. "Brown Bomber," Joe Louis' old nickname—right! "The Bronx Bombers," the name the New York Yankees made famous—right! Even "The Mad Bomber," the little man who kept New York in an uproar for two decades before they caught him—OK. But "Jewish Bomber"?

"He doesn't fight like a Jewish fighter," says fight-film historian Jim Jacobs. "He's a tough, tough guy, not like most Jewish boxers. In the ring, Jewish guys are usually evasive. Rossman stands straight up and gets hit in the head a lot. He seems to have the very un-Jewish-like attitude of 'you can't hurt me.' Maybe hits in the head *don't* hurt him."

Maybe. Maybe that lack of American Jewish toughness over the last three decades is why names like Benny Leonard and Barney Ross—the former being the greatest Jewish boxing champion of all time, the latter being the last—are fossils, dim reminders of an almost extinct breed. Only sheets of off-color newsprint in Fourth Estate morgues mark the spot where greatness was.

•

"I wanted to punish him. I wanted to bomb him out. I saw he had bad eyes and I knew I had hurt him." Those are not the words taken from a brittle, browning gazette, uttered to a newsman whose deadline was 50 years ago. They were spoken in May last year by Mike Rossman after his seventh-round technical knockout of Mike Quarry. They are the hard words of the leathery attitude Rossman carries into the ring.

"It's a fairly new attitude for me," Rossman says as he leans out the window to give 55 cents to the toll-booth attendant. Philadelphia, shrouded in the fog and haze, is straight ahead. Rossman doesn't notice that. He just talks.

"Like, before I used to go out and box and not stand in front of a guy too long. It was the style that Carmen Graziano, my old trainer, taught me. But my father didn't like it, so he got me a new trainer, Slim Robinson, who used to be one of his fighters. Slim put it into my head that I should be the boss out there. When the bell rings for the first round, I should walk out there and kick ass. Take the fight right over and bang the guy hard. Get his respect. This is my trend of thought now. Now, I like to bang a guy early. I show him right away I don't respect him."

"I got hit with shots from everywhere," said broken-faced, busted-hearted, ex-contender Mike Quarry, a few days after his fight with Rossman. "It felt like he had horseshoes in his gloves. I've been hit hard before, but never like that. I thought my eyeballs were going to come out of their sockets."

"Michael was just like any other kid when he was real young, a crybaby," says Cecelia DePiano, Rossman's mother. It was July 1, 1956, that parturition occurred. "He was a very high-strung child. He used to stutter a bit when he got nervous. He was a thumb-sucker, too. But he outgrew all of that.

"He was a sensitive child. If someone looked at him cross-eyed, his eyes would well up with tears. He liked to be alone. His favorite position was to lie down in front of the television with a blanket wrapped around him, his thumb in his mouth, and just watch. I think his sensitivity led him to be a boxer. I guess it's his way of getting off the feelings of being laughed at as a kid.

"He was also a very spry, active child. We used to take our four children to Atlantic City every summer for the first eleven years of Michael's life. We stopped when we moved from Philly to New Jersey. All the kids loved the boardwalk. Michael especially loved it. He would run over those large planks, flipping peanuts as he went, feeding the pigeons. My other kids walked. Michael always ran."

"His parents told me he was a sissy as a kid," says soft-voiced Carmen Graziano, Rossman's first pro trainer and his co-manager until he was forced out. Graziano, who had handled 1963–65 middleweight king Joey Giardello and 1955–56 lightweight champ Wallace "Bud" Smith, among others, recalls, "They never thought Mike would have the resiliency, the durability or the intestinal fortitude to be a boxer. They were amazed at his turnabout. He is extremely resilient and durable these days."

"I had a gym in Philadelphia," remembers Jimmy DePiano, Rossman's father, manager and advisor who reportedly rented his body from the same guy who constructed two-ton Tony Galento, "and on weekends my three boys used to come there with me. Giardello used to work there regularly. It was called the South Philadelphia gym. Then I moved the family to Jersey and I opened up a training camp in Pleasantville, New Jersey, not far from the Atlantic City beach, where the fighters could run. I had Joe Frazier, Norton, a lot of big fighters training there. When I handled Oscar Bonavena, I had *him* there, too. You know, I was with Oscar at Circus Circus in Vegas the week before he got killed. A helluva guy. Crazy, but a helluva guy.

"During the summertime Mike used to come down to the gym every day. He's my oldest son, you know. Sometimes we would stay overnight at my mother's house because it was a fifty-mile drive back. One day Mike comes out of the house with a black bag. I said, 'What are you doing with that bag?' He said he just wanted to fool around a little. I laughed at him, but I knew he was no dummy. He had been around me in the gyms long enough to know something. So he started training every day. About a week went by and I'm looking at the kid, and I say to some old-time fighters who were around, 'Jesus, God, I hate to say this, but the kid has natural ability.' They all say back to me that the kid's got great moves for a fifteen-year-old. So a little time went by, I got him into shape and put him into some amateur bouts. At seventeen I turned him pro."

"There wasn't any pressure put on Michael to be a fighter," Cecelia DePiano assures. "My husband told him that if he didn't want to be a fighter, it was all right with him. But I know it was one of my husband's dreams to have one of his boys be champ. After all, he had been in the business thirty-five years."

"I decided to give it a go on my own," Mike Rossman says. He has just squeezed the car into a parking place on a Philly street that is about as wide as Frank Sinatra, circa 1944. When I reach to put money in the parking meter, he says not to bother because the cops around here never do anything anyway. "My father didn't tell me to quit or keep on. I was just messing around. Then I started to box with guys and liked it. Even then my father didn't work with me. I got most of my early learning from the trainers who hung around the gym. I learned by watching and then trying. From being around all the time, I picked up a lot of stuff.

"People are always asking me what it's like being managed by my father. It's not bad. I know he's looking out for me. I mean, he's an aggressive guy and so I gotta argue with him a lot. He's always hustling. Sometimes I feel like he's hustling me. I mean that in a good way. My earliest memories of my father is of him hustling. I can remember him arguing with guys over the phone, making matches for Slim Robinson, the guy who's my trainer now. That's the kind of guy my father is.

"I used to have arguments with him about what time of night I came home. So I told him, 'Look, you can't run my life for

(Continued on page 92)

DESSERTS

NICA, CAL. 90028

Gay Talese's Expense Account

It's been seven years since Gay Talese finished Honor Thy Father and set out to do the definitive survey of Sex in America. As a public service, we turned up a Xerox of his expenses for West Coast research alone, and Talese has been busy. Here's a glimpse – rescued from the trash can just minutes before the National Enquirer arrived for the scoop.

Humor by
Richard Warren Lewis

MEMO
TO: Harry Mordoh, Doubledare Books

FROM: Gay Talese

SUBJECT: Expenses for West Coast research, Sex in America

1/15 L.A. Free Press classified ad soliciting swinging singles:
LEAVE IT TO BEAVER
Muscular, well-hung egalitarian stud seeks unfulfilled members of any sex, age, color, size, ethnic origin, political affiliation wishing to turn fantasies into reality. Guaranteed to bring you full pleasure with heavy necking, S/M, nude backgammon, bi-, sci-fi, hi-fi, my thigh, Roto-Rooter marathons, Brenda Lee sing-alongs. Exchange of spread-eagle snapshots a must. No weirdos, please . . . . . $ 7.50

1/15 Polaroid Square Shooter II camera equipped with remote-control self-timer, props for Polaroid self-portrait: Kawasaki 4-stroke heavy-duty vibrator with kick start, Dancing Waters dildo, recycled denim fitted Naugahyde posing strap 59.95

1/16 Drive-in vasectomy, Tube-Be-Or-Not-To-Be Clinic (includes optional contribution to clinic's equal-opportunity sperm bank) 25.00

1/17 One-month rental, postal box number 6969, Los Angeles ZIP code 90069 . . . . . 10.50

1/18 Background research materials:
1. Periodicals: Bicycle Seats Annual; Montessori's Kinky Kindergarteners Revisited; "I Am Peter's Condom" (Reader's Digest reprint); Jack-in-the-Box Astrological Guide to Short Order Love 21.95
2. Films: Admission, Mali-Blue Drive-In to view Thigh Anxiety, Saturday Night Beaver, Peter's Draggin', A Star Is Porn, Polanski's Close Encounters with the Third Grade . . . . . 25.0(
3. Books: The 14-Day Enema Shape-up Diet; Getting into the Kama Sutra; Big Isn't Everything, the Autobiography of Mickey Rooney 29.9

1/26 Overnight accommodations, XXXX Adult Motel (includes rubber-sheeted waterbed; Mothersill's seasick pills; continuous 16-millimeter hard-core televised short subjects; Windex for floor, ceiling and wall mirrors; Continental breakfast) . . . . . 100.

1/28 Businessman's High Noon special, Macho Massage, Beverly Hills (includes Stolichnaya alcohol rub; wintergreen rub; baby-oil rub; rub-a-dub-dub; ménage à trois; hypoallergenic contraceptive foam; coke; Dr. Brown's Cel-Ray; lean corned beef on rye; State of Israel bond; 3000 S&H Green Stamps; validated parking) 9

1/28 Prorated rebate, Macho Massage, compensating for premature ejaculation . . . . . (1

1/31 Admission, Institute of Oral Love, Los Angeles 2

1/31 Chap Stick . . . . .

2/10 Two Harvey Ballbuster cocktails, Bi-Bi-Baby Lounge, Santa Monica . . . . .

2/10 Reimbursement for loss of double-knit bells, Lurex bodyshirt, string bikini briefs, Kork-Ease sandals left behind in Bi-Bi-Baby's unisex restroom following flight from turned-on transvestite impersonating Baba Wa-Wa 125.00

2/12	Round-trip air fare to San Diego for opening of S/M on Parade; admission; charge for use of slingshot, glycerine suppositories and bowl of ice cubes; Red Ryder BB gun; crushed velvet bullwhip; snapping bath towels (all employed during audience-participation segment)	75.00
2/17	Fee, Esoteric Escort Service, for tattooed Republican paraplegic to pose as date at Orange County fund-raising swing party	50.00
2/17	Purchase of pump-action amyl nitrate canister from Orange County swing party hostess	25.00
2/17	Bail bondsman's costs following bust on charges of illegal drug purchase from plainclotheswoman hostess and so-called "crimes against nature" – coming on with both a philodendron and a mixed green salad after amyl oversnort	100.00
2/25	Enrollment at Headstone – growth center, overlooking Pacific Ocean, for consciousness-raising nude encounter group seminar/gang-bang titled "Sexual Psycho-Cryogenics in an Inflationary Economy"	50.00
2/26	Use of oxygen tank necessitated by ad-lib group-flatulence exercise following get-acquainted franks-and-beans cookout at Headstone	5.00
3/1	Registration fee, innovative weekend course, "Creative Options in Male/Female Relationships"	50.00
3/2	Purchase of live female sheep, part of study program suggested by "Creative Options" syllabus (See Ewe-Haul receipt)	125.00
3/2	One pound Parkay margarine, one pound Danish Creamery butter; for comparison test of respective lubricating properties	2.65
3/2	Poultices for saddle sores and throbbing hickeys inflicted by lust-crazed sheep	10.00
3/21	Complimentary champagne charter flight to licensed brothel – Stallion Ranch, Mustang, Nevada – offering state-accredited extension program leading to B.A. in Lively Limitless Sex (you should pardon the acronym, B.A.L.L.S.)	N/C
3/21	Stallion Ranch orientation kit (Vaseline, vitamin E, Preparation H, K-Y jelly, Q-Tips, Hershey's chocolate syrup, Famous Amos cookies, Reddi-Wip, maraschino cherries, beef jerky)	25.00
3/25	Sexual Awareness 69: Comprehensive 24-hour videotaped telethon involving faculty members Lothar and Farrah, plus invited Munchkins, geeks, Mouseketeers, eunuchs, flashers, Brownies, amputees, florists, I.O.S. investors, stunt dogs, Soupy Sales look-alikes, Myron Floren Fan Club members (includes time and charges for earlobe-chewing, finger-licking, Bic-flicking, toe-tickling, half-and-half, around-the-world, do-it-yourself-all-you-can-eat banana splits)	150.00
3/26	One-for-the-Road Stallion Ranch Special: straight sex with Farrah	25.00
3/26	Stallion Ranch souvenir needlepoint pillow inscribed: "Today Was the First Lay of the Rest of Your Life"	25.00
	GRAND TOTAL	$1215.00

Gary Valentine

XXX MOTEL • SANTA MONICA, CA

HOW TO BUY YOUR FANTASY ISLAND

AN ISLAND IS A BODY OF LAND ENTIRELY SURROUNDED BY MORTGAGE. IF YOU LIVED HERE, YOU'D BE HOME BY NOW.

ARTICLE BY WILLIAM RICHMAN

David Rockefeller has one off the coast of Maine. The 17-year-old Crown Prince of Iran recently paid $8 million for nine islands in the Seychelles. Raymond Burr and Marlon Brando each have one in the South Seas.

They've all got their reasons. Photographer John Stuart Cloud bought one in Sebago Lake, Maine, so that his monkey would have room to roam at will. John Lennon gave an island to England's Diggers Action Group for collective-living experimentation. A certain Dr. D'Urville bought the Isle du le Vanq off Saint-Tropez in the Twenties for nudists and naturalists. (The good doctor soon grew disgusted with his clients' tendency to orgy, incidentally, and he sold off most of the island in the Forties to subdividers.)

The late George Boldt, owner of New York's Waldorf-Astoria, bought an island in the St. Lawrence River as a wedding gift for his new wife. He brought in engineers and dredging crews to reshape the island into the form of a heart. Boldt's wife died before the work could be completed and the disillusioned

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN LYKES

ISLAND "The price of an island is established by the intensity of the dream of the buyer...versus the love for his island by the seller, weakened by his need for cash."

Boldt left his island, never to return, later selling it to Edward Noble, founder and chairman of the board of Life Savers, Inc. (Mercifully, Noble did not attempt to put a hole through the middle of it.)

Until very recently, it was possible for even you to buy an island simply by stumbling upon it and buying it from its widow owner over afternoon tea, as did Wendell Stevens of Maine.

While this sort of thing still happens occasionally, it is more likely that a buyer will be dealing with a sophisticated real-estate agent who specializes in island properties and has worldwide listings. In fact, the bulk of today's island transactions are handled by two agencies: Boehm and Vladi (Neuerwall 2-6 Lichstein T-2000, Hamburg 36, West Germany), and RWB Douglas and Associates (57 Clairmont Street, Mahone Bay, Nova Scotia, B0J2E0 Canada). But several less-specialized agencies, among them Previews, Inc. (Greenwich Office Park, Bldg. 1, 51 Weaver Street, Greenwich, CT 06830), Rare Earth Real Estate (Kappas Marina, P.O. Box 946, Sausalito, CA 94965) and Downeast Acreage (151 Broadway, Bangor, ME 04401), keep a number of island listings among their more generalized portfolios.

At any given time, these and other local agencies will have a swarm of islands from which to choose—actually, the buyer's biggest problem may come in simply deciding where in the world he wants to stake out his little kingdom. Up until a few years ago, his choice would have been narrowed considerably by an active trade-off between climate and price, with cold-weather islands tending to sell much more cheaply than those in the tropics, but now even that guideline is starting to disappear. Islands in Puget Sound and British Columbia now carry about the same per-acre price as those in the Caribbean. In general, islands off the Atlantic coast of France (of which there are very few) tend to be the most expensive (up to $400,000 an acre) and those in Nova Scotia and Maine the cheapest ($2000-2500 an acre), with the rest of the world tending to fall into the $10,000-15,000 category.

But price can be far more variable than in the continental U. S., where most real-estate deals are transacted within 10 percent of the asking figure. This variation can work against the buyer—in France, for example, hidden taxes and seller indecision often end up doubling the asking price—or in his favor, depending on the financial situation of the current owner. Canadian island specialist Bob Douglas has developed an applicable formula: "The price of an island," he says, "is established by the intensity of the dream of the buyer reinforced by his ability to pay, versus the love for his island by the seller, weakened by his need for cash." When calculating price, remember, too, that in some countries foreign buyers can purchase land only with money bought on the local investment-currency market, where required premiums can sometimes raise the final cash outlay as much as 60 percent.

If you're looking for an area where the year-round temperature averages 70 degrees with rainfall about 20 inches and low humidity, one that's free from storms, pest and disease, with no accountability to local government—you'll look long and hard. Like people, every locale has its pluses and minuses. Islands in Maine and Nova Scotia are relatively cheap, breathtakingly beautiful and, for those who like to keep their getaways temporary, close to civilization—but they can also be colder than a well digger's butt in winter, though when it's snowing in Halifax, it may only be raining on Oak Island. Much the same can be said of Britain's Atlantic islands, which occasionally come up for government auction, and of the Hebrides off the coast of Scotland, the biggest difference between the two being that the people of the Hebrides are decidedly hostile to foreign ownership of land. All these areas can be delightful for the man who would be king only in summertime—Britain's Scilly Isles with their flower farms and lush grasses are particularly beautiful—and certainly manageable in winter for sturdier types.

Still, for one who wants to live on his island at any time of year, the warmer latitudes may be more tempting. The South Pacific and the Caribbean, although relatively expensive, are still the favorite choices of dedicated year-rounders, with new and cheaper warm-weather markets opening up off the coasts of Belize, Honduras (the Bay Islands), and Panama. But even in these temperate paradises, one often has to take the bad along with the good: Some areas of the South Pacific are afflicted by monotonous diets and the danger of malaria, while weather on some Caribbean and Central American islands can be either overly dry or depressingly steamy.

In the past few years, politics has become as important a criterion as weather in choosing an acceptable locale. Creeping nationalism has considerably cut down what was once an almost unlimited range of choices for American buyers, leaving the U. S. Virgin Islands, Maine, the Florida Keys and Nova Scotia as the only wide-open areas. The governments of Sweden, British Columbia, Greece, New Zealand, the Fijis and some one-island nations in the Caribbean have outlawed nonresident buying of islands, all but closing down the once-flourishing markets in those areas. In other parts of the Caribbean, foreigners can still buy an island, but they may have to pass a rigorous government inspection and then conform to a preestablished development plan. Still, a resourceful buyer can often find his way around these restrictions. Sweden and New Zealand are for all practical purposes closed, but in British Columbia and the Fijis a foreigner can still buy an island from another foreigner. In Greece, a few years of dedicated slogging through red tape and a few well-placed bribes may result in outright ownership of an Aegean gem.

Perhaps the best route around residence laws is to find an island that is owned by a corporation. Some farsighted owners, sensing that the governments of their areas would someday place severe limitations on nonresident buying, purchased their islands in the name of a corporation. As long as that corporation lists no other assets than the one island, ownership can be effectively transferred simply by selling the company. An island agent explains: "If Escape, Inc., owns an island in the Fijis and then sells the company to someone else, the actual title to the land hasn't changed. It's owned by Escape, Inc., and fifty years from now it's *still* owned by Escape, Inc. The fact that in those fifty years there have been thirteen different owners of Escape, Inc., has nothing whatsoever to do with anyone in the Fijian government—all the paperwork has taken place in the country where the corporation is registered."

Two areas that are presently inactive but may be well worth watching in the future are the Seychelles islands (Indian Ocean) and the Malay Archipelago. Island trading in the Seychelles, whose people consider them to be the site of the original Garden of Eden, was very heavy until June 1977, when promoter-president James Mancham was overthrown by a leftist coup. The leader of the new socialist government, France Albert René, immediately clamped a moratorium on all land sales. But René is said to be a "practical" man who realizes that money from island sales can go a long way toward financing government reforms, and such knowledgeable island people as René Boehm predict that the Seychelles will open up again within a year.

The government of Malaysia is in the process of what may be a long-term experiment in island sales. As a promotion to attract more foreign money into the area,

(Continued on page 115)

William Richman is a freelance journalist who works out of a 1942 Whirlcoach. He is currently parked on the beach in Venice, California.

© 1978 R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

KING: 19 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine,
100's: 19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine,
av. per cigarette, FTC Report AUG. '77.

"Taste is what smoking's all about. And my Winston is all taste, all the time."

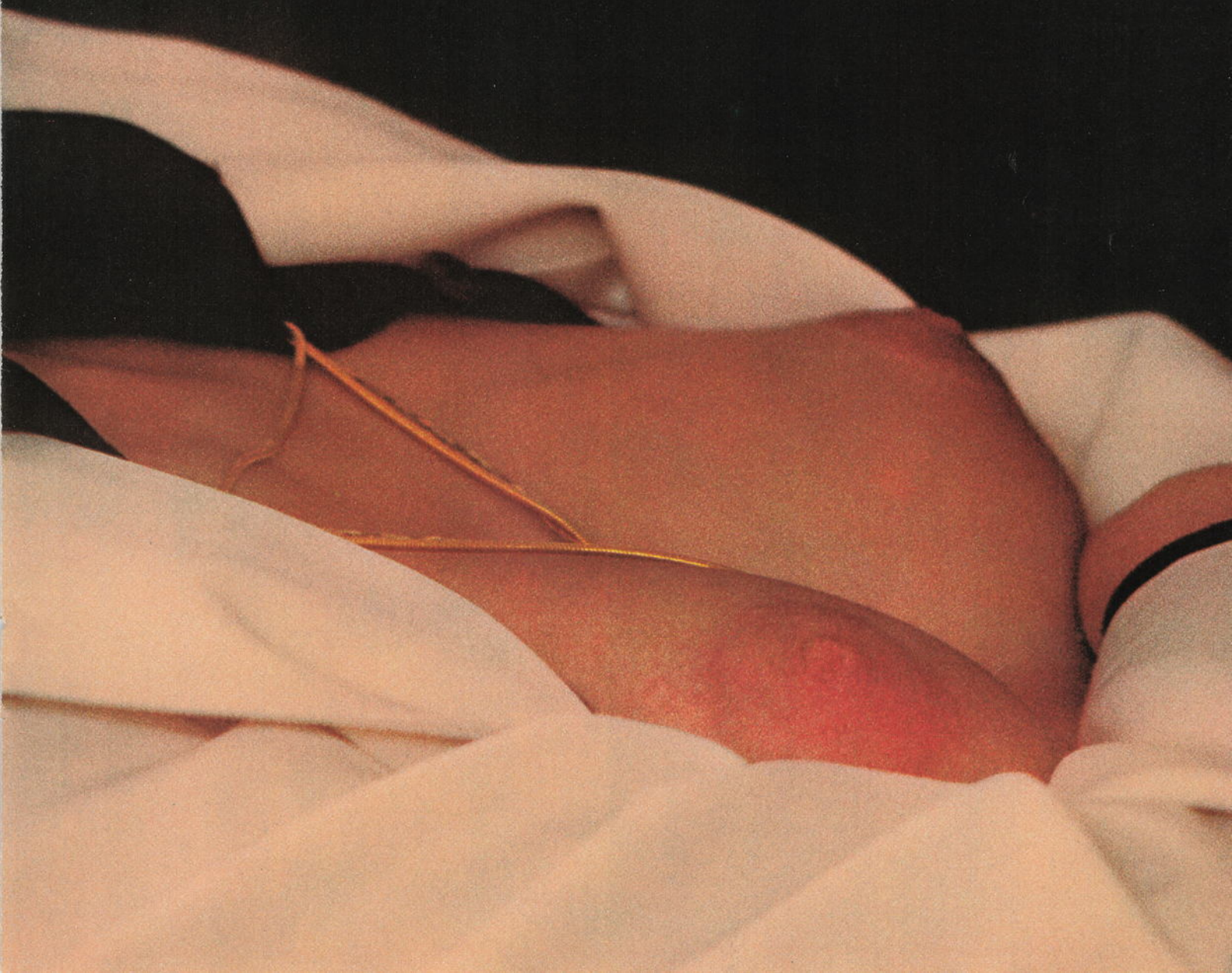
King. 100's.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

ELISABETH

L A I D · B A C K

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JEFF DUNAS



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A CONVERSATION WITH

MICK JAGGER

King Monkey Punk jumps off the Empire State Building, bats away sputtering paparazzi, lays blitzkrieg to the rock press, stumbles into an Eastside Japanese restaurant and tries to eat our reporter.

Have you heard about the Midnight Rambler/The one you've never seen before/ We're talkin' 'bout the one named Jagger/ He'll be ramblin' when he's sixty-four.

Well, here he is, this Mick Jagger. Proto-punk icon of the '60s . . . impishly diminutive darling of gossips, Guccimaniacs, brown-baggers and jet-laggers on both sides of the Atlantic in the '70s. Altamont's *Sorcerer's Apprentice* in '69 . . . the gauze-pajama Pride of Sant'Angelo in '75. An incandescent gypsy performing *Gimme Tax Shelter* in London, Paris, New York and the south of France; the London School of Economics' most celebrated nonmatriculee; a street-fighting millionaire who turned the other chic and defined rock postures of decadence and androgyny in the formative turn-of-the-decade years. Jagger, hero to boys with blue balls and slinky princesses with blue blood; the rock world's most famous front man; the Great White Blues Hope, the Man Who Would B. B. King. Sure, the Stones are the world's greatest—and by now, probably oldest—rock-'n'-roll bar band and all *that*, but Jagger's genius also includes an unexcelled gift for self-dramatization, self-promotion—a humorous and wittily benign blend of nihilism and narcissism that has hooked the press for 15 years. When Mick's in town, it's the pure stuff—ain't cut with no street garbage. He's pure pharmaceutical copy, mainlined in text, in pictures and on vinyl. Jagger has the overwhelming presence of a dinosaur and the soul of a crystal-mething chameleon. Even now, as a new generation of rockers half his age push the Old Masters a little deeper into their fourth decade, Jagger has made peace with history. The new cultural revisionists may denounce him, but even *they* would have a little sympathy for the devil. Jagger would like to go out grinning, one imagines, and enjoy the supreme rock-'n'-roll honor—to someday be well hung in effigy.

But all this is the stuff of dreams for rock pundits and power-riffing obit writers. Right now, the wiry legend himself is sitting a foot away from me in an Eastside Japanese restaurant; it's cold and dismal outside, empty and serene inside, and neither of us has any use for such half-erect conjecture on the state of the Rolling Stones in Western Civ. My problem is more immediate. In fact, we are both faced—or make that *shit*-faced—with a helluva task: to make Jagger talk for this interview. Admittedly, many people in this situation would be beating their *sushi* in a zealous blur of delight: Jagger and I have this long and narrow Japanese place all to ourselves at six P.M. on a Friday, an hour before the dinner crowd will file in. I'm alone with King Charisma, sharing this intimate warmth and a nonstop flow of hot *sake*. Only some distant kitchen noises and the faint but persistent squeal of a female singer of Japanese Muzak—like some mammoth mosquito trapped in a corner with a dislocated stinger—disturb this hypnotizing peace. But Jagger doesn't feel—or look—so hot, and so help me Krishna, neither do I. In his white Levi's, sneakers and black leather windbreaker zipped up to his neck, Jagger walked over here from his nearby East 72nd Street brownstone for this. But it doesn't look promising. As I approached him, he was seated by himself in the dark dining room. His head was precariously balanced by one of his palms under his chin. It looked like a weighted medicine ball in his hand. The greeting was a bit chilly—but I didn't mind. The mere unshackling of Jagger from flacks and executives and other assorted record-business barnacles was triumph enough.

I sat down and he grumbled something about ordering whatever I wanted now and getting on with it. Then he reached across the table and punched the RECORD button of my tape machine and stared at me, daring me to fire away. I think Jagger had ordered a plate of *sushi* and a reporter for dinner. I looked at his eyes behind his dark glasses and couldn't tell if they were closed or open. They shifted in the vague light like those fluttering eyes of iridescent Jesus Christs in Times Square souvenir clip joints. His lips, those wholly owned subsidiaries of Jagger's libido, looked heavier than horseshoes and impossible to set in motion. I knew why.

It had been a rough week for Mick. He was coming off one of those public-relations gang-bangs in Manhattan that are intended to get a rock group's mercantile mojo working when they release a new LP (in this case, *Love You Live*) but don't tour. Those who can tour, do; those who can't tour meet the press. And before that, it was another week of public-relations gang-banging in Britain, and by the time we sat down for dinner and *sake* in the monastic quietude of this restaurant, Jagger had been verbally humped raw by several hundred horny reporters. He looked thoroughly depleted.

Earlier that afternoon the New York blitz wrapped up with one of the midday rock-'n'-roll *bar mitzvahs* for the press—a two-hour luncheon at Trax with twin themes of sell and celebrate. Stones music played over the P.A., mostly *Love You Live*; old TV footage from early Stones appearances on the Ed Sullivan show flickered on closed-circuit tape machinery; and there was an aggressive pack of rock paparazzi that crowded in on the group's tables as soon as they were seated, like iron filings sucked onto a magnet. Mick would pick up a fork and 30 motorized machines would sprint at him on spec and wheeze away, reeling off in five seconds, five shots each—make that 150 frames of *Mick picking up his fork at Trax!* Mick would sip a glass of wine and there were 150 frames of *Mick sipping some wine!* They roamed around the two Stones' tables and wheezed like a pack of asthmatic joggers. Keith would stick a ciggie between his teeth and his table was ablaze in heat lightning from a dozen strobe flashes. Mick would sit with Andy Warhol and sign autographs on album covers, napkins, fives, tens, twenties, shirts, anything that would take ink. His signature was like a forgery of an EKG stylus during a seizure—jerky, wild, occasionally running off the edges. No matter. They shot and shot and jockeyed and sprinted for pictures, and even got to shoot at *all six Stones* on a low stage for ten

JAGGER They can all go to hell... If you wanna be a rock-'n'-roll singer you don't live in Hollywood, you don't play in Vegas and you don't go into movies.

minutes before they filed out.

I had been told, apologetically, that Mick would be in no shape for an interview. He was up all night, crashed at two P.M., then awakened a half hour later by the other Stones at his place and whisked away in a limo to Trax. He needed desperately to go home and sleep off this demeaning binge of accessibility.

As I watched him slowly make his way out the door of Trax, I realized it was hopeless. He walked like the lone survivor of a multiple-fatality car wreck—dazed, slightly disoriented, stiff—but had oddly selective flashes of alertness, particularly when a photographer would call out his name. Jagger would whip around, face the caller and contort his rubbery and enormously expressive features into an *exclusive* shot, providing one two-fiftieth of a second of celluloid satisfaction. Then he'd revert back to his listless walk without blowing a stride.

His hold on the place was awesome. This was a masterstroke of media mesmerization and nobody does it better than Mick, a true buffoon/revolutionary who years ago psyched out the secret to lasting cultural relevance: Crank out an endless supply of conflicting images, sustain a calculated, luridly enigmatic posture towards the press and, whenever possible, go for outrage. Taunt the bourgeoisie. Have it your way, Mick, and indeed he does. Any way he likes it. He's got no explanations. Indeed, Jagger's definition of self, as presented in the media, is a fast-food menu recipe for psychic inscrutability—a succession of disposable personae that, like a conveyer line of double-meat cheese Whoppers, is arranged, measured, timed, packaged, quality controlled, delivered, consumed and (once the wire services have gone with their best shot across the land) unceremoniously eliminated.

With nothing more glittery happening in my life than a two-alarm gastrointestinal disaster of Trax's chili and lots of vodka, I split to dose out on Tums and call it a day. Waiting relentlessly all night, getting a big toe crushed by some primate roadie, cheerfully saying "thank you" after being lied to about a rock star's plans for the next few hours—these are things we all go through to get the audience we need with these papal-punk recluses. Mildly humiliating, but worth it. But when you end up with blank tapes, virginally stiff and empty notebooks and plop-plop-fizz-fizz—I mean, that's the Pulitzer pits.

Then, an hour later, a voice on the phone arouses me with an obscene message: "Mick can't sleep. Wants to do your interview *now*. Be at the Japanese restaurant on Second Avenue in an hour . . ."

It was clear that neither Mick nor I could think of a less pleasant way to start the weekend than one more "last album–this album–next album" chat. I was even ready to call this one off myself. After all, once the flashbulbs had driven him berserk at *his* big press *bar mitzvah*, King Kong at least got to tear his chains loose and trash the entire island of Manhattan. Mick Jagger wasn't that lucky. He only got to talk to this reporter.

After a brief and favorable restaurant review by this man of wealth and taste, Jagger's wooden plank of *sushi* was brought to the table. He dug right in. By now we were both a couple shots of hot *sake* down the road. I tried to locate Jagger through the crosshairs of my interview-scope:

OUI: You seemed to have a contemptuous attitude towards this afternoon's kind of press routine.

JAGGER: Not a contemptuous attitude, really. I just never got used to it. I've learned to turn it off. It's pretty crazy. Photographers are a *particularly* crazy kind of person when they're *en masse*, elbowing each other for the basic stuff. They say, "I got my job to do," and you kinda got to go along with it. [Chomping on the *sushi*.] That's what it's for. You have to do it, honey [now lapsing into a growling Dixie slur]; shake a leg, baby; show 'em you still 'round, honnah; get 'em out there, ready to GO. [Now in a natural voice, swallowing a raw mackerel.] I'm just doin' your fill-ins for ya.

[Now he starts to imitate an imaginary dizzy female reporter at a press function.] "What do you think of your new record? Do you really like it?" [Then, back in Jagger's own voice] "Shove off, darling?" People like a little fuss. I mean they got nothin' better to do at lunchtime far as I can see.

OUI: Well, now that *you've* brought it up, what about the live album? Why only one side from those fantastic Mocambo Club gigs?

JAGGER: We wanted the contrast between the large-hall sound and the small-club atmosphere. Which sort of came out. Didn't we talk about this? Most things one imagines don't actually happen. This was one of those things that sort of did, which is quite funny, really. We did two performances and taped twenty songs. All kinds of songs. New songs never released before. They were quite awful, and then the best one that came was a special combination seafood platter, which is priced at three-ninety-five and which is a budget chicken teriyaki. [Jagger, I realize, is aping a waiter right behind him, who has explained a menu to the other two diners who have just walked in. He is alternating between mischievous free association and earnestness.]

OUI: Your voice on that side seemed—

JAGGER: Rotten. It wasn't very good. It could have been a helluva lot better, but anyway [Dixie drawl again], ahm tryin', baby.

OUI: Were you in pretty bad shape then?

JAGGER: It wasn't particularly bad then. Thing is, we'd only been singing for a week. I need two weeks to work into it.

OUI: So, if you were to spend enough time getting into it, your voice would be as strong as it was five, ten years ago?

JAGGER: Oh, yeah. Really, for a white person, it's not bad.

OUI: How much time are you spending in New York these days?

JAGGER: I don't know. I think I'm a nonalien resident from somewhere. A lot of time. A few months.

OUI: Where else do you have places?

JAGGER: France—Paris, south of France.

OUI: You own places there?

JAGGER: No. I don't own anything.

OUI: You rent?

JAGGER: Yeah. I'm not interested in owning country houses—just rings around your neck.

OUI: You prefer it that way—no responsibilities?

JAGGER: Yup.

OUI: You've abandoned that dream house in the—

JAGGER: Yup. Two kids, two cars, two meat grinders, two guitars. Oh, yeah. It's my dream.

OUI: What about L.A.? You've seemed a bit down on L.A.

JAGGER: They can all go to hell.

OUI: Not interesting to you?

JAGGER: Two Cadillacs, rent two big houses, drive around 'n' pick up girls, go out to parties—what a bore.

OUI: What would you rather do?

JAGGER: Drive a hundred miles to play ma guitah, gettin' on the Santa Monica freeway and gettin' lost on it.

OUI: You have a place in London, too?

JAGGER: Huh-uh. We stay in a hotel there.

OUI: Which one?

JAGGER: A cheap one. When I get back it'll be more expensive.

OUI: Are you exiled for tax reasons?

JAGGER: Yeah, yeah, but I can go back anytime I like. I can do anything I want. They're not gonna stop me, keep me out.

OUI: I understand you can only spend a certain number of days there—

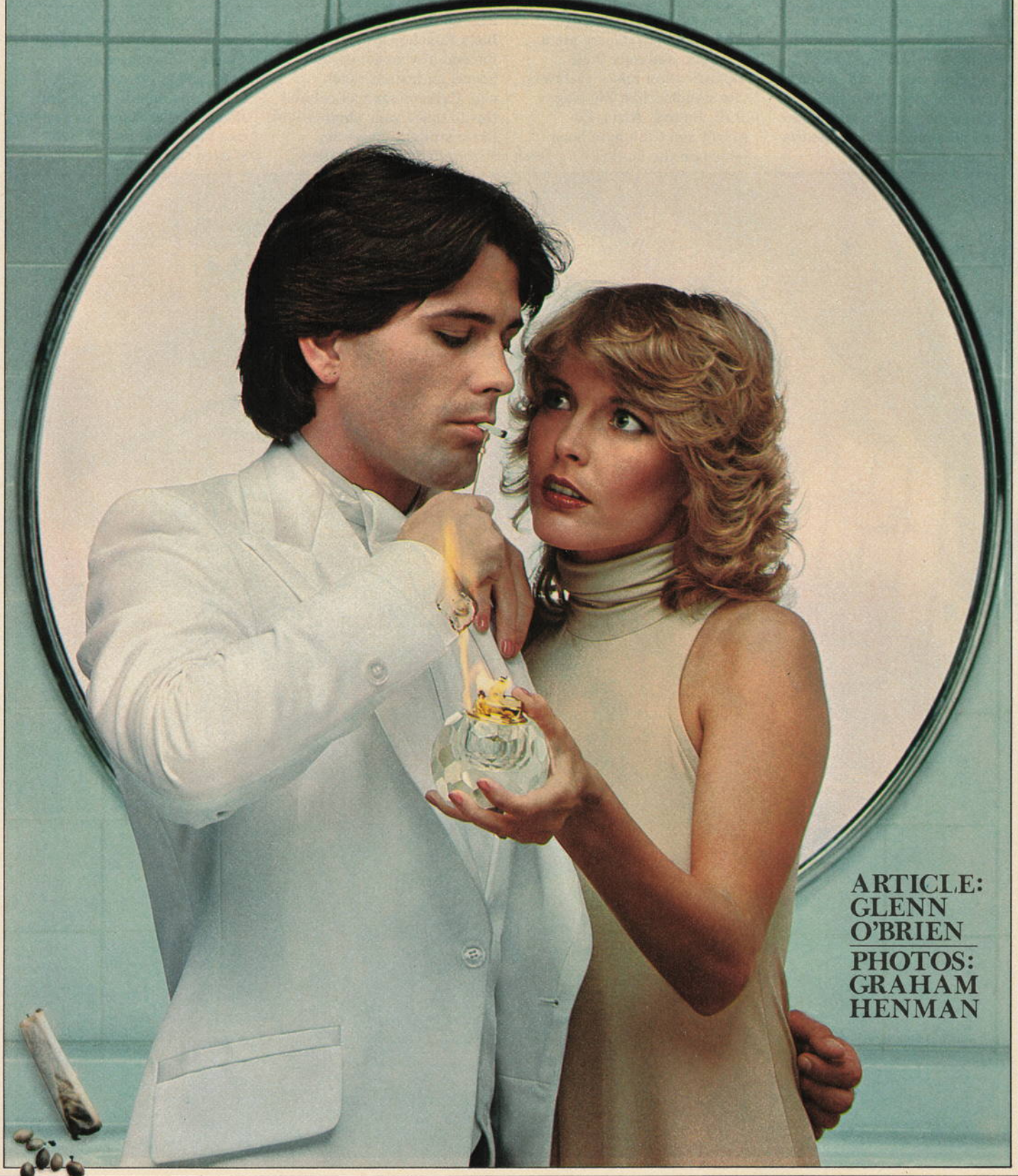
JAGGER: Yeah, I been doin' that for years, but if I wanted to go back and live in England, I could. I don't live away from England because of the money. I did all that years ago. In 1972 I think is when I left

(Continued on page 122)

THE • COMPLEAT

DOPER

A CONNOISSEUR'S GUIDE TO SECOND-GENERATION DOPE PARAPHERNALIA



ARTICLE:
GLENN
O'BRIEN

PHOTOS:
GRAHAM
HENMAN

I remember it like it was yesterday. You'd case drugstores and tobacco shops for one that was cool. Usually, the cool ones had cigarette papers prominently displayed. If there were some doubt, you might buy a bag of tobacco so as not to arouse suspicion. (As if they wouldn't be suspicious of someone with shoulder-length hair, army fatigues and a peace sign on their Volkswagen.) After all, it *was* a crime. Our paranoia wasn't without cause. You could end up in the slammer. In some suburban towns you actually had to register to buy cigarette papers, as if they were codeine or firearms. Apparently, they thought a lack of papers would prevent marijuana abuse. Little did they know that hard-core "heads" rated Tampax wrappers among the finest rolling materials available.

If you wanted a pipe, you just made one. All you needed was a toilet-paper roll, a square of tinfoil, two rubber bands and a pin, and you had yourself an adequate bong. With a paper-towel roll you had a *major* bong.

Roach clips? Hell—paper clips, bobby pins, matches or matchbooks worked great. If you really had your head together, you sported an alligator clip on your key ring . . . dis-

Once, in a forgotten land far away, rolling papers were a sleazy item you got in a drugstore on the other side of town—an expedition that stirred more embarrassment and paranoia in young hearts than asking the local pharmacist for a pack of Trojans. Today, papers are a class act, and only their sophistication raises eyebrows. Old standbys like Zig-Zag, JOB, Bambú, Rizla, Foy, Marfil and Club have been joined on the market by a stash bag full of innovations. Insta Roach gives you a wire at the end of your joint—and hence, an instant roach clip. Camouflage has colored tips to make your number look like a straight cigarette. Rizla offers an assortment of flavors as well as Cutcorners, for easier rolling. Classy Columbos come gold- and silver-embossed; Cooleaf is mentholated; and Reefer Rollers come in designs like $100 bills. E-Z Wider started the size war.

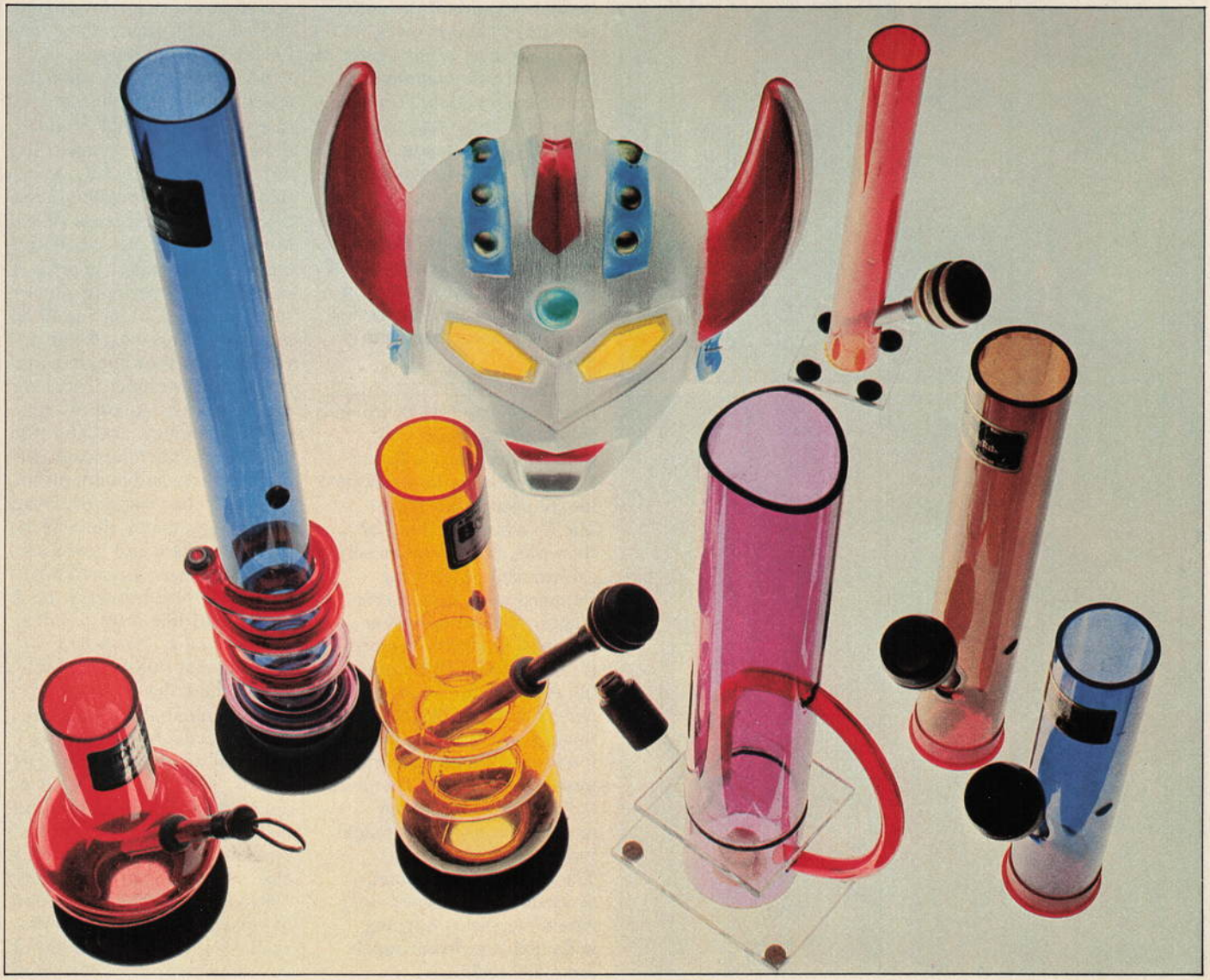
creet, but effective.

Then came the Summer of Love in 1967, and style entered the picture. It was no longer just a matter of how high you got—but also how you got there.

At the time, I was in Washington, D.C., where I attended the grand opening of the capital's first "head shop." It was called Yonder's Wall, after a line in some Paul Butterfield song, and was located one flight up on Georgetown's swinging M Street. The strip was a strange night-life headquarters for all persuasions, from off-duty military to hippies. Across the street from Yonder's Wall was a Little Tavern 15-cent-

Leave it to us ingenious Yankees to commercialize a process that was once performed only by knowledgeable Mideast drug merchants. Thai Power's Iso 2 isomerizer (a sort of chemical percolator) transforms your commercial weed into high-powered hash oil and beams you up to the age of "better hitting through chemistry." ($179.50)

While tokin' on a J will probably never go out of style, today's well-equipped toker has witnessed some interesting new dopevelopments. These colorful Plexiglas critters below are only a few of the stoned-out favorites in the great Seventies' bong boom. From left to right: Sarah's Family's Atom Bong ($6), ST-8 ($10), Son of Marauder ($8); U. S. Bong's Tea Pot ($12); Tok-Rite's mini-bong ($3.95), and the Travelin' Bong ($4.95). Top: The Crosby Bing bong ($4.95). Center: Decorative mask, for scaring the shit out of your bonged-out buddies.



hamburger stand, part of a chain owned by J. Edgar Hoover and his roommate, Clyde Tolson.

The proprietors and operators of Washington's psychedelic emporium were official hoodoos of the Neo-American church, which was trying to make psychedelic drugs a legal religious sacrament. In the back room was a bag of peyote cacti—then legal—which had been purchased at a very reasonable price from the U. S. Department of Agriculture. Who knows what *else* was back there.

The open-to-the-public front of the store was amazing enough, and the city's outlaw heads all became customers. In the display cases were many varieties of rolling papers, even flavored ones. There were ornate brass water pipes, hash pipes of brass plumbing fixtures and glass, roach clips and stash boxes of all sizes. Hippie crafts, a burgeoning new field of neo-primitive art, were also featured. The walls were dark and covered with Day-Glo posters that glimmered eerily, like viperfish at 1000 fathoms, in the black light—weird op-art mandalas and pulsating, psycho-paisley portraits of Jimi Hendrix and The Beatles. They played and sold the records of such psychedelic bands as the Airplane, the Thirteenth Floor Elevator, the Chocolate Watch Band, the Blues Magoos, Blue Cheer . . .

Of course, we suspected that as we entered the Wall we were photographed, and that maybe even our conversations inside were being monitored from the Little Tavern attic. But even if we were being observed, we didn't care anymore. Dope was stumbling out of the closet. Yonder's Wall and its cousin head shops had too many customers. The world was visibly changing. There was a *scene*. Millions of people were smoking pot, and many of them were experimenting with other substances in the hopes of expanding their consciousnesses (*expanding* as opposed to today's *raised*). And you could pick up a lot of consciousness-expanding tips around your local head shop. We tried soaking peyote juice through bread so we wouldn't get sick. We did anyway. We baked banana skins, scraped them and mixed the scrapings with chewing gum, which we then allowed to mold so as to release the psychoactive properties of the banana. It didn't work. We inhaled Reddi-Wip cans, chugged Romilar CF, scraped poison off morning-glory seeds, filled our water pipes with anisette, and tried every trick that was ever popularized by the Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers. We got very high—and then we did a lot of psychedelic stuff. Remember? Oh, for the good old days.

It's been ten years since the advent of psychedelia, and in case you're too stoned to notice, things have really changed. Today you can legally buy everything you could possibly need to get high—except drugs—in almost every locality of the United States. And where local statutes and stores are out of step with the Union, the U. S. mail will bring most head devices right to your doorstep in a plain brown wrapper. There are thousands of acutely specialized products available for aiding and abetting cannabis consumption, and hundreds for the highly illegal cocaine. Drug taking has been decorated, technologized and gimmick-ridden into an estimated $250-million-a-year industry. That may sound like a lot for drug paraphernalia, but when you consider that NORML (the lobby for decriminalizing marijuana) has estimated that Americans smoke seven billion joints a year, it's not hard to imagine why so many bucks are spent on accessories. A big chunk of that quarter billion is burned up in rolling papers, but there's also a staggering array of durable goods available—a selection of psycho-appliances that would *really* blow the mind of any time-tripping head from

Today there's a pipe for every toker's dream—from 95¢ to $20. (a) Hand-carved wooden pipes imported by Fultheim. (b) Hand-carved marble. (c) The stand-up pipe for neatness freaks who want to keep their burned-up boo in the bowl and off the coffee table. (d) Chamber pipes keep your dope in the center of the action and promote desirable resin buildup. (e) Peace pipes with removable handles for easy cleaning. (f) Stash pipes have slide-open compartments for storage. (g) Chess-piece pipes to checkmate your brain. (h) Built-in lighters take the hassle out of hash ignition. (i) For all you unsteady smokers, this model has finger holes for a firm grip.

Die-hard Furry Freaks are still proud of their burnt and resin-stained fingers, but today's roach whoofer is inclined toward pop elegance. (a) The *Roach* roach clip. For show-offs. (b) A genuine surgical hemostat, meant for clamping veins shut during surgery; it must have been designed by hip bio-engineers. (c) Gold-plated clothespin. (d) The key clip for paranoid puffers. It looks like the real thing, but give it a squeeze and it does more than open your apartment door. (e) The circular "aim" clip gives your mouth a target. Don't laugh. Some people need it. (f) The Pipe clip. (g) Ceramic decorator Toke Stones eliminate unnecessary clipping and crimping of your roach. From 50¢ to $5.

1967. Is it good shit? Hey, man, would OUI burn you?

Once, rolling papers were made for tobacco heads who rolled "straight" cigarettes. Of course, dope has always accounted for a certain percentage of the market—up in Harlem, way down yonder in New Orleans—but the marijuana market was not considered by paper manufacturers until quite recently. The first step in this direction was taken at the turn of the Sixties by the Rizla company in London. They began to produce their papers in packs of two different colors. The regular packs went to tobacco shops and the orange packs went to outlets that didn't do a big tobacco business. They soon discovered that a lot of their business didn't accompany tobacco purchases and that their customers apparently were rolling a different sort of cigarette.

The dawning of the Age of Aquarius had barely begun, but the rolling-paper industry

(Continued on page 116)

A blizzard of new products has drifted onto the market for today's chic snorter. (a) Plastic coke cutters for drawing lines—for those who get squeamish around razor blades. (b) Standard and decorator vials. (c) Glass tooters, plastic $100 bill, ivory spoon. (d) Li'l Toot ($10). Premeasures each snort so you don't overdo it. For those who can't hold their coke. (e) Genuine leather traveling coke kit ($10). Everything the snowbound cruiser needs. (f) Solid ivory, hand-carved coke spoons ($8-10). (g) Solid-silver straw. (h) For those born with a silver spoon in their nose. (i) For the less fortunate, there's always brass. (j) Gold-plated combination spoon and tooter ($4.95). (k) Solid-gold straw ($210). (l) Naked Lady coke spoon (gold—$65, silver—$30). (m) Solid-gold coke canister ($65). (n) Silver bullet with hidden spoon ($3.95). Now we know why the Lone Ranger wore a mask. (o) The Bullet. It premeasures each hit ($6.95). (p) Rosewood and gold-plated razor ($12). For impressing Mom. (q) Standard Gem razor blade, strictly for the hard-core. (r) Solid-gold razor blade ($300). For impressing groupies. (s) Nose cauterization to correct perforated nasal septum ($1200). Impress everybody.

SPECIAL THANKS TO THE WIZARD, 8555 WEST SUNSET, L.A. 90069, FOR TURNING US ON TO ALL THIS STUFF.

A true story by Douglas Moench

VICTIM

"He held the gun to my wife's head. I froze, thoughts racing: Is he alone? What does he want? Has he read Helter Skelter?"

The dog started barking at 11:30 that night. My first impulse, as in the past, was to ignore him. Harmless Max, trying so hard to guard the place from moon shadows, to intimidate leaves caught in the breeze. Feisty little guy. Cute.

I looked back to the typewriter in front of me. Writers keep strange hours and mine were an almost precise transposition of day for night. My new wife, a calligrapher who also works at home, was lettering my latest Werewolf by Night script for the Marvel Comics group, starting dinner, lettering some more, checking on dinner. Both night owls, working at opposite ends of our new house set on five remote acres of Pennsylvanian hill, we were happy, secure, satisfied. Thirty minutes from midnight, our typical workday was only half-finished. It wouldn't get much farther.

It was close work, so our respective work areas were brightly lit. There were no outside lights burning. Why should there be? We thought we were alone.

Planet of the Apes is normally an easy series to write, but I was butting against a slight block that

ILLUSTRATION BY IGNACIO GOMEZ

VICTIM The gun was small, probably a .22. His finger never left the trigger and the end of the barrel was pressed against the side of my wife's head.

night. The plot involved Brutus' hooded gorilla terrorists, and they seemed to be wearing thin. Subconsciously, I probably *wanted* an excuse to leave the typewriter . . .

The barking was more persistent now, more strident and ferocious. Max was going berserk. True, the pup was afflicted with juvenile cataracts, nearly blind and difficult to take seriously, but there had to be *something* out there. A deer, rabbit, raccoon or possum, maybe even a stray cat.

I crossed the studio and went down the steps into the stone-floored foyer, one wall of which is all glass, affording a clear view of anyone crossing the house. Pausing to switch on the outside light, I went out the front door and down the stone-slab walk to the edge of the horseshoe gravel drive. I stood next to Max, both of us under a spotlight, both facing the darkness beyond, both blind. Max was barking like a maniac now, his nose pointed off to the left toward our telephone pole stashed amongst a copse of trees. Amused, I gently cajoled and ridiculed him. "Be quiet, ya goofy pooch. You still don't know you're blind, do you? Come on, knock it off, loudmouth—there's no one out here."

That was the first mistake.

Max swiveled his body in a slow, wide pivot in front of me, barking at the darkness from left to right. I kept telling him to be quiet until he finally did so, now only growling occasionally.

I stood there, on the last stone slab before the driveway, enjoying a few moments in the cool/warm summer night. It was early July, three weeks after our wedding, and eight months after our move into the new house. I still wasn't used to it. So strange for a city kid to suddenly "own" such a mass of land. Environment shock. Even the house itself, set into the hill, was a component of nature, and so much of it glass. My entire world was now abruptly laid-back, open, free. And vulnerable.

With a sense of relaxed security and open privacy, I pulled it out right then and there and took a leak onto the gravel. I suppose there was an element of caprice, but it was mostly biological urge. (He watched, having cut the phone lines without a hitch, probably chuckling in dark silence.)

Last drops shaken out and zipped up, I took Max back inside, flicked off the outside light and shut the door—but didn't lock it.

That was the second mistake. After a life of Chicago and New York paranoia, it is not difficult to become seduced by rural mellowness.

Returning to my desk, I was now sparking enough energy to deal with my plot problem. Max, on the other hand, promptly curled up to sleep under the typewriter. It occurred to me that it was Tuesday, garbage night—gotta remember to get it down there. (Several hours later, at the time of pickup, I would be no more than six feet away from the garbage cans but would miss the truck anyway.) I returned to the hooded terrorists. After an hour and a half, during which my sixth sense never once perceived outside eyes peering in, I completed the plot to my satisfaction. Max was still sleeping. It was 1:00 A.M.

I swiveled from typewriter to desk and began proofreading the plot. My wife entered from behind, put her hand on my shoulder and told me dinner was ready. Tom Snyder was on. I looked up and told her I'd be there in another three or four minutes.

Perhaps another 45 seconds passed before I heard her make a soft, gasping sound from the living room off the kitchen. Something was wrong, probably one of the cats vomiting again. They'd been doing that a lot lately, eating too much grass on grassless city-kitty stomachs. I left my desk to see which cat it was.

Then I heard my wife say, "Doug . . . ," not loudly, but there was something off-key in her voice. Maybe one of the cats was vomiting *blood.* I walked a little faster, hearing nothing but silence over Snyder's bullshit.

I entered the foyer. "Deb . . . ?" No answer. I took the single step down, made the turn into the living room . . . and froze. My hands went up quickly but slowly, lightning through quartz, not in surrender but palms-forward in a placating gesture which requested: *Be cool. Be reasonable. Don't do anything hasty. No one is going to hurt you.* I moved in no other way, said nothing.

(Everything else happens inside. There is an incredible explosion of psychic energy, and it gets very cold, instantly, but you don't feel it. Time gets all shot to hell, with everything remarkably warped, compressed to nonexistence and simultaneously striated to infinity. Every one of your body's nerve ends burns out completely, frazzled and sizzling, but at the same time coming alive as never before. You tingle, inside and out, hot and cold, flashing and flooding. Even the air in the room gets suddenly thicker, tangible, an invisible eerie fog.)

It seemed like I stood there in frozen silence forever, but it was probably two or three seconds before I finally spoke: "Just . . . don't . . . hurt . . . that . . . *girl.*" That's all I said, all I *could* say. (Within the previous six months, I'd read both Bugliosi's *Helter Skelter* and Capote's *In Cold Blood.*)

Standing right in front of me, perhaps three feet away, were my wife and a stranger who had no good business being in my house. (I call him "Shithead" now, in juvenile but uncontrollable pique, because he was faceless and nameless.)

He wore a hood and held a gun. The hood was black or navy blue, blemished only by two poorly cut and slightly frayed eyeholes; it was knotted on top, covering everything down to the collarbone. The gun was small, a pistol with a long thin barrel, probably a .22. His finger never left the trigger and the end of the barrel was pressed against the side of my wife's head. He stood behind her, closely "hugging" her, his left forearm in a stranglehold across her throat, forcing her head back and to the side, the pistol in his right hand, tension coiled in both arms. Deb's eyes were wide, distended, brimming with wild terror.

(He also wore an overlarge army jacket, blue jeans tight all the way to the ankles, black-and-white sneakers and transparent but slightly blue surgical gloves. Only after the ordeal was I able to recall these details. According to my wife, he wore a sheathed hunting knife under his army jacket; had I seen it, things might have ended differently, and probably worse. Anyone who has read *Helter Skelter* will understand.)

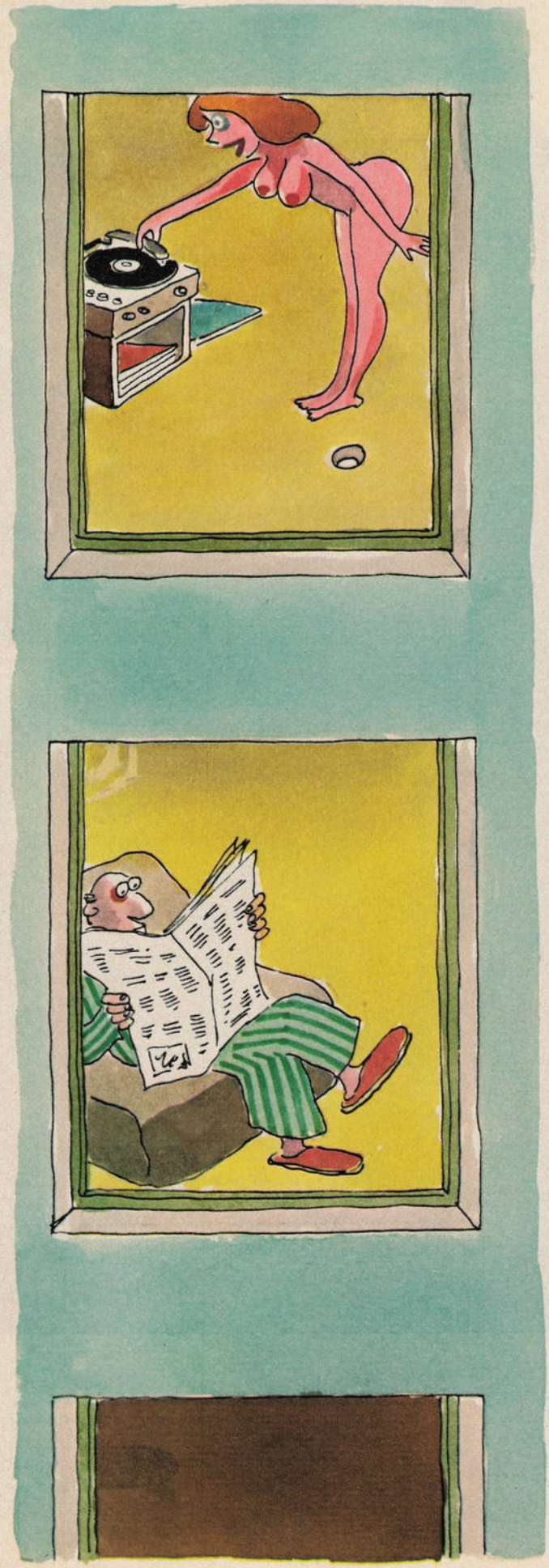
I discarded the notion of jumping him almost before it occurred to me. So far, he had not harmed Deb; furthermore, his attitude indicated he would not do so unless provoked. But even if he had no intention of pulling the trigger, it might get pulled—accidentally, involuntarily—if I jumped him. The gun never left my wife's head and I never saw anything but the side of that gun; he would counter every one of my lateral moves with a corresponding pivot, maintaining a perpendicular between my line of vision and the line of his gun barrel. It was airtight. No loopholes in his scheme. No openings. Nothing. I was defeated before I knew a contest had been scheduled.

Thoughts raced through my head: *Is he alone? Does he have any friends? How did he get in? How long has he been here? What does he want? Has he read* Helter Skelter? Then the second phase of thought, a shift into speculation and planning: *What to do next?* Not much. Only the main concern was obvious: Don't do *anything* to trigger the threat and splatter Deb's brains all over the walls.

I blurted, "Look, there isn't much

(Continued on page 126)

Douglas Moench writes "The Rampaging Hulk," "Godzilla" and "Doc Savage" for Marvel Comics. But, he says, he could never invent a story as terrifying as this one.



H E A V Y

A GOOD LOOK THROUGH THE SPECS

1. MARANTZ 940 SPEAKERS
The woofer is 12 inches. The tweeter is 1.5 inches. Midrange, LPF dome tweeter and super-tweeter are positioned for best dispersion and minimum phase distortion. Top of the Marantz Design Speaker series. Walnut veneer to save a few trees. $399.95.

2. SUPERSCOPE IMPERIAL C-510
AM/FM stereo receiver, front-loading cassette tape recorder, 2-foot-high speakers and a BSR automatic record changer. Speakers have 8-inch woofer and 2½-inch tweeter. Cassette unit has own tape storage tray and three-digit tape counter. Not for the most critical ears, but acceptable for most rock and disco recordings. $329.95.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BOB REED

3. KENWOOD KR-5030
Sixty watts per channel with no more than 0.1 percent total harmonic distortion. Special protection unit makes sure nothing (even a short circuit) can harm the receiver's circuitry or your speakers. $400.

4. HITACHI SR 804
Power output on this receiver is 50 watts per channel. Oversize tuning dial and flywheel assure easy and accurate fine tuning. Two meters continuously monitor power output of right and left channels. $399.95.

METAL

7. THE MARANTZ RACK

A. MARANTZ 6200 TURNTABLE
This model employs total automatic operation, even automatic repeat. Also can function manually. Strobe-light pitch control and a frequency generator circuit to maintain constant speed. Hinged dust cover. $199.95.

B. MARANTZ 2120 TUNER
Push switches for power on/off, AM/FM and FM muting. Signal strength and center channel meters. $319.95.

C. MARANTZ 3250 PREAMP
Stereo preamplifier control console. Rated output level: 3 volts RMS. $279.95.

D. MARANTZ 5030 B CASSETTE DECK
Three-head design means separate record and playback heads, the same as reel-to-reel. Double Dolby™ noise-reduction system. Locking pause control. $419.95.

E. MARANTZ 300DC POWER AMPLIFIER
One hundred fifty continuous watts per channel driven into 8 ohms. $649.95.

5. AKAI AA-1125
This receiver provides 25 watts per channel with a higher distortion rate. The AA-1125 can accommodate two full speaker systems, which is rare for a unit this inexpensive. $260.

6. MITSUBISHI DA-F20 FM TUNER
An FM stereo tuner with five-place digital readout and quartz tuning lock-in. Rotary disc dial and special LED indicators for station identification. Total harmonic distortion is very low and signal-to-noise ratio is an excellent 80 dB (mono) and 75 dB for stereo. $380.

COMPACTS, COMPONENTS, RACKS FROM

1. INFINITY QUANTUM 5 SPEAKERS
These have the Infinity-Watkins Dual-Drive Woofer and Infinity's patented Electromagnetic Induction Tweeter, with magnets made of cobalt. That means you get a frequency response of 38–32,000 Hz, which is higher than you can possibly hear. And they can handle 250 watts per channel. $350.

2. TEAC A-6600 REEL-TO-REEL
Features auto reverse and counter repeat for uninterrupted playing as long as you like. One capstan for each direction. Large VU meters. Optional remote control. $1300.

3. THE ACCUPHASE SYSTEM

A. ACCUPHASE T-100 STEREO TUNER
AM/FM with low distortion on the more difficult AM band. A two-step muting switch, a stereo noise-filter control and independent AM/FM controls. $700.

B. ACCUPHASE C-200 STEREO CONTROL CENTER
This one has plenty of input connectors (ten) and its controls are intelligently laid out. You can even connect three tape recorders at once. Also ten-step bass-treble controls. $600.

C. ACCUPHASE P-300 POWER AMPLIFIER
Large heavy-duty power transformer. Power-meter lamp flashes on and off in case of speaker-connection mistake. Its bandpass filter will eliminate undesirable turntable rumble or subsonic tone-arm resonance. $750.

$330 TO $3000. GIRL NOT INCLUDED.

6. AKAI GXC-750D CASSETTE DECK
This deck features three heads and three motors and exclusive GX glass and crystal ferrite heads. Has Akai's A.D.R. (automatic distortion reduction) that adjusts recording equalization at high frequencies. The dual-capstan drive system greatly reduces wow and flutter. $695.

7. TECHNICS SL-1900 TURNTABLE
Direct-drive, fully automatic turntable. Variable pitch control with strobe light allows 10 percent adjustment range. $189.95.

8. TECHNICS RS-631 CASSETTE DECK
Front loading. Has three rewind modes. $299.95.

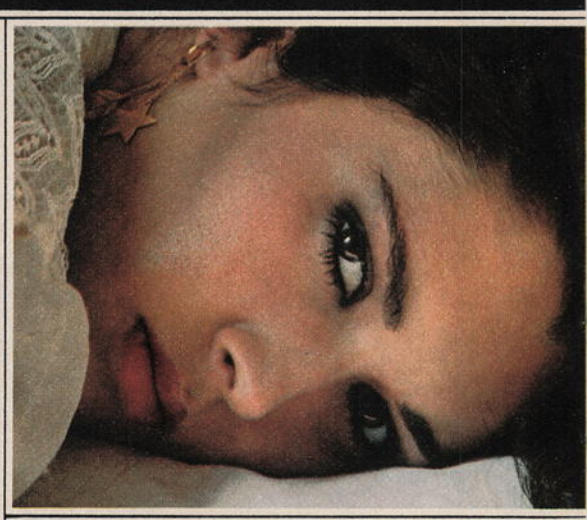
9. TECHNICS SA-5570 STEREO RECEIVER
Provides 85 watts per channel, which can drive more than one set of speakers. Separate treble and bass. FM muting switch to improve reception without resorting to mono mode. $499.95.

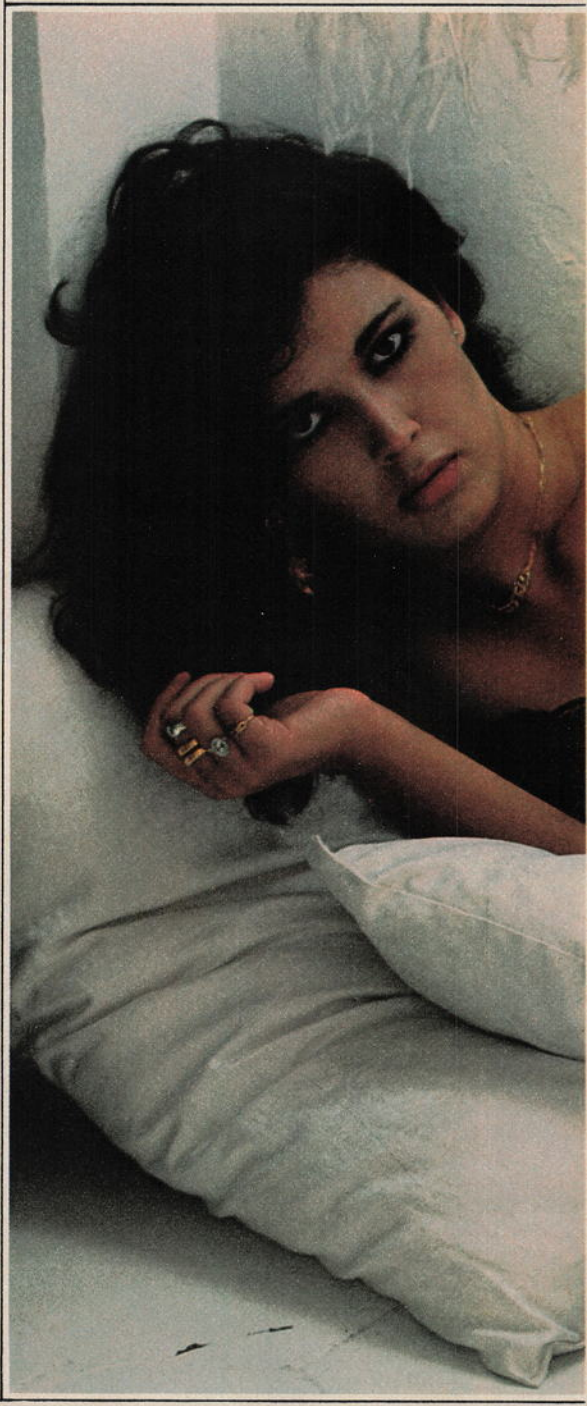
4. TEAC CASSETTE DECK A-103
Built-in Dolby™ circuitry and single-circuit board highlight this economical deck. Also, a high-density Permaflux head, separate level controls and switchable bias/equalization. Less than $180.

5. JBL L110 SPEAKERS
These feature a very powerful 10-inch low-frequency loudspeaker for distortion-free performance. The L110 will convert a one-watt input into a sound-pressure level of 76 dB measured at a distance of 15 feet. $348.

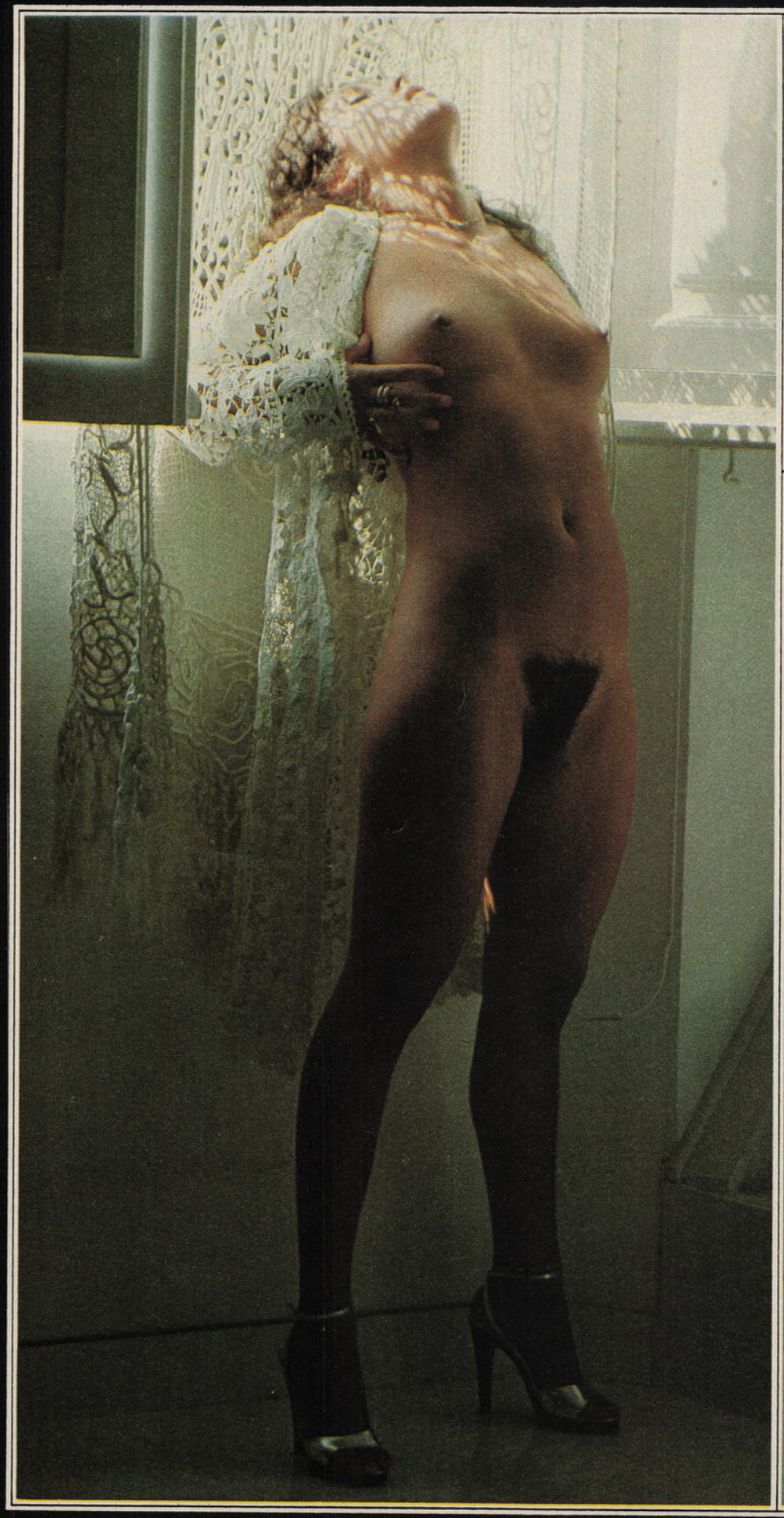
Lilli Carati

Italian cinema will never be the same • Photography by Peter Storch





In Italy her name is a headline: LILLI CARATI, LA NUOVA SEX-BOMB. Those Italians always did have a way with words, non e vero? In Rome her face is on all the newsstands; she is whispered about in all the cafes. Her two films – yet to be seen in the United States – have brought new meaning to the phrase La Dolce Vita.



Or so say her press releases, which compare her to Gina, to Sophia, to Raquel. Raquel? Yes, she was a famous cover girl in Italy years before she arrived in Hollywood, remember? Lilli does. Will she do the same? Her mouth pouts. Her eyes grow moist. "I don't need Hollywood," she says, teasingly. "Hollywood needs me."

GREAT KOSHER HOPE They wondered if a boy from the right side of the tracks could make it in boxing. But money's secondary. The main question is the size of your balls.

(Continued from page 52)

me. You just make the matches and I'll fight them.' I don't have that problem anymore. I'm married. I live in my own place, under my own roof. Now we're more like fighter and trainer when we're working, and father and son when we're not."

Rossman climbs the steps of the Passyunk Avenue gym as fast as his six-foot frame will respond. He is doing double time. He hasn't been to the gym in three weeks, or since he injured his hand in the Gary Summerhays fight at Madison Square Garden, the same night that Ali decisioned Shavers. It wasn't the first time he had hurt his hand. In fact, he had hurt his right hand quite a few times before.

"It's because he punches so hard," Jimmy DePiano says. "It could be because he's not punching correctly," veteran New York fight-man Gil Clancy guesses. "There's a possibility that he's turning his hand slightly and hitting with the more vulnerable part of the hand," says Carmen Graziano. "If you recall, Mike Quarry said after their fight that he was hit so hard he thought Rossman's knuckles were coming right through the gloves."

"He doesn't have bad hands," DePiano insists. "If he did, the doctor would tell us and I wouldn't take tough fights."

"That's probably true," says Graziano. "They have a bittersweet relationship. It is a normal father-son relationship, involving a young man, magnified so that all the good things are better and the bad things worse. Jimmy would rather die than see Mike get hurt."

"How's the hand?" is the sole greeting Rossman gets as he walks into the dank, second-story sweat hole. Most of his friends are missing, as it's only four o'clock, an hour before the evening rush. That's when most boxers get off from their paying jobs and come to the gym. Not Rossman. Circumstances have allowed for him to get to the gym whenever he wants—3:30 most days—and work in comparative quiet.

The gym is nearly empty; its walls are not. They are covered with vintage posters announcing Philadelphia fight cards 20 years past. Amidst the posters are yellowing photos of young, thin, long punk faces looking seriously at the camera, while large men with thickened bodies and extra chins smile broadly, their arms encircling their property, their boxers.

Off to the right of the room, just below the empty ring, a black trainer is diligently working with his white fighter, trying to get some rhythm into the kid's footwork. "Step, jab, step, jab, step, jab," the trainer repeats endlessly. Jab, step, step, jab, jab, jab, step, is the kid's tortured body-language response. A half-hour later, little improvement is visible. His feet and jab still seem to move to the beats of different drummers. This pugilist, sad to say, is proving the old saw that white people have no rhythm.

"How's the hand, Mike?" a new voice intones. "Feels OK," he answers again. "I really won't know if and when I'll be able to continue until the cast comes off."

This is not the first time doubts have arisen about Rossman's fighting future. There were earlier hand injuries. There were also queries as to whether a boy from the right side of the tracks could make it in boxing. But early on it became evident that this young boy was a prospect. With a fighting weight that never topped 140 pounds, he pounded out 23 amateur victories in 25 decisions. The victories came with the flare and finality that breed intriguing thoughts about a pro future. Those thoughts lead to marvelous dreams of fame, fortune and respect because of the title you carry. The "World's Best Fighting Machine" at this weight. Better than that, the "World's Toughest Dude" at these pounds. Respect. It means respect.

Besides money, respect is what boxing is about. In the boxer's version of the chicken/egg controversy, it's not hard to figure out which came first, money or respect. As a kid in the streets, you fought for respect. Then in the gyms you met mugs with pinky rings and pleated suits who said they could make you a lot of money because you could crush skulls. But in the gym, the size of your bankroll is secondary. The main question here is the size of your balls.

Early in his career Rossman wanted it known that he packed two of the biggest nuts around. His trainer, Carmen Graziano, and another fighter, a black, ventured up to a gym in North Philadelphia where white faces were seen as regularly as socialists at Ronald Reagan bashes. It was the gym where world-class middleweight Benny Briscoe trained. There, Graziano felt that he could learn a lot about Rossman quickly. The kid had had only two pro fights then. What Graziano learned was that whatever Briscoe threw, Rossman was willing to take. Despite a severe whipping, he never wavered, never backed off. When he left that day, the local hangers-on congratulated Briscoe for running the white boy back to South Philly. When Rossman returned the next day and demanded that Briscoe get back in the ring with him, there was no chump talk from the flock—rather a murmur of unexpected admiration. "You ain't running this dude out of here," Briscoe announced to his following. The question of Rossman's balls was muted forever. Respect had been earned. "Like someone wrote about me," Rossman says, "the tougher it gets, the more I'm going to try. A good fighter will bring out the best in me.

"I turned pro when I was seventeen and a junior in high school," Rossman revealed. "It was illegal. You're supposed to be eighteen. I had a fake birth certificate. All I did was go to the New Jersey Commission and apply. It was a funny thing. I didn't even need the fake birth certificate. All I had to do was go in to the commission and say my age, and they said all right.

"It was my idea to turn pro. I had lost a five-round amateur fight to a guy named Capobianco in Asbury Park, New Jersey. Funny thing is that my father manages Capobianco now. I shouldn't say I lost, because I didn't. I beat the guy but they gave him the fight. [This has become a recurring Rossman bleat. His professional record is 31 wins, 3 losses, 3 draws. Every nonvictory has been accompanied by alibis. "I was sick." "I was given short notice." "I lost a hometown decision."] So, I decided if I was going to lose that way I'd rather get paid for it. My father went along with me. We got the phony birth certificate together."

Some of Rossman's early fights might have made him wonder if he had made the right choice. To say the least, they were a little weird. In his first fight, he was tackled by a drunk coming out of the audience, yelling, "Get the Jew, get the Jew." Unfortunately for Señor Tipsy, he was begotten by members of Mike's tribe.

In Rossman's sixth fight he knocked a guy out in the sixth and last scheduled round of the bout. Again, as he walked away, a figure slipped through the ropes and jumped him from behind. It turned out to be the loser's cousin, and hopefully he had Blue Cross, because Rossman's familial relations raised many bumps and bruises on the interloper.

"I'm fighting this guy named Christy Elliot for the second time. I had already knocked him out the first time we fought," recalls Rossman. "This time we're fighting in his home arena. It was a tough fight and I thought the referee let him get away with a lot. When the fight was ended he came over to shake my hand, but I didn't want to have anything to do with him. All of a sudden something happens, and before I know it we're wrestling and throwing each other all over the place. People are rushing into the ring and soon everybody is fighting. Of course, my brothers are in the ring and my youngest brother, Andrew, is in the middle of everything. I free myself from Elliot, see all of this and run to a corner. I don't want anybody to be able to come up behind me again. A guy wearing an Elliot shirt is walking towards me. I tell him to stop, but he doesn't—just keeps moving

(Continued on page 106)

UNSURE WHERE TO GO THIS SUMMER? HOW ABOUT OUT OF YOUR MIND?

ARTICLE BY LEE FRANK

There's a house in Bridgeport, Connecticut, where on November 23, 1974, police and firemen saw a refrigerator and TV sail leisurely across the room and they heard a cat say, "Open this door, you jerk." I've spoken with these people and they're not lying.

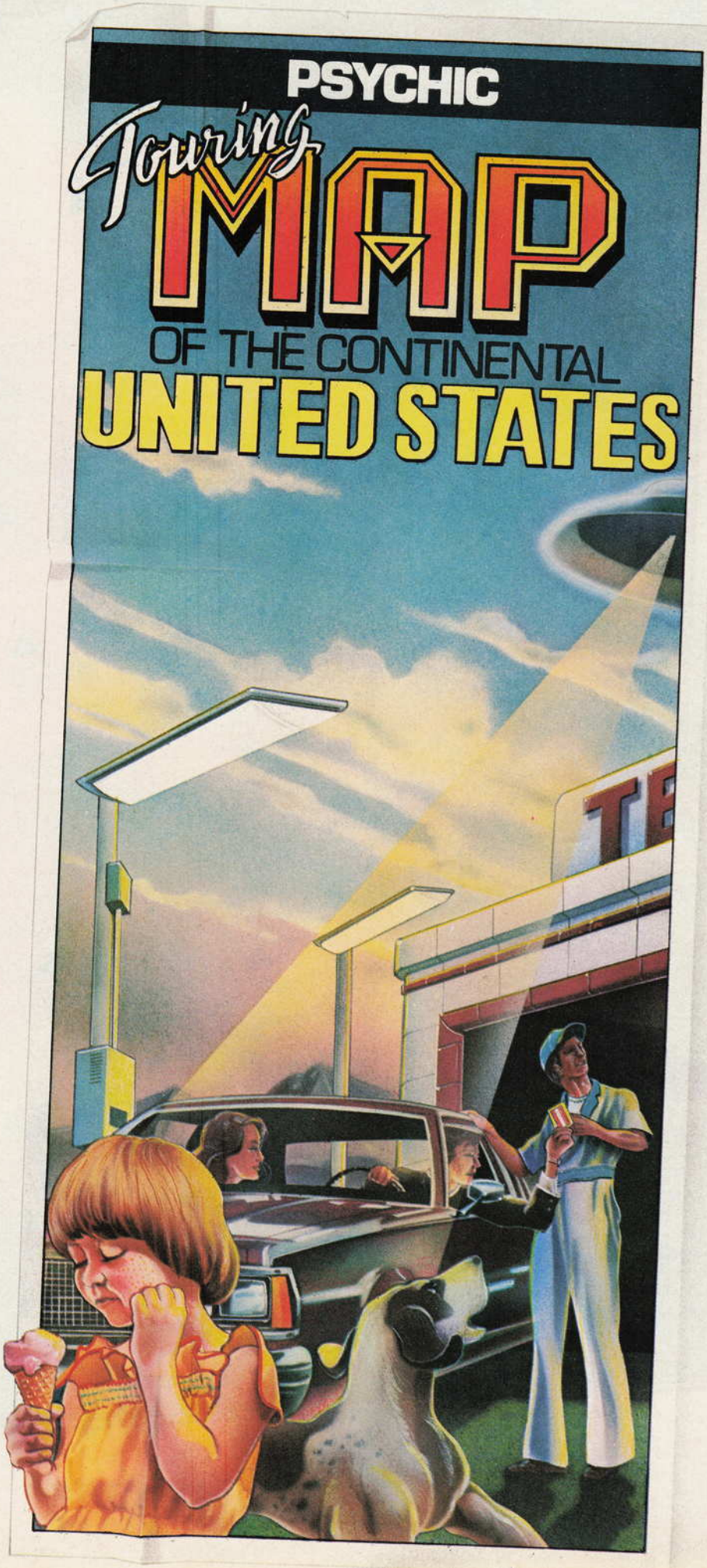
The people in San Diego aren't lying, either, about the apparition of an old woman who regularly appears and rearranges the furniture at the historic Whaley House. Nor are those folks in North Carolina fibbing about a railroad brakeman who had his head severed in a ghastly accident and now frequently shows up swinging a lantern.

In Winter Park, Florida, fish have rained from the sky. In Broadmoor, California, it was a monkey. In Oklahoma, there are Celtic carvings on the side of a mountain. Loch Ness–type creatures live in Flathead Lake, Montana, and Bear Lake, Utah. And a UFO is sighted in America once every half hour.

On May 6, 1976, in Flintville, Tennessee, I sat with Kenneth Sons, a six-foot-tall ex-Marine, in the exact spot where, an hour before, he had stood face-to-belly button with a Bigfoot. "It was well over a foot taller than me, and it just stood there about seven feet away with a rabbit in its mouth. It dropped the rabbit and made smacking sounds with its lips. . . ."

Sure, you could spend your vacation climbing the Washington Monument this year. But how about visiting some of the weirdness on the next two pages? If these unexplained phenomena seem improbable, well, that notion is the real product of the imagination. Because, inconveniently, they all actually exist.

Lee Frank was invited to present a paper to the Smithsonian Institution in April on his research into the Loch Ness monster.



REDMOND AF PURSUIT
MOSCOW AF PURSUIT
FORT SMITH STONEHENGE-TYPE CIRCLES
THIRD-KIND ENCOUNTER
BROADMOOR MONKEY FELL FROM SKY
CHURCHILL COUNTY SINGING SAND
CARSON ANCIENT FOOTPRINTS
BIG HORN STONEHENGE-TYPE CIRCLES
CASPER FRIENDLY GHOSTS
ALONG MISSOURI RIVER MEGALITHS
CARIBOU STONEHENGE-TYPE CIRCLES
SAN BERNARDINO ICE FELL FROM SKY
NELLIS AFB
BUENA VISTA UNKNOWN PRIMATE
SALT RIVER VALLEY ANCIENT CANALS
UFO WINDOW
VITTORIO TREASURE
THIRD-KIND ENCOUNTER
PIMA STONEHENGE-TYPE CIRCLES
DALLAS AF PURSUIT
PURSUIT BY COMMERCIAL PILOT
BROWNSVILLE BIG BIRD SIGHTED
LEGEND
UFO SIGHTED
HAUNTING
BIGFOOT SIGHTED
UNEXPLAINED PHENOMENAL OBJECTS
BIG BIRD SIGHTED
SERPENT SIGHTED
UNEXPLAINED PHENOMENAL HAPPENINGS

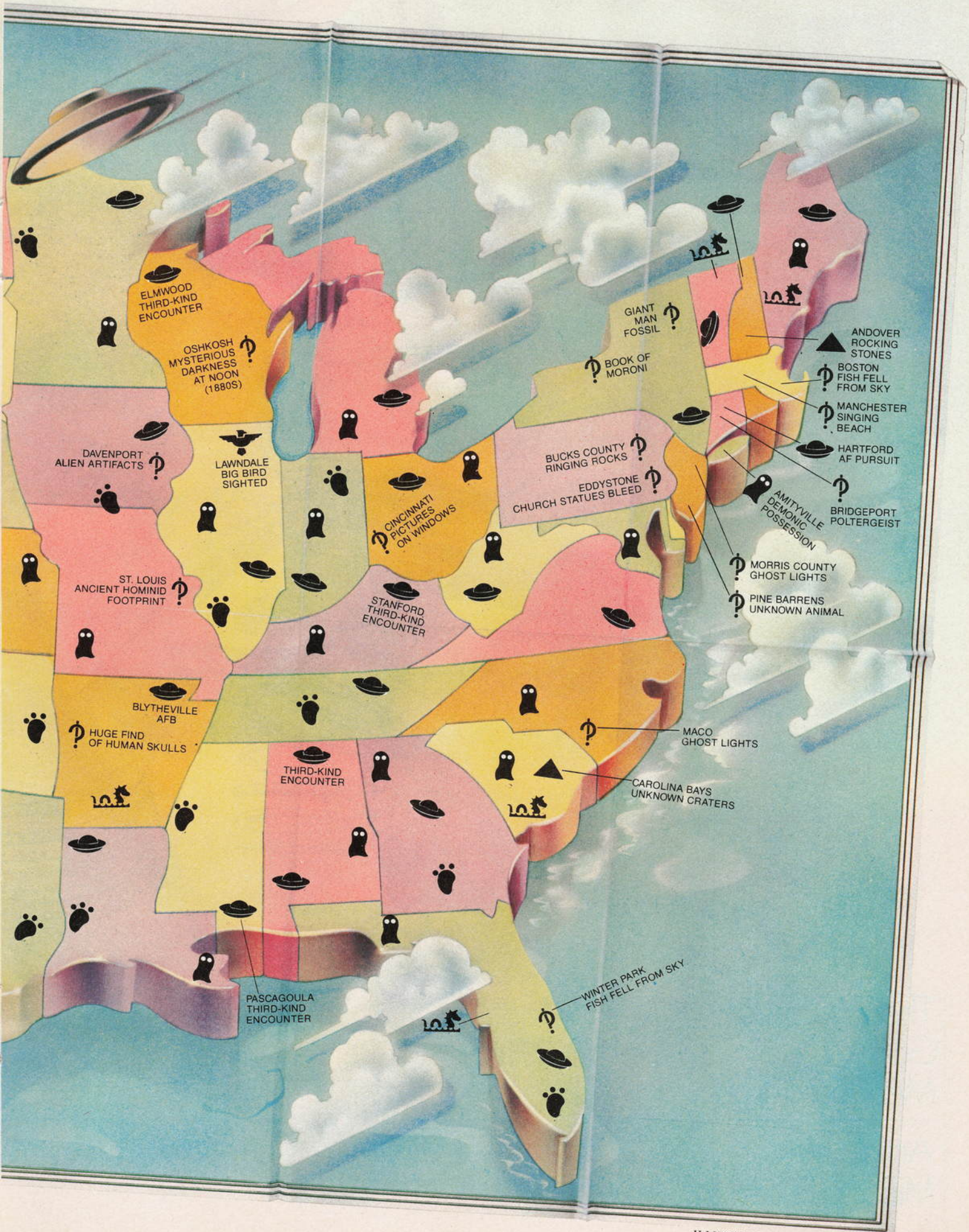
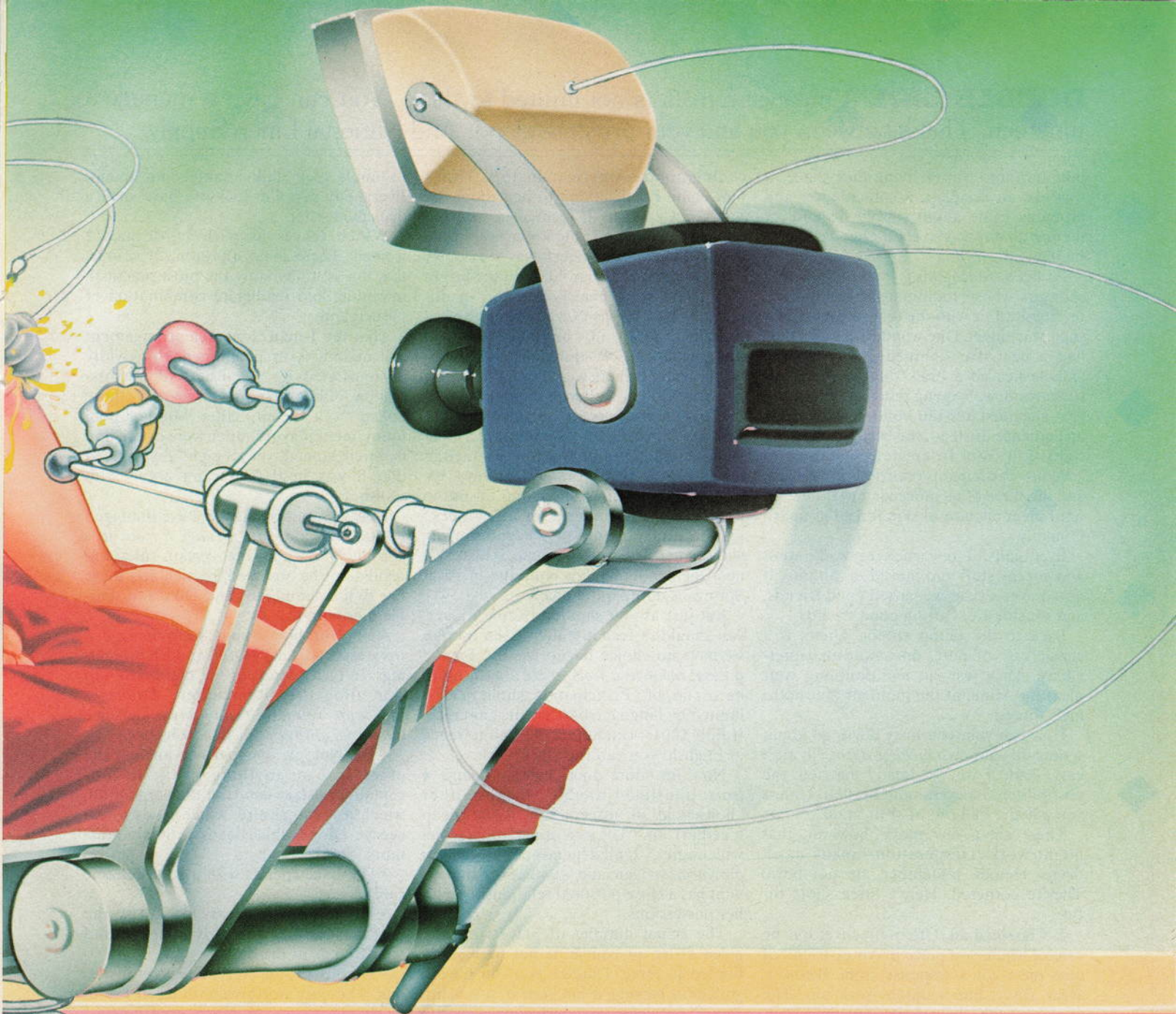


ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN YOUSSI

SEX AND THE DOUBLE GIRL

The Coward's Guide to Ménage à Trois

Article by Michael Price



Pierre's throbbing member darts back and forth between the four full, creamy breasts; his hands pause only to caress each hard, pink nipple in turn—one, two, three, four. Colette sighs. Gigi moans. Pierre grunts. His pulsing shaft slides down between the two silky young bodies, and immediately two hungry mouths, four greedy lips, two eager tongues pursue and engulf it, and the next moments are lost in frenzied paroxysms of . . .

I figure it like this:

1. The French, those sexy sonsabitches, have a popular phrase for it, and they're doing it all over the place.

2. We Americans—including even that smartass Edwin Newman—haven't any specific name for it, and we hardly do it at all.

Therefore . . .

3. We need our own American English term for it. If we had one, then we'd probably be doing it a whole lot more, just like the French. Those sexy sonsabitches.

So why in the name of Tony Orlando & Dawn is it that we can't seem to come up with a clear, explicit term for the arrangement whereby three otherwise unrelated adults live, love, fight, fuck and frolic, within the framework of a single family unit?

Frankly, I can't understand it. Neither can my roommates, the Gupp sisters. We're nonplussed and it isn't fair. We have as much right to be plussed as anyone else.

Just for the record, I am not the Gupps' first *ménage à trois* partner. Nor are they mine. It was in Las Vegas, fittingly enough, that my own

ILLUSTRATION BY JUSTIN CARROLL

DOUBLE GIRL A ménage à trois is not limited to three. You can have a ménage à nineteen. That's between you and your prostate gland. And National Linen Supply.

initiation into triosex living took place. It was like an accident, a coincidence, and probably came about simply because of the fact that it was so spontaneous, totally unplanned.

I'd been overnighting frequently with a showgirl whose roommate was ending a profitless affair with the tone-deaf son of a superstar singer. One wonderful night they had a beef. He stomped out. Then the asshole heaved a brick through her bedroom window. Seeking refuge and friendly ears, she burst into our boudoir looking for an audience. Instead, she became one. The transition from Interested Spectator to Zealous Participant occurred in a trice, and the three of us proceeded to trice it up until sheer rawness of skin forced us apart. Gingerly.

Eventually, I relearned to walk, went and got my stuff and moved in. Simple. It lasted over a year, we parted good friends, and we still are. Parting good friends.

Back to the Gupp sisters. Theirs is a classic case of pure, uncomplicated preference. They just flat *like* doubling your pleasure. Mine, at the moment, but nothing's forever.

How can you, you lusty devil, go about setting up your own *ménage à trois*? It ain't easy. And, if you're already married, the possibilities are even more limited. Unless you pay the hell out of your maid.

There are a few ploys, however, that might work. Desperation breeds daredevils. Heroes, remember, are not born. They're cornered. Here's three shots for free:

1. **Classified ad.** Often effective, but be careful where you place it. An ex-friend of ours once got a response from *Waitress' Wear Daily*, but it didn't work out. The girls were OK, he reports, but their goddamn donkeydick busboy snored.

2. **Host an orgy.** Make sure that the last two ladies to leave, don't.

3. **This one comes with its own three steps:** (a) Find two beautiful, sexy millionairesses who are already roommates; (b) tell me where they live; (c) move to Tibet until I send for you.

The truth is that most *ménages à trois* are, in fact, the result of some unique circumstance or other. Very few are deliberately formed. They just seem to *happen*, y'know? Tough to schedule, like a pre-earthquake picnic. And you never can tell how they'll work out, like that time in New Orleans . . .

I was residing, at the time, in the 900 block of Dauphine Street in the French Quarter, with a nice lady who was into contemporary American history. That's how come I was talking to her about the Las Vegas episode. It seemed to turn her on, and she demanded to know every little detail. Since her interest was obviously somewhat more than mild, I got the bright idea of enlisting her cooperation in duplicating that happy Nevada situation.

At first she was iffy, but then I dropped the clincher. "Look—think of it as a medical measure. If there were three of us, your knees would get a chance to heal."

It went like ice cream. She turned out to be a quick learner and an adroit recruiter. Within a matter of days we were joined in tenancy with an absolutely stunning divorcée who had no children and tits out to here. It was a terrific trip for a few weeks until . . . uh . . . until they began starting without me. The rest, of course, is history. I hear their indoor-plant boutique in Palm Springs is doing quite nicely.

But just as you shouldn't force triosex, you shouldn't fear it, either. Even though we have no choice but to use the French phrase, *ménage à trois*, there's nothing to be afraid of. Participation shouldn't be limited by language barriers or ignorance. If Billy Carter can hold a press conference in English, you can fuck in French.

Now for more good news. *Ménage à trois*, translated literally, means either "household of three adults (who sleep together)" or, "The pen of my aunt (is wet with desire)." It all depends on the *dialecte provincial* spoken, and whether or not your aunt has a close personal relationship with her possessions.

The actual number of players on any given roster, of course, is not necessarily limited to three. I mean, you can have a goddamn *ménage à nineteen* if you want. That's between you and your prostate gland. And National Linen Supply. All we're concerned with at the moment is simply your basic triple-header.

As such, there are only four possible combinations of *ménages à trois*, not counting pets:

a. 3 men
b. 2 men/1 woman
c. 1 man/2 women
d. 3 women

There's no point here in delving into the list's extremities, (a) and (d). Information regarding such necessarily exclusive *ménages* is already available in numbing detail between the covers of those special-interest publications whose demographics show a far more restricted—but no less devoted—readership than ours.

Nor will we now examine (b) 2 men/1 woman. My volunteer investigator insists that *much* more time is required for ongoing personal participation. Her exhaustive, uninterrupted research is already in its ninth year. Talk about commitment. Everybody says I'm lucky to have such a dedicated sister.

Which leaves us with (c) 1 man/2 women. There is no question, of course, that this is undeniably the most practical, rewarding and intelligent combination of participants.

That the 1-man/2-women arrangement still maintains its preeminence is vividly demonstrated by the results of a cross-section public-opinion survey. Of those polled at a recent Santa Monica pool tournament play-off, three were drunk and five were stoned, yet all eight guys agreed that it was best! You can't argue with statistics.

Now, assuming that you have managed to establish your first *ménage à trois*, it is absolutely essential that certain rules and regulations be observed, particularly these few fundamental Dos and Don'ts of double-diddling:

• **Do Not** brag about your *ménage à trois*, especially at N.O.W. and ERA meetings. In fact, keep your big blabbermouth shut altogether. Remember: *Whenever they know you have two of anything, some schmucks always want to borrow one.*

• **Do Not** pit one partner against the other . . . at anything. This all-too-common mistake can lead to competition, which leads to rivalry, which leads to excessive effort, which leads to heart murmurs. Yours.

• **Do** make friends with a good reliable cardiologist.

• **Do** move frequently. It keeps the neighbors at bay, the girls in shape and your friends in the dark.

• **Do** buy two of everything. Not just one. The only worthwhile thing in life to be shared is you, you merry-eyed rascal.

• **Do Not** get caught with these rules.

That about does it. You are now prepared and fully informed. So get on out there, big fella, and get your feet, or something, wet. There's nothing more to learn. You're ready. Everything—as McMahon tells Carson—*everything* you could *ever* want to know about *ménages à trois* has been explained in these paragraphs, so just go out and . . . huh? Wuzzat? I left *what* out? . . . Oops, sorry.

Sex.

Ménage à trois sex, due to its consistency, differs greatly from that of your casual threesie encounter. It's a whole new balling game.

Triosex expertise, like any other rewarding pursuit, requires dedication, talent, sincerity and practice, practice, practice. You gotta *care*.

Listen, nothing is more exciting, or will bring you quicker recognition, than the

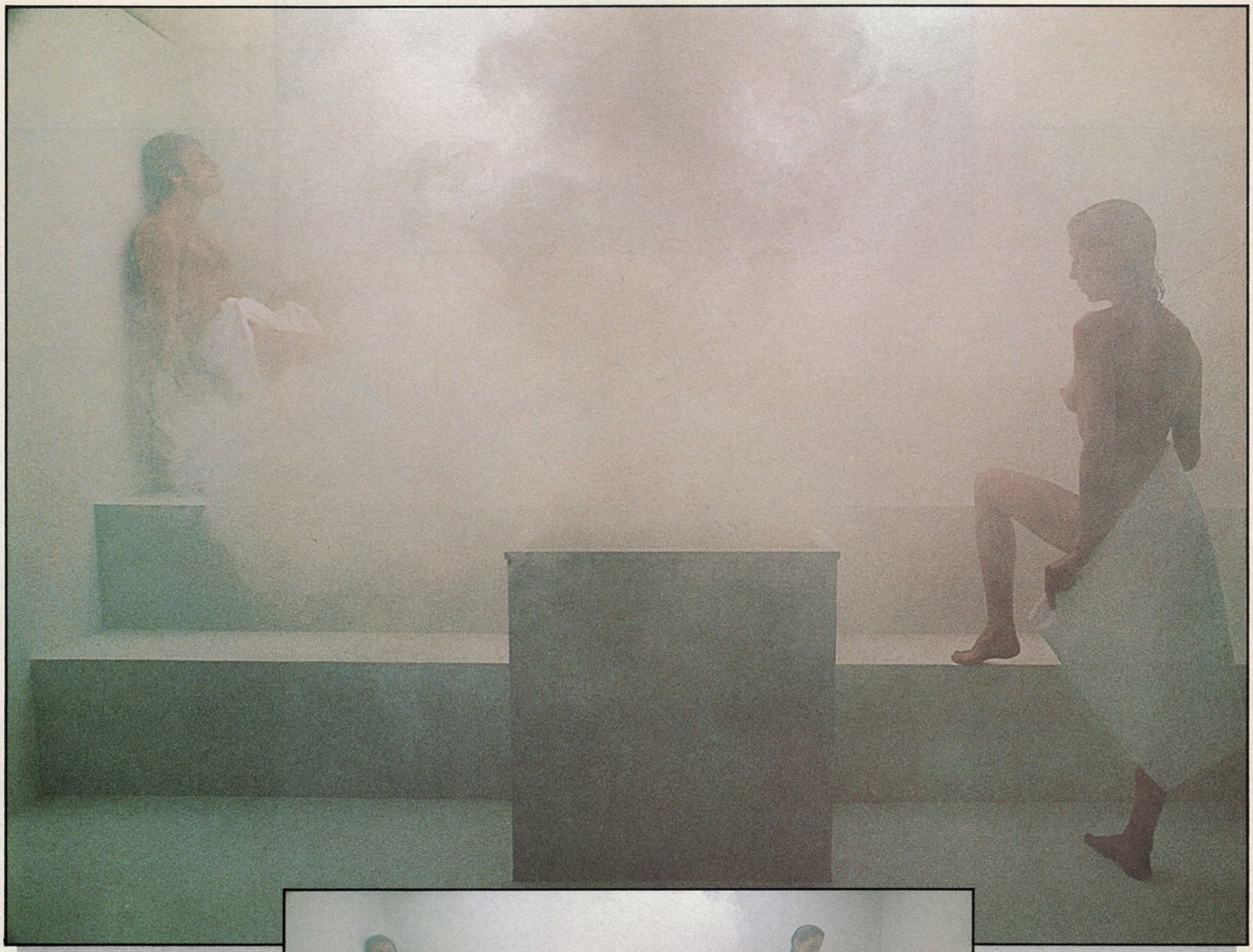
(Continued on page 114)

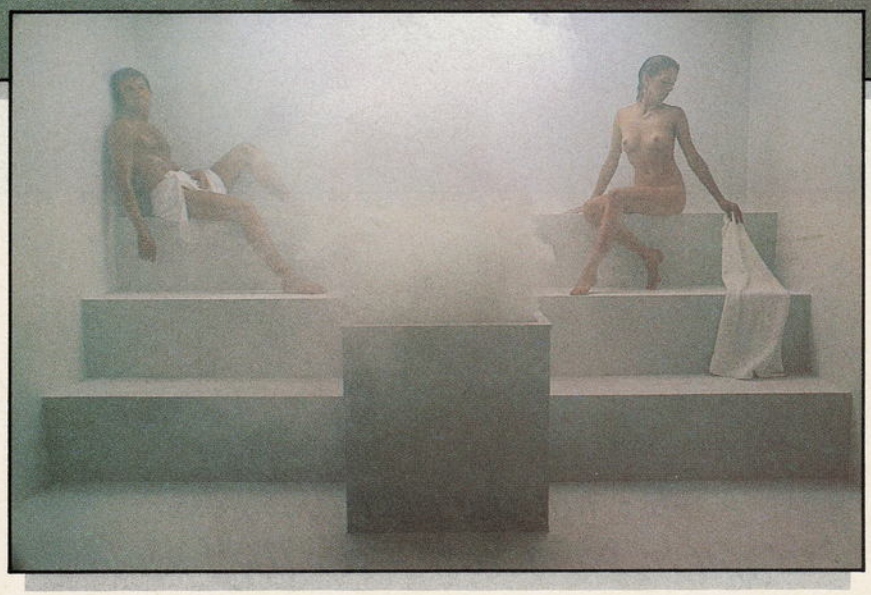
The redoubtable Coward was last seen trying to check into an X-rated motel in the February issue of OUI.

Boy meets girl in a steamy romance

A CASE OF THE VAPORS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ROGER MAVES

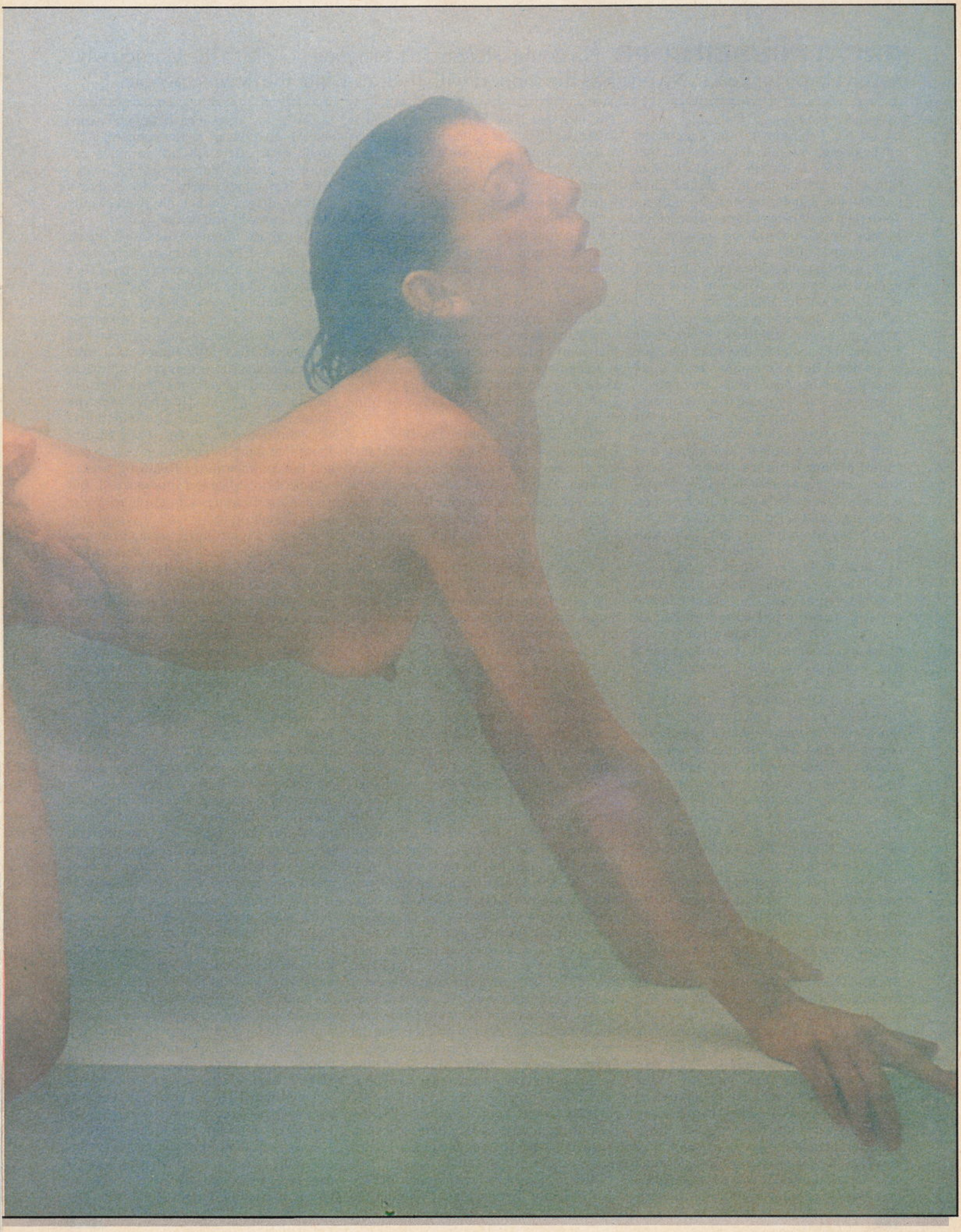




It's not the heat that gets
to you in New York—it's the humidity.

Steam is good for you. It opens all the pores.
And then some.

She liked him more than moist.



GREAT KOSHER HOPE "No doubt, Rossman's bringing people to the Garden who haven't been for years. No one has the rapport with their clan like the Jewish people."

(Continued from page 92)
toward me. I tell him to stop once more, but he doesn't. I think if he moves another step I'm going to hit him. Bang! I hit him with a shot and drop him. I wished I had hit Elliot like that during the fight. He went down right dead in his tracks, unconscious. Meanwhile, all around me the cops are opening up skulls with their nightsticks.

"I finally get out of the ring and make it to my dressing room. About an hour later, as I'm leaving the arena, I see the guy I decked. He comes up to me and says, 'Man, my head is still dizzy.' I look at his eyes and they look like they're in the back of his head. But he's smiling. Yeah, some crazy shit has happened to me after fights."

Rossman was beginning to move quickly up the fight ladder when he ended his association with high school, while beginning another with a brown-haired girl named Maxine Kruichak. Maxine, who is three years younger than Mike's 21, remembers that her first observation of him, when she was 14, led her to tell a friend, "I'm going to marry that guy." Unfortunately for her, another friend had eyes for Mike also, had seen him first, but had been unable to get anything going. In the time-honored tradition of John Alden, Maxine put aside her own tingles and tried to set up a date for her friend and Mike. Instead of asking out her client, Rossman made a date with Maxine. "My girlfriend didn't talk to me for five months."

"Me and Michael had been really good friends before he started taking me out. But he had treated me like a friend, like one of the guys. The first time he comes to take me out, he's wearing a suit and looked real nice. We go outside to his car and I see him walking over to my side, the passenger side, and I don't know why. So I asked him, 'Do you want me to drive, Michael?' He says, 'No, Maxine, I'm opening the door for you. Get in.'

"When Michael first started fighting, it was confusing. I used to go over to his house regularly with my friend, and I knew him as DePiano. That's how everyone around the township knew him. But we would see his name in the paper as Michael Glassman. It was finally corrected to Michael Rossman, but we thought that was still wrong. We'd shake our heads and say here's a kid trying to make a career for himself, and they're always getting his name wrong."

The reason for the confusion comes from the promotional brain of Jimmy DePiano, the man who makes the decisions. DePiano's wife is the former Cecelia Rossman, a woman of the Jewish persuasion, as that guy on *Monday Night Football* would say. The last time there was a Jewish fighter of importance, Jimmy Carter was teething. The fact that New York City was and is where the big bucks can be made, and that a Jewish fighter would attract Jewish people with money and connections, led DePiano to decide to have his son use his wife's maiden name.

"It's a funny thing," says DePiano. "The Jewish people have a belief that the child is what the mother is. And since there had been no Jewish fighters around for thirty years, and there are a few Italian fighters out there today, and there was a Rocky Marciano not too long ago, and being that he is a Jewish boy because of his mother—that's why I had him use her maiden name. It was no gimmick, though. It's just that I knew it would attract people, and if Mike got big he would make a lot of money from doing it this way."

"There's no doubt of the fact that he's a talked-about fighter," says veteran Madison Square Garden matchmaker Teddy Brenner. "You can feel it in the air. Part of it is because he's Jewish. But like the Catholic priest said when he crossed himself, 'It can help if he can fight.' Thankfully, Mike can fight."

"There's no doubt about the question that Mike is bringing people to the Garden who haven't been to fights in years," Carmen Graziano remarked, sorrow saturating his voice. "You see all these furriers who haven't been there since World War Two. No one has the rapport with their clan like the Jewish people do. That's why Brenner wants him to work out so bad. He sees dollar signs. That's why Mike gets a cover story in the *Philadelphia Inquirer*'s *Today* magazine. That's very special treatment and attention."

The case of the Rossman name change brings to mind the strange case of Max Baer, a world heavyweight champion in the mid-Thirties. Fighters have changed their names for as long as anyone can remember. Sugar Ray Robinson was originally Walker Smith. Benny Leonard was born Benjamin Leiner. Joe Louis, nee Joseph Barrow. But Baer didn't change his name. Instead, he publicly claimed to have faith in a God he had no faith in. Like Rossman, he had the Mogen David (the Star of David) make guest appearances on his fighting trunks. But Baer was not Jewish, nor did he claim to be until big bucks told him to. It was clear to promoters in the early part of the Hitler era that a Jewish fighter taking on German Max Schmeling would do well financially. Baer's religious convictions immediately underwent serious alterations. Nothing was thought of it then. It has always been a part of boxing, the toying with religious and ethnic identities in order to up the ante.

"Boxing has always been an ethnic sport," Teddy Brenner says. "Though the biggest gates have been between Frazier and Ali, two blacks, a Rossman-Ali fight would dwarf them all. Not so much because of Jewish, but because of black/white. Nowadays, a mixed match is always a strong draw, whether it's black/white, black/Latin or Latin/white.

"I'll tell you," Brenner continues, "he's a real nice kid, very pleasant, very easy-going. He has a dry sense of humor. He's not a chip off the old block. He's not like Jimmy. Jimmy is very forceful, to say the least. Jimmy is a fight manager. Mike is his product. Even though he's his son, he's also his product. But Jimmy is a very honorable guy. His word is above reproach. He fights and haggles on negotiations. He doesn't ask, he tells. He knows what he wants moneywise, talentwise and otherwise. But once he says OK, I don't worry about that fight. In fact, I don't even send him the contract till the following week.

"Like I say, Mike is a very nice kid. But we don't sell niceness around here. We're not a church or, in his case, a synagogue. What we sell is boxing. Rossman became a marketable commodity when he knocked out Mike Nixon the second time he fought him. It wasn't an ordinary knockout. Very few fighters, including most of the big ones, ever threw one right hand with as much authority as Rossman did that night. He became an attraction with one punch."

He became a *Jewish* attraction with that one punch, even though he's had minimal religious training. But that's all right. A lot of American Jewish kids have had no religious training. He became a Jewish attraction even though he never had a *bar mitzvah*. But that's all right also. Many American Jewish kids have never had a *bar mitzvah*. He became a Jewish attraction because his Italian father willed him a Jewish attraction, and that's very different, smacking of Max Baer–like mendacity.

While Teddy Brenner, a pooh-pooher of mendacity, may have a high opinion of Jimmy DePiano, there are others who don't share it. One of them is Carmen Graziano, the fired trainer. "Mike is a lovely kid, the best. Intelligent, hard-working, dedicated to boxing, with an extreme knowledge of the sport. He can talk for hours about fighters who fought years ago, because he's made it his business to find out about such things. The family is a fine family. Mrs. DePiano is a very fine woman, and I hope and think Mike will make it despite what occurs around him. When I trained Mike, I was more than just a trainer. I was almost a part of the family. I was also a part-owner of his contract. Then, as my three-year contract was running out, I had a heart attack. When I recovered, I was told my services were no longer needed. I know why I was dis-

True. Unexpected taste

at only

5

MG TAR

© Lorillard, U.S.A., 1978

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Regular and Menthol: 5 mg."tar", 0.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. 1977.

GREAT KOSHER HOPE "It's bad enough for a father to manage his own son," says Nat Loubet. "But if the father wants to have success and his son is the ticket, that's bad."

pensed with. Guys like Teddy Brenner at Madison Square Garden feel he should be more exciting. They don't realize before you can become exciting you have to learn the rudiments of boxing.

"You have to develop a defense. You can be exciting later on, but you certainly can't become a great fighter by being exciting too early. That's the way to become a club fighter.

"I've seen a boy ruined too many times by making him fight for the crowd rather than to his ability. Like Pedro Soto. Here was a kid that they rushed like hell. They couldn't wait for him to put weight on so they could fight him as a heavyweight, when he was still a natural light-heavyweight. He was a beautiful fighter at one time, but they put him into too many wars before he could handle it. They told him he could be a great, great heavyweight. When he didn't become that, when he started to lose to guys like Evangelista, they belittled him. Mike told me about a time he was sitting in the dressing room of the Garden when Soto came down after a losing fight. He was beaten, exhausted and hurting. Besides that, he had told the people at the Garden prior to the fight that he wasn't feeling up to fighting. Nevertheless, after he lost, Brenner and Soto's advisor, Gil Clancy, both tore into him verbally for having lost the fight. It's something that could happen to Mike if his situation isn't watched carefully. I think Jimmy subconsciously has the kid's best interests at heart, but visibly it doesn't seem that way. Not if he's taking a Victor Galindez fight now. If they're going for a Galindez match, then all they see is that one-million-dollar sign at the end of the rainbow."

"The contrast between Mike and his father, Jimmy, is incredible," says *Ring* magazine publisher Nat Loubet. It must be understood that what the Bible is to religion, *Ring* magazine is to boxing. In essence, when the voice of Nat Loubet is heard, it's like listening to the burning bush. "Mike has real class. He'll be courteous to people he doesn't have to be. People who don't have the clout to help his career. Jimmy, on the other hand, calls me up and doesn't ask how we arrive at the *Ring* ratings; he just demands a higher ranking for Mike. There was a time recently that he accused me publicly of having Mike lower down in the ratings than other light-heavyweights because Mike didn't take part in the United States Championship boxing tourney. Finally, much later, he apologized to me in a letter."

Loubet, like Graziano, disagrees with the rush to move Rossman up the ladder. "DePiano has never had a particularly successful fighter of his own. It's bad enough for a father to manage his own son. The case evidence I have on that is legion. But if the father wants to have success of his own, and his son is the ticket, that's bad. I'll tell you something. It's sheer stupidity to be pushing for a fight with Victor Galindez now. Galindez would eat him up like a dog eats pieces."

Jimmy DePiano has a different view of the imminent fight with the "Argentine Assassin." "In Galindez' last few fights his opponent has gone the distance with him," says DePiano. "That means to me he's losing punching power. Besides that, he's never fought a guy with punching power like Mike. I know it's a gamble to fight him now, but boxing is a gamble. There comes a time you have to open the door and let your fighter out."

"Fighting Galindez with the style Mike uses now would be a mistake," says Carmen Graziano. "Look, the new style didn't even work against Gary Summerhays last September. Mike kept on getting tagged. He can't do that against Galindez. Mike isn't Marciano. He can't take unlimited punishment."

"Look, I'll tell you after the fight if they should have fought Galindez," said the noncommittal Brenner, while admitting the Garden had had a Rossman-Galindez date tentatively penciled in for January 1978. (It was later erased because of Rossman's continuing hand problem.) "But I can understand their thinking. The kid is growing like crazy. They don't think he'll be a light-heavyweight very much longer. He weighed a hundred seventy-seven for his last fight, and that's two pounds over."

"I wouldn't take a fight with Galindez now," says assistant Garden matchmaker Duke Stefano. "Mike's too young, not strong enough. What he has now is a lot of boy strength. To fight Galindez, I think he needs man strength. That will come with the passage of just a couple of years."

"Man, I don't worry about that," Mike says. "I let my manager make the matches and then I fight." John Garfield couldn't have said it better.

It is about 7:30 P.M., and we're back at the Chalet apartments, in the niche that Mike and Maxine call home. It is a nice apartment, tastefully done. Care and thought have gone into the decorating. The walls are beige and a green shag runs up against all of them. Seated in his brown easy chair, feet up on the ottoman, the master of the house looks over the sports section of the Philadelphia evening papers. Potato chips adorn the top of one of the two black coffee tables.

Rossman is in a blue terrycloth robe. The outside wet has made him change into something more comfortable. While Maxine deals at the stove, the house is filled with the sounds of Boz Scaggs, Bruce Springsteen and The Beatles. The television box is also on, slipping images of Chuck Barris' merry band of *Gong Show* bananas all around the front room. ("It's my favorite show," says Mike.) It is obvious to any outsider that this is the house of a very young, contemporary, yet conservative couple.

Maxine announces food is served. Mike puts the paper down on the table that stands under a Rossman portrait that's hanging in the front room. In the painting, he is in a fighting pose, with a Jewish star on his trunks. It's his "Jewish Bomber" stance. It is jarring to think of Rossman as a "Jewish Bomber" after spending some time with him, for in reality his feel is more the "Italian Stallion" than "Mike the Kike." But that's not what it says in the press releases.

The food is spectacular. Maxine can cook as tough as it is said her old man can punch. A little wine washes down the top-notch Italian meal. Mike is in a good mood. Playful. A puckish sense of humor surfaces. "I used to hate to hear that boxers were dumb. It really bothered me. Then I fought this guy named Mike Nixon. The first time we fight I take him lightly and he beats me. Then I fight him again. You hear so many times about a guy fighting another guy and pointing down to the opponent's shoes and saying, 'Your laces are untied,' and when the guy looks, leveling him. Well, Nixon is fighting me and all of a sudden he points up in the air. For a split second I look up and he really pops me. I don't know what the hell happened to make me look up. Whoever says boxers are dumb must have seen me look up that night. They might have changed their opinion, though, if they had seen me fight Nixon's brother-in-law, Mike Quarry, soon after that. He tried to pull the same number but I didn't look."

There is unanimous agreement that Mike Rossman is a powerful puncher. There is also a shared verdict he is a very nice kid. Hopefully, in his case, Leo Durocher's words won't come true and he won't finish last. But there are those who seem bent on that—those who seem to have lost track of who this kid is. Talk of Galindez fights, Yaqui Lopez fights and Muhammad Ali fights is thrown around with dispatch. It shouldn't be. Not with this kid. Not with a nice kid who is a potential gold mine. Not now, at least. "Maybe if he grows and develops, he could be heavyweight champ of the world someday," Nat Loubet says. "But he must be brought along slowly, because if he fought someone like Ali now, that someone would take him into the bathroom, shut out the lights and whip him." □

Disco Vamp

"I'm trying to clean up my reputation, but that's pretty difficult," mused European disco queen **Amanda Lear** during a recent jet-stop tour of Los Angeles danceries. "No one wants to believe that a six-foot blond with my looks could be into *normal* sex." Of course, the former French/English model has never really tried very hard to be a "nice" girl. Amanda packs discos in Europe with her Marlene Dietrich baritone and black-leather persona—complete with stiletto heels and cracking whips. "My fans don't want the real Amanda," she sighs. "They want a fantasy girl who looks like she just stepped out of a Vampirella comic book—and I give it to them."

Amanda knows all about images. Her first break in showbiz came as **David Bowie**'s roommate after he discovered her on the now famous **Roxy Music** album cover. "David and I had a love/hate relationship," quips nasty Amanda. "He loved me and I hated him." The title cut of her latest album, *I Am a Photograph*, is about their relationship. "Like so many men, David fell in love with an image, a photograph—not Amanda Lear." It seems that since Amanda did her photo spreads in the French girlie magazine *Lui* and the German edition of *Playboy*, half the men in Europe have been having the same problem. Nonetheless, she does admit that David helped her career. "He convinced me I had the charisma to be a star. He gave me ambition. I told him I couldn't sing, and he said, 'So what? I can't sing either.' " Since then, Amanda's struck gold with songs like *Blood and Honey* and *The Queen of Chinatown*, and established a devoted (ahem) army of followers. "I never knew about the phenomenon of male groupies before. All these big boys with small brains line up outside my door after my concerts. I can just go 'You, you and you—into the limousine.' They're so cute—the next morning they want your autograph." And, as for Amanda's image as a jet setter, she swears it's just hype. So what if she's been photographed on both continents with the likes of **Jagger**, **Warhol**, **Lennon**, **Harrison**, **Beatty**, **Dali** and **St. Laurent**? "I don't want to have affairs with pop singers," she says. "They are the most dumb, boring, inarticulate people in the world." Nasty, Amanda, very *nasty*.

—Mick Morrison

TOM KELLER

Paperback Robber

Edward Bunker's star is on the rise, but it hasn't always been that way. For most of his life, Bunker's been behind bars. He was made a ward of the court when he was four and ended up in reform school before he was a teenager. He graduated to the big joint—San Quentin—at 17. It never seemed to let up, what with burglary, robbery, forgery and usually a drug-related offense thrown in. Eddy has been a heroin addict for 20 of his 43 years.

But while all of this was happening, Bunker was establishing a career for himself as a writer. He wrote five novels behind bars before he published his first, *No Beast So Fierce*, about a con's struggle to go straight. His big break came when **Dustin Hoffman** bought the movie rights and starred in the film version, *Straight Time*. That deal and the rights to his second novel, *Animal Factory*, stand to make him over $200,000.

MARINO COLMANO

Today, Bunker is finally out of the slammer and is enjoying a new kind of life in Southern California. He has an Italian sports car, an apartment by the beach and methadone to help *keep* him on the outside. It sounds ideal, but for a writer there are some difficult adjustments to make. "It's different in prison," says Bunker. "There are no neon lights or long-legged fillies to distract you." And even though he's now in the chips, Eddy doesn't feel that's so important. "Making money has never been a problem to me," he deadpans, "just staying out of jail." —JOHN ANTONELLI

RICHARD E. AARON

The AM Crusader

"There aren't many electric guitarists left on AM radio," says hard-rocker **Tom Petty**. "I can remember when AM was *good*, and I still don't think you have to make bullshit to sell records. It's only gonna take one #1 hit from a rock-'n'-roll band to reopen the gates for so many others." Apparently, Tom Petty and his **Heartbreakers** are determined to prove this point, as their hit *Breakdown* was the first record by a "New Wave" group to muscle its way into the Top 40 charts. Petty ignores the label put on him and others like **Dwight Twilley** and **Elvis Costello**, but admits, "Everybody knew it was getting to be boring shit and that new shit had to come along. But it's not part of rock 'n' roll to join movements. We've got our own club and aren't joining anybody else's." His first album, aptly titled *Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers*, offered a kaleidoscope of popular styles—except disco. ("Lame shit," he sneers. "Factory music. Mindless garbage.") Indeed, Petty invariably sings with the kind of angst, fever and emotion that is rare in the disco world. Now Tom's playing himself in a scene in the movie *FM*, starring **Martin Mull**, **Michael Brandon** and **Cassie Yates**. And his new album, *Terminal Romance*, may be the masterwork his crusade to save AM radio needs. "We all used to listen to AM in the car," he laments. "It's the best environment to hear rock 'n' roll."
PETER GAMBACCINI

Curb That Kid

Michael Curb was a brash young kid when he convinced the Honda motor company to let him write a jingle for their budding motorcycle imports. He came up with the slogan "You Meet the Nicest People on a Honda" and, suddenly, motorcycle riding became fashionable. Curb parlayed his dough into doing scores for cheap films and put together a record distribution company. His wheeling and dealing so impressed **Jim Aubrey**, then the head of MGM, that he gave Curb control of MGM Records.

Curb proceeded to raise a few eyebrows when he quickly announced that every MGM act associated with drugs would be dropped. An MGM subsidiary then turned around and released two albums by the Grateful Dead, considered by some the ultimate doper band. Of course, he *did* bring the world the Osmonds before MGM was taken over by Polydor Incorporated. After that, Curb created his own production company, hitting the charts with the likes of **Debby Boone** and **Shaun Cassidy**. Meanwhile, in an industry known for liberalism, the proud conservative Republican became involved with **Ronald Reagan**'s aborted run for President, and then with **Richard Nixon**'s reelection.

Now the kid next door in his double tweeds is seeking the Republican nomination for lieutenant governor of California. For Curb, who was a millionaire before he turned 21 and controlled a record company before he was 25, it is not inconceivable for him to dream of the Presidency. After all, if a peanut farmer from Georgia can do it, why not an ad writer from Southern California? But for now, all Curb wants is that office in Sacramento. Considering that the last two governors of California have been inexperienced—one coming out of a monastery, the other out of a Borax ad—at least Curb has experience in running a conglomerate. But if California goes bust under Curb, what multinational conglomerate will he merge it with? Perhaps Honda. —JIM NASH

Meet the Press

In most newspapers, you turn to page three to keep abreast of the day's hottest scoops. But in the *Sun*, one of Britain's largest dailies, page three scoops its rivals with the hottest breasts of the day, offering photos of Mother England's most bountiful and beauteous birds in outfits that barely disguise their birthday suits. Now the enterprising folks at WEA Records, Warner Brothers' British affiliate, have come up with the "why didn't we think of that first" notion of signing three of these lovelies to a recording contract and dubbing them, naturally, **Page Three**. The three British warblers are **Felicity Buirski**, **Stefani Marrian** and **Clare Russell**, each 24 years old. And what kind of music can you expect from these bonnie lasses? Well, it could get interesting: Felicity prefers "clear melodic sounds," while Stefani and Clare's faves include punks like the **Sex Pistols** and the **Stranglers**. But these beauties promise they will not be punkettes. "We want to break people's hearts," says Stefani, "not their legs." –P.G.

Hot Chuck

Chuck Mangione may be the ultimate "crossover" musician. His melodies wander through the jazz, pop and R&B charts at the same time, and they can be heard at football games, Olympic broadcasts and on **Tom Snyder**'s *Tomorrow* show. "People even say they've heard my music in porno movies," chuckles Chuck. Now the Mangione magic is on the sound track of *The Children of Sanchez*, a film about a contemporary Mexican family, starring **Anthony Quinn** and **Dolores Del Rio**. But Charles Frank Mangione hasn't let it all go to his head; he never forgets that he owes it all to Mom and Pop back in

RICHARD E. AARON

Rochester, New York. When Chuck was just a fledgling instrumentalist, his folks invited all the celebrated jazzmen who passed through town to a meal at the Mangione homestead. The legend of the food and wine spread across the country to people like **Dizzy Gillespie**, **Art Blakey**, **Ron Carter** and **Cannonball Adderley**, who all stopped by to sample Mama Mangione's pasta. Once, folklore has it, Chuck brought a 35-piece orchestra home with him for dinner. Today, of course, Chuck has to grab his meals on the road, as he's working "more than just about anyone. The whole world is sort of stroking itself to sleep with talk of retirement at fifty-five and a four-day work week," he says. "If I only played sixty days a year, I'd be frustrated. For me, the day *is* the two and a half hours of music I play at the end of it."
–P.G.

They Hug You, They Hold You...

"My legs take up most of my body. They are very long and I have just this little body in the middle. They used to call me Skinnylegs, Spaghettilegs and Stringbeans." Nowadays, however, exotic Nicaraguan export **Barbara Carrera** has developed into one of the world's most traveled tomatoes. A former resident of France, England, Italy and Germany, Barbara knows how to whisper seductively in six different languages. She cruised through four continents promoting *The Island of Doctor Moreau*, and although that film didn't exactly smash box offices in the States, Barbara apparently helped boost it into a winner on foreign turf. In Italy, she tells us, the film outdrew *Star Wars*. And in Japan, as everywhere, they just couldn't get over those long hot legs. "I had to tear all my dresses up the side so they could photograph them. They'd say, 'Legs please, Barbara-*san*.'" –P.G.

STEVE SCHAPIRO/SYGMA

COURTESY OF WARNER BROTHERS RECORDS

Positively Hirth Street

A few years ago, **Hirth Martinez** was an obscure Hollywood songwriter who wrote elusive songs in an idiom of Thirties-style jazz chordings. One of his fans, however, was **Norman Harris**, a San Fernando Valley rare-guitar collector.

"I was over at Norm's house when **Bob Dylan** came over to pick up a guitar," Hirth recalls. "Bob began to count out the money and asked for the guitar, but Norm told him no—he had to listen to my tapes first. Man, I was so embarrassed that I went into the bathroom and hid. Two hours later, Dylan was still listening. Finally, he asked me if I wrote all of them songs, and when I told him I did, he said he really dug them."

With that, Harris packed Hirth and another guitar into his car and hauled him to Malibu, where he proceeded to do the same bit with **Robbie Robertson** of **The Band**. Like Dylan, Robertson liked the tapes and wanted to produce the songwriter, and soon Hirth Martinez had a record deal. Now the cult seems to be growing. At the occasional performances Martinez gives, members of The Band, **Doctor John** and numerous other stars jam the audience.

And what about Norman Harris, the man who forced Dylan and Robbie to listen to the tapes? "Norman called me a while ago and asked me if I would get a tape to Robbie," says Hirth. "I heard it and it wasn't that good, so I told Norm that and he got mad at me. He hasn't spoken to me since."

—Jim Nash

Ersatz Perrier

"Seltzer hit bottom, and now it's in a renaissance," claims **Ron Roth**, a 26-year-old entrepreneur who is turning New Yorkers on to what he considers one of life's simplest pleasures. While most of us have only experienced seltzer vicariously in the squirting skirmishes of old Three Stooges films, Roth has been tossing cases of the sparkling stuff into his old Chevy van and delivering it all over Manhattan to lifelong connoisseurs and nostalgic young folk. Now his company, Seltzer Unlimited, boasts such luminary customers as **Al Goldstein**, **Robert Indiana**, **Gene Shalit** and New York Mayor **Ed Koch**. Roth's seltzer comes in blue, green and amber bottles dating back to the Thirties, with such familiar names as Mianehaha of Cleveland and Liberty and Rotella's of Newark. The bottles are so antiquated that they carry the slogan "Two cents plain." "I get 'em from a guy in the Bronx," says Roth. "When he runs out, I'll be damned if I know where the bottles will come from."

According to old Yiddish lore, seltzer is the "belch in the belly that makes you feel good." But lately, it's a high that's been hard to come by. "Most of the old men are getting out of the business," observes Roth, "and they haven't brought in any young people." Ron recommends spritzing his seltzer into some Fox U-Bet egg cream syrup, or mixing it with wine or simply a slice of lemon for a "wonderful summer drink." But, Ron, what about folks who say it's just club soda? "It's not the same," he challenges. "You have to open the bottle. You lose some of the power, the *oooomph*." He pounds on the table. "And besides," he reminds us, "one squirt of the stuff is all you need to train your cat not to go on the couch." And you can't do that with Perrier.

—P.G.

GARY GERSHOFF

Shake That Stunt

"In every single scene I was with a different man," confesses **Sharon Farrell**. "In one, I was with a Great Dane." The movie is *The Stunt Man* and the role she plays is Denise, "the nymphomaniac hairdresser." *The Stunt Man* is a movie about moviemaking, with **Peter O'Toole** as the director of a World War One antiwar opus. **Steve Railsback** (Charlie Manson in *Helter Skelter*) as a fugitive serviceman who replaces a stunt man killed in the line of duty, and **Barbara Hershey**, who's just lovely as usual. In addition to dyeing Steve's hair and trimming his beard, Sharon reveals, "I had to attack him in the laundry room and we screwed in the dirty clothes." She also left her underwear at home. "I had to wear clothes I could get off *fast*," she explains. A stickler for authenticity, Sharon talked her director into "letting me do a little nudity. The scene was so bizarre, it needed a dose of reality. If a director asks me to shake it out the window," she contends, "I ought to be able to shake anything out the window without being embarrassed." Whatever you say, Sharon.

—P.G.

MARK SENNET

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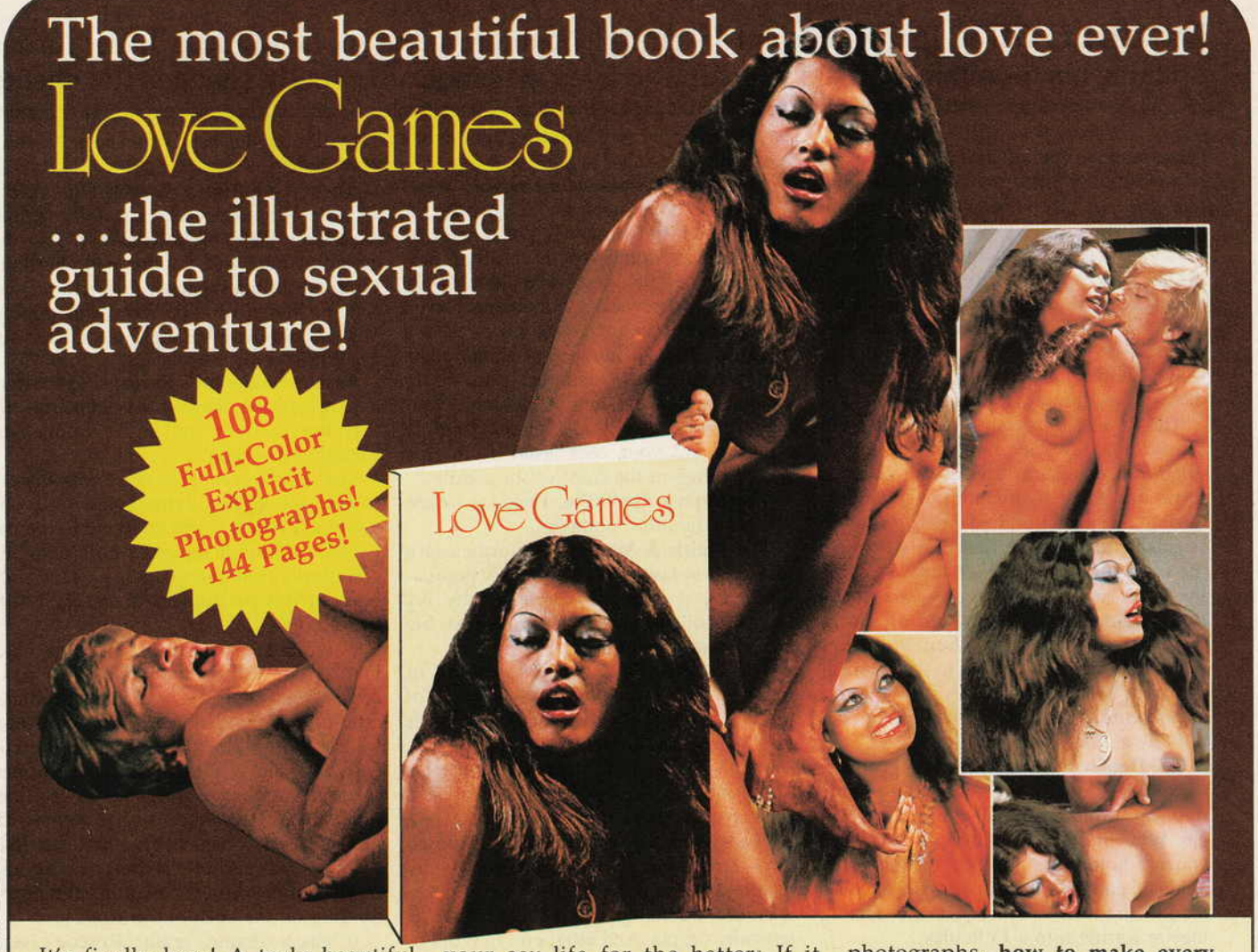

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DOUBLE GIRL In the Jack and Jill and Jill position, at the sound of Little Jack Horner sticking his thumb into an old woman who lives in a shoe, everybody changes the sheets.

(Continued from page 98)
creation, development and refinement of a new position. "Show me a new position,' goes the popular *ménage à trois* refrain, "and I'll show you a new way to fuck."

Easy as it may sound, however, discovering an *effective* new position is no small undertaking. Let's examine a few of the biggies . . . old standards. They are triosex positions so highly respected and universally admired that they are referred to by distinctive, individual names.

The Royal Hungarian Backsnapper. For centuries a favorite of central Europe's titled ruling class, this stylish sequence has come into favor with common folks only during the past hundred years or so. It begins by placing one foot firmly beneath the outboard thigh of each lady. Keeping the wrists straight (form is *everything*), you fold sinuously titward in kind of a controlled collapse. Just when your unprotected forehead is about to strike one or the other Mound of Venus, you snap erect and scream, "Goulash!" Needless to say, nobody goes to sleep horny.

The Double Wheelbarrow. This position, of course, is exactly as its descriptive name implies. It differs from the mundane Single Wheelbarrow in that you will find yourself holding *two* ankles in each hand. And, of course, you can move a heavier load. First-timers often get the feeling they're staring into a Rolleiflex.

The Comin' through the Rye. Don't use day-old bread because the crust can rip you to shreds. That's how Idi Amin circumcised himself, which proves that you don't have to be Jewish to enjoy good food. Lube with sweet (unsalted) butter only.

The Sheepherder's Dream. Never mind. You shouldn't try this one unless both girls have been raised on a farm and neither has a brother.

The Double Sidesaddle Delight (Western style). Now popular worldwide for off-the-road fucking, this position is as American as Mom's Apple Pie. First perfected in the Old West by William "Billy the Pud" Moscowicz, it may be employed either afoot or on horseback, but *never* at a dead run. A real bummer at a stampede. All you have to remember is to sit up straight and keep your elbows in, your heels down, your toes up and slightly outward and your cock away from that pointy thing on the front of the saddle.

The Mom's Apple Pie. Forget it unless you're really into bondage.

The Smith & Wesson. A northeastern U. S. region favorite (and a lovely graduation gift), it is greatly preferred by Ivy League college girls who take this big bottle of salad oil and . . .

The Jack & Jill & Jill. With a pail of water in each hand, you stand on a hill of pillows at the foot of the bed as the girls tumble merrily around your feet. At the sound of Little Jack Horner sticking his finger into an old woman who lives in a shoe, everybody changes the sheets.

The Rubirosa Double Exchange. Named for a giant in our field, the man universally regarded as the Babe Ruth of Boffing, this is indeed a demanding maneuver. Yet it is basically simple. And eloquent. In order to execute it properly, however, you *must* be (a) tall; (b) a snappy undresser; and (c) hung like a buffalo. Details available upon written request and photographic proof of eligibility.

The "Run Silent, Run Deep." If you saw the movie, this one'll be a cinch. Just remember to take three deep breaths before submerging, keep your snorkel up and *don't inhale.*

The 3-on-a-Match Double-Dip. A big favorite of smokers who can talk without breathing, it's a bit too involved for description here due to the paraphernalia required. I only mention it to remind you that, no matter what positions you employ, you should save enough ice cream for breakfast.

Roscoe Boulevard's Revenge. More than a mere position, there's savage beauty here that but hints at the tragic drama surrounding its origin.

Movie producer "Honest" Frank Ernest, so goes the legend, came home early one evening. In the kitchen he found his comely wife and nubile daughter both dangling ecstatically from the casually elegant nude body of Roscoe Boulevard, attached only by suction.

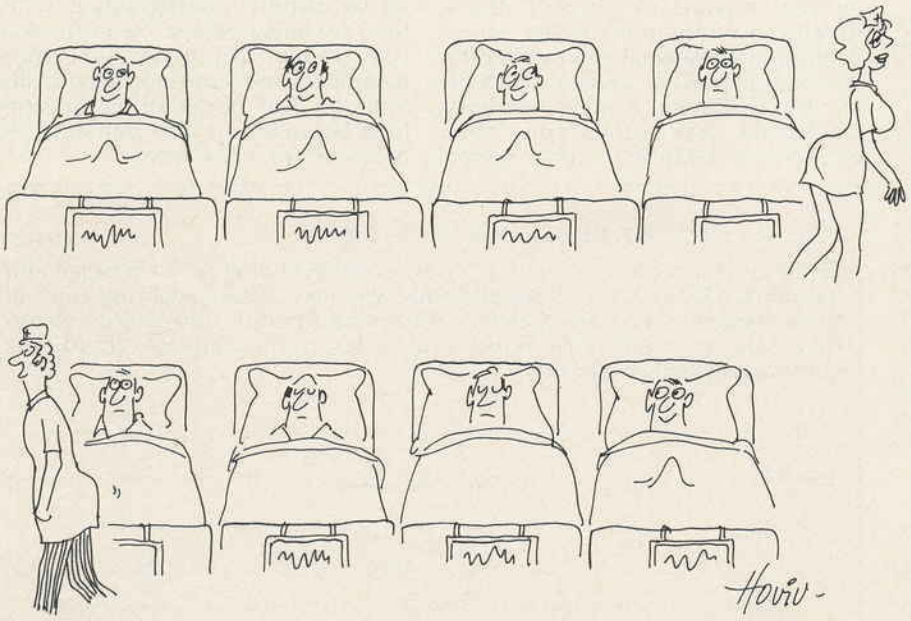
Boulevard, a cool devil, had one bare, tanned foot resting on top of the new trash compactor. This infuriated the producer even more than the fact that the intruder wouldn't stop cleaning his nails. Roscoe had had his way with the tight-lipped twosome, of course. It was his clear intention to be discovered thusly. He wanted his victim to know what sheer hell felt like. (Three weeks earlier, "Honest" Frank had refused to pay him for painting the house number on the curb out in front.)

It was a shame, really. Roscoe's vengeance would have been complete, and so much sweeter, had he not stabbed himself in the cuticle during an unexpected orgasm and succumbed almost instantly to nail-file poisoning. Still, it took four stunt men and a diving board to pry the ladies loose.

The Statue of Liberty. Get a large washtub, fill it two-thirds full of salt water, put a rock in the middle and go stand on it. Have an open book under your left arm and hold a lit Zippo aloft in your right hand. Now the girls, dressed as naked immigrants, lie to you about their parents' political affiliations.

Of course, these are just examples. Basics. Rudiments. Fundamental exercises. A solid foundation from which your *ménage à trois* career might one day soar. Immortality beckons. Meanwhile . . .

. . . passionate, writhing ecstasy as Pierre thrusts his swollen meatsword deep into the frenzied Colette's hot, wet honey pot, while Gigi continues to lick hungrily at his . . . er, no . . . that's the frenzied Gigi's wet, hot honey pot that Pierre thrusts his swollen meatsword into while Colette licks hungrily at . . . no, wait. Lessee, that's Gigi's tit next to the ear that has somebody's toe in it, which means that it must be Colette's wet, hot . . . ah, the hell with it. They're probably foreigners anyway. French. Those sexy sonsabitches. □



ISLAND Make sure your island is pest-free. On England's Puffin Island, you'd have a rough time establishing domain over the half-million rats there who claim squatters' rights.

(Continued from page 58)

Malaysia, in 1974, released 50 of its thousands of small islands for sale on the international market at the incredible price of $5000 each. The only catch was a set of stipulations requiring the new owner to build an up-to-code house on his island and to employ two Malays full time as cook and gardener. The government is now on hold, watching the results of its experiment, but at least one international agent feels that Malaysia may extend a similar offer in the not-too-distant future.

Once you've decided on a livable, politically viable area, your next priority will be to make a close inspection of any island you might be considering. First, look at the fresh-water supply, which, unless you're lucky enough to find an island with running springs or a water table high enough to make a well practical, will probably consist of a cistern-and-catchment system for collecting rainwater (necessary storage capacity: 30,000 gallons for part-time use, 100,000 for year-round). You'll want acceptable elevation—too low, and your kingdom may disappear during an exceptionally high tide, as did Guanaja Island off Honduras; too high, and you'll need ropes and pitons just to disembark. A decent anchorage is a must, even if you travel by seaplane rather than by boat—you still have to get off the damned thing and onto your little paradise.

Make sure the island is relatively pest-free: On England's Puffin Island, for example, you'd have a rough time establishing domain over the half-million rats who claim squatters' rights; likewise, some Caribbean and Central American islands are the sovereign regimes of mosquitoes and sand fleas. If your island meets all these requirements, then look for development potential: good building sites and, if you're planning a permanent escape, at least enough good topsoil to grow your own vegetables.

Building costs can vary greatly, depending on location, availability of native materials and labor, and the tastes and needs of the builder. In the South Pacific one can live year-round in a *buré*, a native hut made entirely of palm thatch and reeds. The same is true on Central American islands and in those areas of the Caribbean that are outside the hurricane zone. These flexible dwellings, called *palenque* (or *palapa* in Latin countries), can be built as simply or as elaborately as one wishes, and can even be multiple stories. Construction costs: zero.

But if you want to enjoy your isolation and still have ice for your gin and tonics, you'll find that costs rise proportionately to the number of creature comforts you feel you need. Builder Herb Kendall, who owns Pelican Island near Antigua in the Caribbean, wanted a more civilized sort of beach house. It cost him some $75,000 just to run an electric cable from the Antigua mainland, 800 feet away. At the other end of the spectrum, one unnamed buyer paid $150,000 for a pile of coral and limestone in the Fijis—no water, no soil. He estimates that the costs of pumping water from another island, crushing rock and importing topsoil will eventually amount to a half-million dollars.

Of course, you couldn't get by with a reed hut on a cold-weather island, not if you plan anything more elaborate than an occasional picnic. Even so, native materials can be just as plentiful in the northerly latitudes. In Nova Scotia, British Columbia or the San Juans, where most of the islands are at least partially wooded, a determined islander who learned how to handle a chain saw and an Alaskan mill could build a house for practically nothing except callouses.

Once established in your home, you'll still have the rather considerable problem of surviving. Obviously, part-time island dwellers like Herb Kendall, and like George Hill of San Mateo, who has a 12-acre island in Horsefly Lake, British Columbia, have much less to worry about than those relatively few isolationists who occupy their kingdoms on a 12-month basis. Both types share a common need to know something about boats; beyond that the similarities are few. While a part-timer will probably have to spend very little beyond his initial investment, island expert Donald McCormick (author of *How to Buy an Island*) estimates that a year-rounder will need a private annual income of at least $2000. "If you want to have nothing to do with farming," he adds, "you will need much more."

In some cases an island can be put to work for its owner; in others, the owner will find a way to work using his island as a base. Raymond Burr, who obviously doesn't need it, realizes a sizable income from a copra plantation on his island. Sugar and sea-island cotton are good Caribbean cash crops. In Australia's Great Barrier Reef, an island owner who was also a commercial pilot bought a few old planes and established the Great Barrier Reef Airways Service. A doctor or dentist can live quite well by plying his services on neighboring islands, as did one group off

UNREAL ESTATE

These islands represent the best of the current crop of listings as of January 1978. Any one of them can be bought with very little complication, and some come complete with developed living facilities in move-in condition. Check with agents (listed in parentheses) for availability. Prices are per island.

JERDEN'S ISLAND—Wohoa Bay, Maine—three acres with livable cabin, nicely wooded—$19,500 (Downeast Acreage)

STUART LAKE—British Columbia—three-acre island, forested, with two-bedroom, well-insulated furnished home on highest point—commanding view of wilderness surroundings—owner is American citizen with Canadian landed-immigrant status—$50,000 (Rare Earth Real Estate)

CAMERON ISLAND—Cape Breton, Nova Scotia—85 acres with 12,000 feet of ocean frontage—the island is in three distinct parts, connected by sandbars—well-wooded, enclosed ponds, good elevations, small clearing where original homestead was located—$78,000 (RWB Douglas and Associates)

NAME IT YOURSELF—Bahamas—30 acres, good elevation, sandy beaches, fine anchorage—$125,000 (Boehm and Vladi)

CLAPBOARD ISLAND—Casco Bay, Maine—21 acres of trees, fields, sand beaches and lodge—sturdy pier on granite pilings—23-room main house with 11 fireplaces, six-room caretaker's house, two-room guesthouse, playhouse, stable, boathouse and other outbuildings—$190,000 (Downeast Acreage)

BEKANA ISLAND—Fijis—30 acres with hundreds of bearing coconut and fruit trees—fertile soil, 40 inches annual rainfall—two running freshwater springs, white sand beaches, excellent lagoon anchorage—taxes almost nonexistent—$225,000 (Rare Earth Real Estate)

CALIVIGNY ISLAND—Grenada (Caribbean)—70 acres plus 20 acres on Grenada Point, lush tropical grasses and palm trees, white sand beaches—720 feet from nearest mainland—house and old hotel—$430,000 (Remote Retreats, Box 7093, Landscape Station, Berkeley, CA 94707)

FLORIDA—Longboat Key, Sarasota—23 acres—small pond, reasonable elevation, continuous sand beach—good buy for personal use or investment—$600,000 (RWB Douglas)

NAONAO ISLAND—Society Islands, French Polynesia—71 acres—piped water from mainland—roads, jetties, one-quarter mile of white sand beaches, shallow lagoon, 4000 coconut trees—$988,225 (RWB Douglas)

PEDRO GONZALES ISLAND—Pearl Islands, just south of Canal Zone on Pacific side of Panama—3600 acres—lush growth of native timber, 20 beautiful sand beaches, two fine anchorage areas—15 minutes by air from Panama City—high elevations, four running streams, potential to develop private power—fishing village of 400 people who do not own the land but cannot be forced off the island—$1,600,000 (Boehm and Vladi)

FANTASY FODDER—Atlantic shore, south of France—five acres, complete with 300-year-old French castle in excellent repair—grounds developed with an eye to beauty and self-sufficiency—walls to keep back high tides and potential invaders—$1,000,000 (Boehm and Vladi)

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ISLAND

the coast of Chile. And, of course, there is always fishing; just watch whose territorial waters you stray into.

Ultimately, even part-time islanders must learn how to deal with the drier side of the very commodity they have gone to such lengths to purchase: isolation. It's one thing to stare out your 15th-story office window daydreaming of coral reefs and brown-skinned ladies, and quite another to actually experience island fever firsthand. Herb Kendall and his family cope with boredom by cruising in their sailboat, skindiving, exploring other islands and occasionally by sailing over to Antigua for a round of socializing at the Admiral's Inn, where Lord Nelson once shacked up with Lady Hamilton. Mrs. Richie Magee diverts herself at night by hopping from rock to rock around her Sebago Lake, Maine, island. "I never had enough moonlight before," she explains. When even these diversions start to lose their charm, Winthrop Shorter can practically *drive* from his New Jersey island to New York City, and Bill Hignett, for all his splendid palm-fringed isolation, is only one hour from an international airport.

If you'd like to see yourself as ruler of an island empire but don't have imperial amounts of cash on hand, you might wait around and hope for a stroke of good luck. Kent Shelby *won* an island in a movie-promotion contest. The island of Dorinish was *given* to the Diggers Action Group by then-Beatle John Lennon. Ernest Hemingway's brother, Leicester, *made* an island near Jamaica by building up a submerged sandbar with iron piping, stones, bamboo and steel cables. And in 1949, a pilot flying over the Pacific *discovered* one. Seeing a puff of smoke on the horizon, he flew toward it, low enough to witness the island's birth, then claimed it and named it after his plane.

Actually, you may have already missed your best chance to pick up on a free island kingdom. For many years the government of Costa Rica was offering governorship over its Cocos Island—the model for Stevenson's *Treasure Island*, where the Peruvian treasure is said to be buried—to anyone who would go there and administer it in Costa Rica's name. But don't rush to the nearest consulate: The government plans to turn Cocos into a national park.

Incidentally, John Wayne's former stronghold, Taborcilla Island (off the Pacific coast of Panama, some 1.8 miles from the mainland), is now on the market. Sixty-five acres, two miles of sand beaches, an airstrip, dilapidated house and more palm trees than you could bask under in three lifetimes. The hardhat prince himself used to go there to galvanize his skin. All this and the Duke's stray footprints for $600,000. ☐

DOPER

(Continued from page 77)

knew a good thing when they sniffed it, and they began to seriously gear up for the new market. The first head twist was flavored papers, which came in a veritable Baskin-Robbins assortment, including chocolate, vanilla, strawberry, banana, licorice, coconut, grape—and, of course, cannabis. Today most of these flavors are still available, but the flavor trend seems to have leveled off. Menthol papers have also been hyped, but they're not selling like Kools, as their inventors had hoped. In fact, most pot smokers seem to like the taste of marijuana—and it's believed that quite a few of the flavored papers sold are wrapped around straight "coffin nails" by young ladies just getting the nicotine habit.

Of course, flavor isn't the only consideration in a rolling paper. There's also nutrition. Paper isn't just made from trees—sometimes it's made from foods such as bamboo, rice, wheat and palm. Cannabis is also edible, and its consumption in paper form does not contribute to deforestation.

The next innovation of the head paper market occurred when entrepreneurs realized that joints didn't have to look like cigarettes, especially in the privacy of one's own home. The first "designer" papers were the American flag brand, which appeared at the height of the Vietnam War. These were quickly followed by dollar-bill papers and psychedelic Day-Glo prints. Jazzier still, but an endangered species, are leopard- and zebra-skin papers, the perfect way to turn on when wearing a safety pin through your nose.

The size revolution began in 1972. A fellow named Burt Rubin was getting a little bit high when he noticed that people often used *two* papers when rolling a joint. Of course, millions had no doubt made this clever observation before; but, having a bit of Newton in him, Burt didn't think, "So what?" and then space it out. He envisioned E-Z Widers, and went right out and began marketing a labor-saving, double-width paper. E-Z Widers carved out a corner of the market so fast that a size war instantly erupted in the industry, resulting in the current choice between single, double, one-and-a-half and one-and-a-quarter widths from a variety of manufacturers. And if that's not wide enough, E-Z Wider and American Dream both offer rolls of papers packaged like Charmin. You can use a little bit at a time, or roll a 15-foot joint.

In the old days, using simple, makeshift and noncommercial head gear seemed like a part of the hippie ethic. Pot wasn't

Glenn O'Brien, formerly executive editor of High Times, *rolls his joints English style with three Bambú papers.*

a regular product; it was contraband, underground, and so were the tools of its consumption. But when everybody in America, including Mom and Pop, started to turn on, a vast market was created and ultrahip capitalism was born. At first it was a cottage industry, but the demand called for mass production. And then something else happened: style. Sure, you can get high with a 25-cent corncob pipe, but you can also share an electric, water-cooled, self-loading bong with seven of your best friends. In a land where gadgets are treasured, it *had* to happen.

So, today we have the executive head, with a precision gram scale in his Vuitton attaché case, an ivory coke tooter, an antique ormolu snuff bottle, a platinum Valium box, an alligator smoke pouch and Gucci cigarette papers. Gucci cigarette papers? Yep.

Well, actually they aren't real Guccis. They're imitation. But like imitation Gucci loafers, they could fool you. Guccoid papers are no longer on the market, however, and in a few years, they could be worth a fortune as a collector's item, since paraphernalia is bound to be a great collector's field, as subtle and arcane as beer cans.

Today's rolling papers are available in a wide variety of cunning packages, designed to appeal to smokers of every aesthetic orientation. For the classy and the romantic there are JOB papers—the kind that Mucha did his famous art nouveau posters for in the last century, and which still feature a chic, decadently florid art nouveau package. Still more chic is Blanco y Negro, a Bambú brand favored by art deco fans, featuring a fabulously racist, deco rendition of a black saxophone player on the cover. And Bambú's other brands are also quite decorative: There's the nostalgic, Victorian-looking Indio Rosa, the Mediterranean-style Marfils and the Aztec design of their Esterilla Bambú. And Bambú regular continues to be the paper of choice for many Americans, particularly in New York City, where Bambú means rolling paper *en español.*

Perhaps the most snob appeal offered by any rolling paper, though, is in the new Columbo brand, which comes in glossy but ultramodernly clean three-packs. Each paper is individually stamped in gold or silver with the word *Columbo*, so everyone will know that you're smoking *the best.* (Columbo papers have no relation to the government of Colombia or to Joe Columbo.)

The greatest current innovation in rolling papers is the kind with a built-in wire that becomes a roach holder as the joint burns down; then there's the Decriminalization series from American Dream, featuring seals of the sovereign states that have decriminalized grass on the flap, with the new penalties on the back. Roll 'Em papers now let you roll the European way—that is, with a filter tip that's built in. Roll

THE COMPLEAT DOPER'S GIFT CATALOG

15 WAYS TO SAY "HIGH"

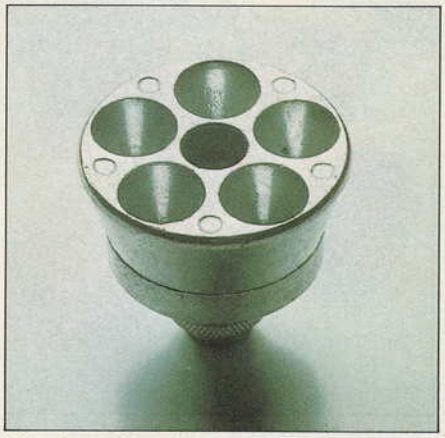
The original fumble-fingered freak's friend was the Bamboo Steamroller ($1). Then came rigs like the Rizla and Super Roller ($1.95), followed by JOB's and Rizla's automatics ($6–7).

Smoke a Note is a perfect gift for heads who can't avoid mixing business with pleasure. A surefire way of getting coworkers to read—or at least smoke—your memos ($1.75).

The WD-40 Motor Oil Stash Can ($4.95) is weighted to feel like the real thing. Also available in your favorite pop beverage ($4–12). But be careful; some narcs are hip.

Ozium, used in mortuaries, decriminalizes deadly herbal aromas ($3.95). Stick a J in the Super Charger ($4.95) and toss it around the room—the most convenient and casual way yet to pass a joint.

For one buck, SmoKit gives you perforated-match roach clips, rolling papers and room for your stash. In a pinch, you can also use it to light a pipe or cigarette.



The Saturday Night Special turns a standard bong into a fully loaded automatic. The five-shot cartridge revolves after each hit so you don't have to reload ($5.95). Great for wasting friends.

MORE OF THE COMPLEAT DOPER'S GIFT CATALOG

15 WAYS TO SAY "HIGH" (CONTINUED)

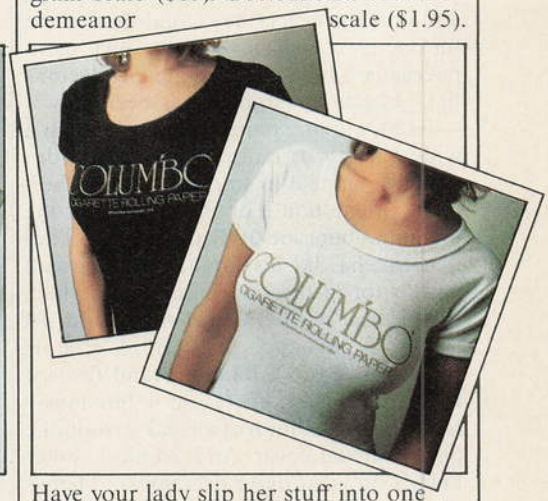
Master Kit by Western Scientific Products ($65) enables you to test coke, acid, amphetamines, barbiturates and THC levels in grass and hash. Reportedly, the Justice Department even uses it.

Johnny Snowflake, top, ($3.50) and Screenz, bottom, ($4.95) grind and sift your blow into a pleasantly snortable texture. Much less dangerous to lick clean after use than a razor blade.

Top: Gram scale with drawer for weights, stash and your lawyer's phone number ($50). Below right: the Deering traveling gram scale ($15). Bottom left: the Misdemeanor scale ($1.95).

How many times have you spaced out that perfect sequel to *Star Wars* when you're ripped? Easy Writer (50¢) can turn your California dreams into screen rights and hard cash.

The silver- and gold-embossed lettering on Columbo papers, by RubyRose, make for a perfect way to impress your friends with a more dapper doobie. Three-pack sets $1.25.



Have your lady slip her stuff into one of these Columbo Ts, and nobody will pay any attention to what she's smoking. Send $6 to RubyRose, P.O. Box 3720, Beverly Hills, California 90212.

Handmade wooden stash boxes are rapidly replacing the ubiquitous plastic baggie in today's hip household ($2–15). Below right: Hollywood Secrets by Wilson Wood for funny cigarettes.

Pills in the aspirin bottle can result in unpleasant accidents with houseguests. Ease your mind with Mexican tin canisters, hand-enameled pill boxes or a crafted silverwork ($3.95–12.95).

Thai Power's music box is the final word in contemporary dope novelty items. While the box tinkles *Smoke Gets in Your Eyes*, Jimmy Carter pops out and personally hands you a joint ($19.95).

'Em tips let all the psychoactive particles through, but you don't get pot on your teeth . . . no more nasty roach burns on your fingers. Progress.

PSYCHO-PLUMBING

We've come a long way since the toilet-paper-roll bong. This is the age of brave new pipes, of technological miracle devices that do everything for you but tuck you in bed when you get too wrecked. The first pipe widely sold specifically for head use was the water pipe, usually a brass or glass bottle, a rubber chem-lab stopper and a brass pipe stem and bowl. They cooled the smoke and allowed for deeper breathing. It wasn't a modern advance—the Arabs had been doing it for centuries—and hip technology didn't improve on it for some time. Before long, the water pipe was joined on the market by another ancient device, the bong, which allows the smoker to produce a DEA-agent bonfire's worth of smoke, cool it, and then *whoosh*—just swallow that whole mutha. And modern design *did* make a few variations of this old trick.

A model of sophistication is the ACH Skydiver. This pipe is designed to match the average adult lung capacity and features a carburetor, just like the one in your car, which controls the flow of air to the herb. Once you've got a premeasured lungful of smoke in the pipe, you just pull the "rip cord" and you are, indeed, ripped.

Water pipes have also gone exotic, with many hookahs offering at least a half-dozen stems for party smoking. Others have made technical improvements, one of the most advanced being the E-Z Wider Pipe System—a spillproof water pipe with a liquid heat-exchange system (just like a V8) and a no-sludge, no-mess, disposable dope cartridge. And you don't have to use boring old water in your E-Z Wider. The pipe comes with strawberry-flavored "coolant," and other flavors are available.

Labor saving has become an important consideration in today's designs. Many of the new pipes have convenient accessories built right in. For instance, the Star Striker bong features a stash tray, match holder and striking pads, and the Flick-A-High pipe has a Ronson lighter fitted in next to the bowl, so you don't have to fumble around for fire while trying to attain a higher spiritual plane. And to save you the trouble of reloading and wasting precious seconds, there's now a variety of automatic-loading gear available. One of the most efficient of these is the Toke-o-matic from Toke International (whose corporate motto is "Toys for the Mind"). The Toke-o-matic is a reloading bowl that fits Toke International's Cannabis Creek "grunge-proof bong" and dispenses more than 20 hits without reloading—or until you pass out. Another popular automatic is the Saturday Night Revolver, a bong adapter with six pipe bowls on a rotating disk that fits almost anything, including Austin Healey exhaust pipes.

DOPE PARAPHERNALIA FOR THE HANDICAPPED

If your lungs need to take a breather from all that heavy exercise, try the fully automatic pipe. You don't have to suck. No sir, just sit there and let it come to you. The Buzzmaster, only $19.95, shoots smoke into your mouth for you (hopefully no faster than you can inhale it). Can the herbal iron lung be far off? And if the Buzzmaster hasn't got enough power to inflate your brain, there's always the Pump Bong, which looks just like what it is—a bicycle pump for reaching newer heights. For similar assistance in the field of joint toking, there's the popular Power Hitter, a plastic bottle that drags on your joint for you, stores the smoke and then, at a squeeze, delivers a cool lungful of combusted locoweed by-products into your respiratory system.

The work has also been taken out of pot manicuring. Once, tea heads spent precious minutes removing the seeds and twigs from their stash. The traditional method was raking it on a tilted surface, such as a Lothar and the Hand People album cover, until all the seeds rolled onto the rug. But today's pothead is a better housekeeper and is often into agriculture, so much LP-jacket use has been supplanted by the operation of specially designed cleaning trays, bowls and machines. The classic cleaning tray is shaped like a painter's rolling tray, but with a seed receptacle at the bottom. Bowls usually feature indented rims to catch those little cannabis kernels. But even more labor saving and less demanding of skill are the mechanical devices such as the Marygin, a mutant descendant of Eli Whitney's cotton cleaner. This plastic mill's rotary action powders pot perfectly every time, and it retails for less than five bucks. For $19.95, there's the ultimate, the High Plane Sifter, which cleans dope electrically. You don't even have to turn the crank. It's still more fun to use an LP jacket (*Garvey's Ghost* by Burning Spear, Island Records, is a good choice), but for that certain exec or brain surgeon in a hurry, the High Plane Sifter could be the answer.

PARANOIA PRODUCTS

In ten states, nobody is going to jail for smoking a joint. But that's only 20 percent of the Union. You can light up a joint on the streets of Manhattan with relative ease, but try it across the Hudson River and it could mean the clink. So, today's head shop is well equipped to help keep hemp heads and others on the outside.

Perhaps the most popular safety device is the odorless pipe, of which there are many varieties; air and flame can get into the bowl, but the only way the smoke can get out is through you. Pipes are also available in an enormous number of disguises: belt buckles, soda cans, Heineken bottles, pens, pencils, whistles or a wineskin. But perhaps the most ingenious disguise of them all allows you to fly while you drive. It's Saf-T Products' electric CB pipe. It looks just like your average CB microphone, but actually it's a self-lighting pipe that blows a jet stream of smoke into your rebel tubes as you cruise. Just plug it into the cigarette lighter, aim for the mouth, push the button and tune in. But don't forget to keep an eye out for Smokeys.

The roach clip is another item that comes in myriad disguises, from felt-tip pens to mechanical pencils and house keys. (The latest roach clip features a cockroach in Lucite.) And one disguise that isn't really a disguise, but which doesn't look much like a roach clip either, is the Alligator Clip—like the old alligator electrical clip, but actually in the form of (get this) an *alligator.*

The most spectacular paranoia products, however, are designed for those with the most to lose—the cocaine users, who could end up felons. Custom-made jewelry pieces, especially gold and silver pendants, cleverly conceal coke containers. Perhaps the classiest powder stash is the hollowed silver dollar that opens with a touch on the right spot, but which can otherwise be flipped Cagney-style with impunity. Also a class act is D & E Enterprises' Coke Cache, a facsimile Diamond matchbox that holds 48 doses of pharmaceutical nose candy in airtight compartments—outlaw pop art. Even more brilliant is Alpine Creations' Benzoflake inhaler, which solves the problem of sticking something unusual in the nasal orifice in public. The Benzoflake is a stunning facsimile of the sinus sufferer's friend, the Benzedrex inhaler. From the outside they look identical, but twist the Benzoflake and it's ready to dispense a premeasured hit of contraband cookies into the nostril. Along the side, the Benzoflake inhaler is inscribed "for temporary relief of nasal congestion," which may actually be true, but it's a hell of an expensive way to keep the nose open.

Once, stashes were homemade—or if professionally made, they were sold only to the trade, through smugglers. But today a wide variety of stashes are available for every purpose: for one's person, for automobiles and for the home. Body stashes come as money belts, socks with pockets, armbands and lingerie with secret compartments. Auto stashes are mainly magnetized compartments that stick up, out of sight, under the dash. When it comes to home stashes, though, things get a little fancy. Perhaps the best item available today for the superparanoid, or those living in strict localities, is the Stash Saver, a glass jar that contains an eight-ounce, wa-

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DOPER

tertight compartment surrounded by a considerable quantity of your favorite disguise: peanut butter, caviar or, as they feature in their ad, sardines.

"Should I check this one, Joe?"

"No, Frank, that's sardines. Check the parsley, sage, rosemary and oregano."

And for humor in a stash, there's the Space Islands herb jar, which looks just like the famous Spice Islands herb series and is labeled "Marijuana."

In fact, there are almost as many stash products made today for showing off as there are for hiding things. Idea Machine of California offers a $65 solid mahogany smoking cabinet for the person who takes his reefer seriously. Resembling the liquor cabinet of a large, jaded dollhouse, the Smoker's Cabinet contains a humidor, a pipe rack, an ashtray, a match holder, a stash drawer and a mirrored drawer, apparently for preparing flaky treats in the manner Hunter Thompson calls "tapping the glass." "Get your stash out of that shoebox," prompt the folks at Idea Machine, and get something you will be "proud to show your friends." Just make sure you know who your friends are.

DO-IT-YOURSELF

The gardening-supply business is booming. *High Times* calls it "psychoagriculture." Others call it growing your own.

Veteran dopers may tell you that all you need is seeds and dirt, but they're not hip to modern agriculture. Today's salads are the result of much engineering and scientific know-how, and the same goes for much of today's reefer. Growth lights and special fertilizers now make cultivation possible almost anywhere. There's even a marijuana-growing machine that makes bathtub boo—a hydroponic operation where the plants grow in fertilized water, without soil. The High-Gro-Ponic unit from Aqua Culture, at a mere $250, even features electronic timers that feed the plants and give them light even more regularly than *el sol* and the troposphere.

There are also handy kits for growing most other illegal organic substances, from mushrooms to poppies.

The best known potency-enhancing kit is the isomerizer, which extracts the essential oils from organic substances. And leading the isomerizer field is Thai Power, whose latest model is the Iso 2. The isomerizer works on a basic principle that has been in use for years. You can actually do it in your kitchen without sophisticated equipment. Then again, a few kitchens have been blown to smithereens in the process, so the $179.50 price tag of the Iso 2 may be worth it.

Isomerizing involves boiling herbs in a solvent such as hydrochloric acid or alcohol (usually it's sticks, stems, seeds and low-grade marijuana that's used in this part of the process). Once the solvent has absorbed the available THC, it is added to smokable herb and then boiled off. Theoretically, the solvent disappears entirely, leaving your processed stash enriched with psychoactives. Does it work? Well, there's no doubt that such a machine can extract resins from inferior herbal substances and deposit them on other herbal substances—and assuming the solvents, which are poisons, are boiled off, it would seem to be a clever, valuable process. But in a day when food processing and technology applied to organic matters is generally suspect, isomerizing could prove a worrisome thing for "organic" or kosher heads.

And den on a whole udda lebel, mon, there's Orange Aid, a marijuana additive from Jamaica Concepts Unlimited, which claims to be an ancient secret formula of Jamaica's Rastafarian sect (the world's leading marijuana-inspired religion). Orange Aid is an organic extract which, it is claimed, keeps stashes as fresh as harvest time, while enhancing potency and life expectancy. In fact, the Rastas are great ones for multiherbal concoctions, so this may be an authentic formula.

POT ART

Technique isn't everything—and there are many items of paraphernalia today that exist just because they are beautiful—or at least someone thinks they are. There are a number of herbal pipes that are inexpensive replicas of pre-Columbian or ancient Mesopotamian models. Modern designs include the popular penis pipe. One of the most unusual entries in the field of pipe art, however, is the papier-mâché work of a Greenwich Village artisan who creates life-sized heads of the stars that actually smoke your joint for you while you get high. Just pop a number into the kisser of Marilyn Monroe, Judy Garland, Jackie Onassis, Lucille Ball, Barbra Streisand or, yes, Phyllis Diller, take a pull on the plastic tube, and you can pretend that you're actually turning on with your idol. As Phyllis Diller would say, "Isn't that divine?"

And if that isn't, we've got another one you can try. The Pyramid Pipe is a glass-tubing job constructed in the shape of the Great Pyramid. The bowl, of course, is centrally located but, actually, it looks a little low to be in the mystically significant position of the king's chamber. Still, who's to say that this geometric configuration doesn't somehow capture the life force of the universe in a few drags? Even if it doesn't, it still smokes cool—and you can always pick up some of the life force of the universe from your local dealer. □

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Siné

JAGGER I don't like any singers at all...Lead vocalists are so full of shit...I don't like Rod Stewart and I don't like Elton John or the way they carry on.

(Continued from page 72)
England. And once you've left I don't think you really wanna go back—not to live all your life there, anyway. When I'm older, maybe.

OUI: Because of the political or social conditions, the culture, the weather? Because of—

JAGGER: The Queen? No, you just get used to traveling around on the road. I don't think I could really settle down anymore.

OUI: What's the longest you stay anywhere?

JAGGER: About a month.

OUI: And you are comfortable with that lifestyle?

JAGGER: *I'm* happy about it, but whether my family's happy living like that is another matter. But I am. I can't think of another way to live.

OUI: Your daughter [Jade] has to change schools each time you move?

JAGGER: Yeah, each time I change countries she changes schools.

OUI: You never leave them behind?

JAGGER: [Now in a deep cowboy-type voice] I am sorry but that's the way it is, for her and my wife. You have to take the rough with the smooth, honey. She has plenty to eat and loving parents but she don't have a settled life. See. There you go. Take one thing and lose another. What you lose on the roundabout, you gain on the swings. She's in first grade now. They start school too late here. Listen, honey, I could read, write and do 'rithmetic by the time I was *five years old.* So don't fuck around playin' with bricks and everything like they do over here. What the hell's the use of *that*? So I hope she learns to write and read properly this year, anyway.

OUI: Does your wife have any preferences as to the country she lives in?

JAGGER: [In a TV-adman's voice] Her country preference is her concern. She's a liberated woman. They should all have country preferences. [He cracks up at the notion.] She likes to live anywhere.

OUI: Didn't you once tell me that you lived on the Ile St. Louis in Paris?

JAGGER: I didn't *say* it. I *read* it. I keep reading that I live in all these places. The truth of the matter is I don't live anywhere.

OUI: What effect does that have on you?

JAGGER: I imagine it has one, but I don't know what it is. Any more raw mackerel? [Then, in an astonished, high-pitched whine] I ate all the raw mackerel? I can't eat no mo' of this raw fish, boy. Hell, it ain't even *cooked* yet!

OUI: You were recently in England. Musically, what did you see happening there?

JAGGER: Which answer do you like?

OUI: Which one have you got?

JAGGER: I got hundreds. I got a great album by the Motors. It's all happening [now going into a DJ-type voice], it's all happening, baby, it's interesting, substantial, meaningful [this is apparently Jagger's mock-up of the rock-critic scene], valid, influential, absolutely particularly influential, fantastically influential, politically influential, it's got a real political influence. [Now in own voice] They did have a lot of energy. It was a bit like the Stones fifteen years ago.

OUI: Do you assume you can continue to be the so-called best rock-'n'-roll band in the world?

JAGGER: People ask all the time if we are the enemies of punk, and I say yeah, because we are the best punk band of all. English people always ask—in that very polite way—if we could play more fast numbers. I don't mind people criticizin' me at all, 'cause I know we're the best. We're still better than they are.

OUI: Do record sales and the number of fans you have mean a lot to you anymore?

JAGGER: It's a silly question. There's no information *available.* We could bullshit you up yo' ass, anyway.

OUI: Is anything good coming out of all that New Wave stuff?

JAGGER: Yeah, some things. I mean, the first time I heard *Carol,* I didn't think of it as a classic. What I like about rock 'n' roll is that it's a very limited medium and it requires a tremendous amount of energy.

OUI: So you can still feel the energy of those early days . . .

JAGGER: If you wanna be a rock-'n'-roll singer you don't live in Hollywood, you don't play in Vegas and you don't go into movies. I think you get dissipated in those directions. I will *not* live in Hollywood. For me, music is still the most important thing. I try and make people understand work and play are the same when we're playin' No difference between the two. And when I go out on the road, I can get into it any way I want. I can do whatever *I want.* We are not specifically interested in talking about who we play with in our *outside* lives, and what we do, and even if we do *anything* worth doin'—I say *shit,* we're not interested in talkin' 'bout this or that. Life shouldn't be something totally like some shit you talk to the press and radio about. I mean if you do tours and make records for six months of the year, then you can be anything in private that you wanna be—anything. I mean, where is it indicated that there is anything wrong with spending part of my life *outside of music*? None of the reporters in the U.K. wanted to talk about music.

OUI: What did they want to get into?

JAGGER: Girls. Britt Ekland. Soccer and my "divorce" from Bianca. Keith's bein' put away forever. What I thought about fucking Margaret Trudeau. Whether I thought she was a good fuck or not.

OUI: Well?

JAGGER: I said she was never really a good fuck 'cause I never tried.

OUI: What about Britt?

JAGGER: I feel sorry for Britt [referring to her suit against Rod Stewart for a reported $15 million, later settled out of court]. I think she should get more than she asks for. I would pay her anything—she could go with us. She should know which group to go with. Keith and I don't get into that kind of trouble with chicks. We would give each one that came twelve million bucks. [Now in a rhapsodic childlike voice] She's so *pretty*! Fifteen million dollars *anytime.* [Now in a blues drawl] Just bring all yo' money, honey.

OUI: Do you hang around with any other rock musicians?

JAGGER: I think guitarists are all mad. Singing drummers—that's a whole other section. I don't like any singers at all.

OUI: Personally or artistically?

JAGGER: Personally and whatever. If they sing better than I do then I ain't gonna speak to 'em at all. I don't like any of them. And lead vocalists are so full of shit I ain't gonna speak to them anyway. They're called LVs. In a way I'm really very ashamed. I actually try with all my heart not to be one. Not to be an LV. It does work and I do sort of get away with it. I don't like them and I don't like Rod Stewart and I don't like Elton John and I don't like the way they carry on—

OUI: Onstage or in—

JAGGER: Onstage. Everything about them, everything they do off- and onstage. I don't wanna be identified with that kind of person because I don't feel I should be. I ain't them. I get very upset being identified with them—as an English LV. Journalists are so full of shit. They never speak the truth. I don't care about entertaining or being *on the street* or being interested in society, and I don't give a *shit* about anything or anybody, and everybody that knows me knows it's true. I don't have to defend myself and I don't want to, so if you wanna write about me bein' a socialite that's all right with me. I don't care what is written about me. I don't care or worry about it.

OUI: Then why do interviews if they're all a crock of shit?

JAGGER: I don't go along with sayin' "fuck you" about it, but I don't like it either. It's just a misrepresentation. It takes a helluva lot more of this shit just to get around doin' them.

OUI: So the press has created the image of Mick Jagger, Socialite Jet Setter?

JAGGER: I don't really like to be that, or whatever they say I am. Yeah, they do

create the image and I don't really mind at all. I can be anything I want. You never would have got this interview with Elvis. [He's sounding both resentful that he's in a position of relatively easy access compared to the King, but also proud that he hasn't taken the same retreat from the real world.] Is that true or false? Y'unnastand what I mean? He couldn't speak to you like I am now. Elvis was always advertising karate and chocolate milk shakes, the all-American boy, and he was one of the best whites in rock early on. But I'm not interested in what Elvis did privately.

OUI: Do you resent the fact that you are more accessible than Elvis?

JAGGER: What I'm tryin' to get straight is that Keith and me are just like people on the street. It's all been incredibly miscalculated. The Stones are still street people. That's what's kept the Stones together, even after all these layoffs. When we get together again, we say to each other, "You're incredibly off the street." Charlie [Watts] lives in the south of France, and he walks into a restaurant down there and he can't even *speak the language*—so he's really off the street, more than *anybody*, totally off the street. I mean people there don't know who the fuck he is. Here [in New York] Keith and I are off the street and people don't even care. If you can run from autographs, then you do. I totally believe, though, that I can go anywhere on the streets by myself. People think we live this kind of star life but we don't at all. The trick is how to walk down the street. I don't know what Elvis died of, but isolation isn't good for you.

OUI: Your brownstone here in New York . . . are there any people there with you—valets, roadies, hangers-on, *aides de camp*, housekeepers?

JAGGER: No hangers-on. I live on my own. I don't clean house, I must admit. I do have a girl who comes in and cleans it up after Ronnie Wood and Keith have been there and smashed it up [he's laughing now at this picture in his mind]. I have to have that. Lots of rock-'n'-roll people do that [trashing homes and hotels] and I think it's disgusting. They don't add anything. They just detract. They know I ain't interested in that shit. Hot *sake* hot *sake*! [Then suddenly, lapsing into a World War Two–type Japanese imitation, he calls out, "Hot *sake* hot *skiiii*!" The restaurant has now nearly filled with Friday-evening dinner patrons, and none has noticed or recognized Jagger.]

OUI: Do you have any particular weakness for Japanese food?

JAGGER: I can't *stand* raw fish. I mean that raw fish is really awful. That mackerel is *inedible*. My, I eat quite a lot.

OUI: Do you walk around, drive or take subways when you're in town?

JAGGER: I walk everywhere. I don't have a driver, either. You think I'm some kind of bourgeois rock-'n'-roll star or something? I take cabs or I walk. [Now going into his Wilbur Harrison, black blues voice] "I'm goin' to New Yoke/I'm goin' if I havff to woke." I live here. I don't want no limousines.

"Your résumé is most impressive, Miss Thorton. I particularly like the nude photo."

OUI: Do you think rock stars who ride around in limousines are altered as artists by that kind of luxury and unreality?

JAGGER: I have no idea. Depends on what radio station the driver's got on the radio in the front. [Now grinning wildly, delighted with this answer] *I've got you completely on that one!*

By now, Jagger and I had polished off a quart of sake, *and there was absolutely no tension left between us. Still, I knew the notion that I had perhaps caught Jagger in a rare off-guard moment was an illusion. A measure of his genius at press relations is that, at will, Jagger can dramatize, then recoil and from moment to moment create different identities through various voices and inflections. Now he's a jester, now a playful pal empathetic to the plight of the working boy, then the man from the street, then suddenly, the elder statesman of rock 'n' roll and social gadfly. And through it all, the total self-parodist. Jagger, Dylan and a very few others in his business have developed the press relation into an art form, a Zen-like dialectic in which the ultimate connection, journalistic satori—when barriers between subject and object are all broken—occurs at the moment when the very division between them is most clearly defined. Jagger's looseness with the press is a function of his manipulative detachment from it, not a measure of any intimacy. It's a masterful form of shrewdness in which he and the reporter unconsciously collude to replace confidences with good copy. For Jagger, it doesn't matter who he is or what he writes. We've all got our crosses to bear in life, and Jagger, I realize at this point, is experiencing this not as an interview, but rather as his one-man Guerrilla Theater of the Absurd. And, instead of watching him perform, I have chosen to become one of the players. I have refused to accept him too literally, and have opted instead for an impressionistic farce of a rock-'n'-roll celebrity interview.*

OUI: How is your marriage these days?

JAGGER: We're thinking of making it into a soap opera at eleven-thirty in the morning. We're gonna have rows and disputes. I'll be fired.

OUI: You'd put a lot of gossip columnists out of work that way.

JAGGER: Yeah, I think you hit the nail on the head, really. When they've got something to write about, they do, and when they run out of things, they talk about us. We don't really give a damn.

OUI: You must hear a lot of stories about yourself.

JAGGER: I hear all kinds of things about all these girls I sleep with who I have never even met. I have to ring them up later to find out who they are and see if I can get a picture of them. And a phone number. As they say, I supposedly have already screwed her. It is difficult for Bianca and I staying together through all that shit;

NEXT August

RAH RAH FOR CHUCK BARRIS

What happened when our writer spent Easter Sunday watching 42 acts audition for the *Gong Show*? Yep, absolute madness. Find out what the Unknown Comic looks like undressed, what Jaye P. Morgan really says when she's blipped and why all the dogs love Chuck Barris.

INSIDE THE LOCKER ROOM

It's not easy to be young, pretty and a female sportswriter, says Samantha Stevenson, especially when the entire Philadelphia 76ers basketball team—except Doctor J—decides to strip *en masse* before being interviewed. But the real blow was being barred from the *women's* locker room on the Virginia Slims tennis tour.

AT YOUR NEWSSTAND JULY 11TH

PETER FRAMPTON

No hype, kids—this is the world's first nonboring (yes, there's a catch) interview with that cute little blond who comes alive in *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band.*

EVERY PICTURE TELLS A STORY

When one sexy woman decides to take pictures of another sexy woman, sexy things sometimes happen. We hate to keep you in suspense, but you'll have to wait to see how things develop.

PLUS:

Vanessa (above) bares the truth in the nick of time; Abbie Hoffman misses a close encounter with CIA fink Philip Agee; Frederick's of Hollywood comes undressed but not unglued; Robert Wieder reviews the Chicago riots ten years later—a trivia quiz; OUI girls reveal their all-time sexual turn-offs; pornographic holograms; how the Porsche owner got to be that way; the case *for* sex and violence on TV; how to ask the boss for a raise; and what to do when a groupie mistakes you for a rock-'n'-roll star.

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JAGGER Hell shit what a place! Eeeemo Jeeewar. We had to eat dead Japanese for fourteen days. Eeeewa Jeemer. I don't wanna go back ther' no way!

I have never been with a girl for as long as I've been with Bianca. Seven years. My maximum record was four before that—which I considered quite an achievement for fidelity. This is like breaking all the records. I don't mind it. I'm quite happy. That's fine. I love Bianca. She's really a nice girl. Everyone says she's a bitch and everything, but she's really a nice girl.

OUI: It must take a lot of understanding between the two of you to—

JAGGER: I'm so *easy* to understand, anyone can, any girl. But it is difficult to understand Bianca.

OUI: You mean it's more difficult to understand her than—

JAGGER: I'm bullshittin' you. It's difficult for Bianca and all that, but it's not ever easy to understand people you live with. *Hot* sake?

OUI: Which *sake* is which? Is this one mine?

JAGGER: It's all ours. You know, if you're a geisha and you spill a drop, forget it. They tie you up. [Now he lapses into a Dixie falsetto, like a high-pitched Southern belle.] Hell *shit* what a country! Musta been helluva country, musta been *hell* in there. *Eemo Jeemer, Eema Jeemer.*

OUI: What?

JAGGER: Eeeemo Jeeema . . . I say, don't you rememba that? Don'tcha know y'own history? Hell shit what a place! Eeeemo Jeeewar. We had ta eat dead Japanese for fourteen *days.* I cain't tell you it was *hell* in there! Eeewa Jeemer. I don't wanna go back ther' *no way*!

OUI: You talkin' 'bout Iwo Jima?

JAGGER: [Not wanting to break up his hilarious Southern-belle soliloquy] We went back there with the kids last year. It's rill nice. They gotta real *nice* Holiday Inn on the base now.

Just now, Jagger is lost in the sound of one voice rambling, as a couple of diners walk past the table toward the rear of the restaurant. Jagger follows them with his head, then launches into another riff, this one in suave-businessman sternness: "Broiled steak on the rocks." Then in Jagger's voice, "We should play this radio in here like the way blacks and Puerto Ricans do in the street." He lifts it up to his ear and starts singing in Spanish: "Muy bien quiero . . ." then he stops, looks at me and gives me his impish grin that says, "Holy shit, how did we get into this?"

OUI: You once were quoted as saying you fooled around with boys at private school . . .

JAGGER: Can you believe that I would say things like that? Can you imagine they would *write* things like that? That I would go with a boy? [Now, back into the Southern-belle accent] That people would talk 'bout me like that? Hell shit! Who wants a cock in yo' mouth? I don't want no cock in ma mouth, boy.

OUI: Can I quote you? [Now I'm doing *my* Southern accent] Can I quote you on that?

JAGGER: You can quote me right on the front page. [He cracks up.]

OUI: I'm sure we'll lay that one real big. Helluva quote.

JAGGER: [Breaking up in laughter and still in Dixie dialect] You mean you play the cock nice and big or the quote, honney? [Now, back in his Jagger-voice] I think Americans are so great. They don't take anything seriously, and quite rightly, too. In England they take everything totally seriously. You don't *know.* You would have *no idea* what they are like, the reporters there. They're off the wall. I just said I played around with boys in school because I knew they had to have something to write. If I say I really like big cocks, then that's *what they print*: MICK JAGGER LIKES BIG COCKS. I get annoyed if they make it up. If *I* make it up, then I can't get annoyed, can I? I know who is taking me seriously and who isn't. They're really silly boys. There's much more joking in America. I try to give 'em nice stuff—something for their story and get it over and done with, and quit. All they want is a by-line. "I wouldn't fuck *her* if you *paid* me"—something like that. That's all they want, and I just try to give it to them. They're just kids. I'm tryin' to help the poor boy out. I don't give a shit really, but if they make it up I don't like it. I really try my best to give them something and if they make it up, then I can punch their faces.

OUI: You said in one article—

JAGGER: That's bad journalism [now a bit angered and adamant]. Going back to someone else's quotes.

OUI: But these are *your* quotes I'm referring to.

JAGGER: It's bad journalism to go back to something last July. You should never ask someone what they said last July or last week. You should get your own new ones. I only give—[He breaks off here, inexplicably, and goes into a severe Cockney falsetto] I'll have a *raw mackerel and a raw,* ummm, a *raw person,* and some, ummm, *raw legs.* [Now in his normal voice] I know they only get stuff by asking questions, and so I try to get them their by-lines. But ya gotta ask your own questions to get a new by-line. [Now in an ultraearnest voice] I do try to do my best. Most professional journalists understand completely what it's all about. If they don't, I hit them in the face with a raw mackerel.

OUI: What is it with you and raw fish?

JAGGER: I have taken out some American girls and they say raw fish . . . hell shit [now in Dixie falsetto] cowgirls are great. [Now in a deep Oxford-type voice, as if to impress a date with expertise] I am very sorry, but this is one of the *best Japanese restaurants* in New York, a *charming* place. Maybe you would like to try the hot *sake*? [Now switching to the Oxfordian's imaginary cowgirl date in falsetto] I'm very sorry, honey, but I don't drink no hot drinks, y'unnastand? 'Cept maybe a Coke and a gin and tonic when I go to bed. I don't wanna drink no hot liquid. [Now in Jagger's voice] American girls are so *marvelous.*

OUI: They aren't *all* from the South.

JAGGER: [Laughing] But it's the only accent I can do. I apologize for my lack of accents. My New York is horrible. I don't enjoy doing it. I prefer doing Southern accents. Southerners have a much larger vocabulary. It's true. Demographic surveys prove it. People in California don't have any vocabularies at all. Or very little. In the South I did find it very interesting, more interesting than using the same phrase for a hundred different feelings. California has a very slang-adaptable language but they don't use it. *Faaaar ouuuut.* Like the French have regional languages—*patois* or *langue d'oc*—their own language in certain regions.

OUI: Do you ever worry about the future of the Stones?

JAGGER: It is worryable but I can't hypothesize about it. I don't think there's any problem. I'm quite happy to have gone back into the studio and done our next album.

OUI: Is there anything you feel like saying about drugs?

JAGGER: I don't wanna talk about drugs. I don't take 'em. Drugs is bad for you. I drink *sake* to be able to talk to these motherfucker reporters. I don't trust policemen and I don't trust reporters. No, really, hard drugs are bad for you. I can't really say anything about it. It's so *boring.* I don't think heroin is good for you.

OUI: What do you hear from Margaret Trudeau lately?

JAGGER: [In a creaky, granny voice] She is such a nice person. [Now in his own voice] I don't wanna answer that question. It's a dead story, baby, and when I say it's dead, I mean it's *dead.* You gonna pick up the bill, boy?

OUI: I wouldn't have it any other way.

JAGGER: You better write a nice story about me, boy [now joking heartily as he gets up to make his way slowly towards the front of the restaurant], or I'm gonna get mad. I'm gonna throw—hell—I'm gonna throw a raw fish at you. □

Jim Jerome, associate editor of People *magazine, was a social worker in a New York mental hospital before he started interviewing rock celebrities.*

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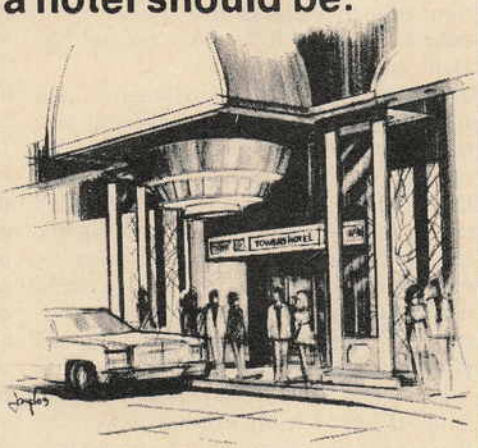

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VICTIM

(Continued from page 80)

money here—there's only two dollar bills in the whole house—but you can have it—you can take it and leave—just as long as you . . . don't . . . hurt . . . that . . . *girl.*" It was becoming too much like a made-for-TV movie. I couldn't see Deb dying for two fucking bucks.

He started to react to the news of nothing-but-two-dollars, but never got the chance. Max had awakened—finally and much too late to do anything but harm—and was suddenly somehow *behind* Shithead, barking and lunging and snapping and dancing back and barking some more. Even more nervous now, Shithead was turning his head (but not his eyes, locked to mine) toward Max.

I said, "Look, be cool—he won't hurt you—let me get him—let me get the dog—I'll lock him in the closet—get him out of the way."

Shithead was reluctant. Max kept barking I-told-you-so, lunging, dancing back. Finally, the hood said, "Get the dog." But he wouldn't let me come near him or Deb. And Max wouldn't come to me.

So—and this is perhaps the one surprising allowance Shithead made—I went into the kitchen, *out of his sight,* to call Max, knowing the pup would meet me halfway by entering through the opposite dining-room entrance. And Max did so, snuffling and snorting, but I paused. There, in the dining room, just outside the kitchen, were the two sliding glass doors by Deb's lettering board. They were within Shithead's view if he chose to look in that direction, but if I made a fast enough dash . . .

I was confident I could manage my own escape, the odds perhaps 80–20 in my favor, but I'd have to abandon Deb to do it. How would he react? Would he chase me? If so, would Deb have enough of her wits to take the cue and make her own escape, or at least lock all the doors? And what if he chose *not* to pursue? Would he release Deb and cut and run in panic? Would he kill her out of sheer spite and *then* split? And once I escaped, what would I do? Run to a neighbor and call the police? Get a shotgun, come back in a cold rage and try to blow him away? Stumble into him on the dark road or in the middle of the field as he was fleeing the house, and have a shootout? Would I emerge victorious, killing him, and have to think about *that* for the rest of my life?

So many questions, all screaming in mere instants, none with answers. I decided not to take the easy personal odds.

There, on the kitchen counter, was one of our wedding presents: a set of six extremely sharp butcher knives, one of them an almost wicked cleaver. Could I hug the inner dining-room wall, spider-creeping close enough to make a wild desperate

lunge, knock the gun from Deb's head before it fired, and stab him in the same move? They do things like that all the time on TV. And in comic books. Shang-Chi, Master of Kung Fu, has a notable knack for such things.

Shang-Chi ain't real. And even Bruce Lee died.

I returned with Max, without a butcher knife, and locked the dog in the living-room hall closet, feeling the sweating redness boiling from my pores almost like a long-ago acid trip.

An exchange then ensued:

Me: "All right now, just be cool. You can have whatever you want. There's only two dollars—we didn't get to the bank. You can have my credit card if you want." Stupid. He'd be crazy to take a credit card. But maybe he was. The situation was certainly crazy. Terrifying. Then, in confusion: "Oh Jeez! The two dollars are in my wallet—in my jacket pocket—in the closet. I'll have to open the closet again and Max—"

Him: "No. I can't handle two."

Me: "What do you mean?" And that's when the second wave of fear sliced deep, because I knew damn well what he meant.

Him: "I can take care of one, but I can't handle two. Now, we're going to get rid of *you*."

Me: "What do you—"

Him: "*Look*. I just need some *money*." Meaning: Be a good little victim and just do as I say; I'll get my money and I'll leave and she won't be hurt. "There's a car out there. Now, we're going to go out there and we're going to lock you in the trunk and—"

Me: "Now come *on* now! Be *reasonable*! You can't expect me to get into the trunk and—I can't leave you alone with *her*! You can't *expect* me to leave. How do I know you won't *hurt* her if I—?"

Him, with his first trace of anger and verbal menace: "You see the *hammer*—?" He jerked his thumb back significantly, demonstrating that the gun was cocked. I shut up instantly. The danger was brand-new all over again, brought home with livid power, more devastatingly than I could have suspected possible. "The least little move and it'll go."

Me, urgently, obsequiously: "All right, all right—be cool—be calm. I'll go in the trunk—right now—but just . . . don't . . . hurt . . . that . . . *girl*. I'm begging you, man, *begging* you!"

(I have claustrophobia. Bad. Ever since the two bullies held me pinned down in the schoolyard, leering, punching into my face from on high.)

I told him I'd have to open the closet to get my car keys, did so without letting Max escape, quickly moved to the kitchen door, flicked on the rear outside light and reached for the garage light. Behind me, doing his goosey step while still "hugging" Deb, he said, "No outside lights." I said, "But I won't be able to find my way to the garage." It was a lie. He knew it, and said contemptuously: "You can find your way."

I cut the light and went outside into the semicircular stone-walled sunken patio of grass. They followed, with Deb manipulating the doors, her head still held in that disturbingly awkward position to the side. Her face, in the last glow of the kitchen doorway, looked more frightened than ever, but there was no way I could reassure her. I was thoroughly impotent, exactly the way Shithead wanted it.

I marched straight toward the garage through total darkness, rapidly for some reason, finding my way with no trouble whatsoever. I could have done it sleepwalking. I stopped in front of the car's locked trunk. If I stalled some more, perhaps a passing car or snoopy neighbor would see us. Not likely; his targets are selected with too much cunning: isolated, set back from the road, neighbors distant, an excess of privacy and false security. New York apathy or not, he was braving less risk than a Manhattan mugger. (Suburban and rural crime has risen 800 percent in the last year.)

But I had to try something. It was the moment of horrifying truth, too close to being possibly all over. I told him about my claustrophobia, pointedly warning him that if he locked me in that trunk I could no longer be responsible for myself: I'd start screaming and yelling and the neighbors would hear and they'd call the police and you don't want that to happen so you'd better not put me in there, man, cuz I'm warning you I won't be able to control myself and . . .

"Forget it. You're going in the trunk. Just open the trunk." I could barely see the contour of his smoothly rounded, covered head, or Deb's naked, vulnerable head. But for some reason, I *could* see the gun. Imagination. Fear. The psychological power of the Death Instrument.

Sinking, the quicksand already covering my upper lip, I obeyed, seizing another stall even before the trunk sprang fully open. "I won't fit in there. Let me take out the spare tire."

A pause while he thought. Then: "Go on. Take it out, but don't try anything stupid." The guy had a way with dialog, probably from studying TV a lot.

I was very slow about removing the tire, jack, handle, base, washer nut. Each time I held one of the heavier items, I hesitated, pondering the option of spinning around and throwing it at him, followed by a flying tackle. Of course, a hurled spare tire or jack would hit Deb, not him, and the gun might go off *against his will*. Merely because I couldn't suppress my own claustrophobia.

So I restrained the impulse each time, instead placing the items on the nearby garbage cans. But, as planned, I left the last little metal bar—the foot-long piece that holds the spare tire in place—down there in the darkness of the trunk.

Then it really was the moment of truth. The trunk was open and nearly empty; I was standing in front of it, helpless; and a shithead was holding Death to my wife's head, telling me to get in and fuck claustrophobia. That's *your* problem.

No shit. The quicksand was over the bridge of my nose.

"Get in the trunk and quit trying to be stupid. She'll let you out when I leave."

Was he lying? I figured he might be, but I didn't know. He was saying, between the lines: "Do as I say; submit to helplessness; and trust me that no one'll get hurt." That's what Perry Smith and Richard Hickock said to the Clutter family in *In Cold Blood*. The Clutters believed them. The Clutters got their heads blown off once they were helplessly trussed up. Jay Sebring and Sharon Tate had allowed themselves to be tied up, and subsequently slaughtered, because Susan Atkins said they wouldn't be hurt. They'd all been lulled by false promises and assurances from their killers, their instincts desperately grasping the standard police advice: *Don't defy. Don't resist. When a criminal holds a gun on you, do whatever he says.*

Thus, claustrophobia was only the chilling patina, stifling the *real* horror: me standing there, trying to decide if Deb or both of us would die anyway. If so, I'd damn well better go down trying to kill the motherfucker, rather than starving or suffocating to death in that trunk with a case of terminal insanity after hearing a gunshot from the house.

In the end, the dark hood decided me. If he planned to kill us, why should he care if we saw his face? The Manson twerps hadn't worn hoods. Neither had Smith and Hickock. Richard Speck's face was bare.

Just thank God I never saw that wickedly silent hunting knife.

I climbed into the trunk. It was cramped. I was queasy. Still "hugging" Deb from behind, still jamming the gun to her temple, Shithead moved her forward and told her to shut the trunk.

She did so. Darkness. Closeness. Bad scents. The immediate sensation of smothering. Panic.

Then: tump tump. He must have finally let go of Deb; it was the dull echoed sound of his hand, testing the trunk, making certain it was locked. It was.

Deb's muffled voice: "Doug, are you all right?" She knew about my claustrophobia.

Me, with sourly sarcastic terror: "All *right*? No, I'm *not* all right, goddamn it!" I was replying for Shithead's benefit, not for Deb's.

A pause, shuffling or mumbling. The sound of the garage door rolling down. The door meeting the concrete garage floor with awful finality. The sound of The End.

Then *incredible* silence and darkness. Close. Tight. Paralysis setting in. Please

VICTIM If only Deb doesn't give me away, I'll glide right up behind him and I'll raise that metal bar high over my head, and I'll crush his fucking skull into shattered eggshell!

don't let me hear a gunshot. Or a scream. Not a scream, please. I couldn't handle that, wouldn't be able to do anything. Can't help you, Deb. I'm sorry, so very, very sorry. Where's the metal bar? Here. Getting *hot* now. Better wait about three minutes, make sure he's back in the house beyond hearing range, before I start. Wonder if I'll be able to do it? There must be an easy way, some way to spring a trunk open from the inside, but I don't know what it is. Why didn't I ever find out if there's such a way, just in case? Why don't the goddamn car manufacturers make sure their trunk locks can be opened from the inside? Why isn't there a Federal law, for God's sake, *requiring* it?

This isn't real. It's not supposed to happen. Our beautiful dream, our beautiful house in the country, our beautiful Ford Granada with the radio and the trunk that works like a champ . . . worked like a dog 12, 16 hours a day for three years to get up the down payments, still working like a dog on that hooded-terrorist *Apes* plot to meet the mortgage payments, even as the hooded-terrorist shithead was slithering into the house. Asshole. Ape. How does he live with himself? How does he sleep? Why don't things like this happen to people like *him* . . . to the stinkingly vile, slimy ones who *deserve* it, instead of innocent people minding their own business, busting ass to *pay* for what they've got?

Wonder when I'll crack? Gotta keep busy, forestall it—busy hands, busy mind. Healthy terror. Fingers on the inside of the lock mechanism, feel it out, try to imagine what it looks like, how it works, the components of its function. So dark, shift position for better angle—only two inches leeway, head already crammed up in the corner, sweat sopping the dust and grit. Maybe he'll just hurry up and take the two dollars and leave and Deb'll come out here, unharmed, to let me out. To appreciate freedom and life again. Just like he said. *Damn!* Why isn't there more money in my wallet—enough to appease him?

What if he never wanted any money at all?

Three minutes must be up. Gotta decide. Try the metal bar? Or just my fingers first? If I use the bar and break something, I may spoil all chance for my fingers . . .

Wait! Through the backseat! You can get out through the *backseat* in some cars. I reach back. Not this car. Metal all over the back, nearly solid, with foam-rubber openings far smaller than a head, maybe three inches wide. Rip out some of the foam rubber anyway, push the stubborn backseat forward, enough to at least get some air in here. Suffocating already.

Did the seat budge at all? A slight, almost imperceptible whisper of cool air, but only when I shove through the torn foam-rubber aperture against the backseat with all my strength. Soon as I let go, it seals up tighter than a pressurized clam.

Fingers first then, feeling the lock forever—wish I were Houdini—pulling, pulling with goddamn sweat-slippery fingertips on a small, thin metal prong. Must be the thing that's pushed in when the key's inserted. So if I can pull it out and twist it the same way the key turns, which is reversed since I'm inside now . . . but which way *do* you turn the key from outside? Can't remember. For the plugged-nickel life of me, *I can't remember! Shit!* Don't panic. Doesn't matter; can't pull the damned prong out far enough to twist it *either* way. Keeps slipping out of my fingers and snapping back. Sadistically. What's this? A towel under me—*nghh*—wrapped around last year's Christmas tree to catch the sap. Sticky, but maybe it'll give me a better grip. No, worse. But it cushions my fingertips, already chewed up and numb. If only I could get more leverage in here . . .

What's happening in the house? Blood all over the place, stuff smashed? Will he kill Max, too? Is he on his way back out here, right now, to make it unanimous? Never should've let myself get locked up. Like Herb Clutter. I know how he felt, but I had to. Hardest thing I've ever done in my life, but I had to do it for Deb. Don't let it be wasted.

I'll get out. I know I will. I have to. The bad guy can't win; it doesn't work that way. I'll use the bar—that's what I'll do—real quietly, just snap the lock off and the trunk'll pop right open. Then I'll climb out, with the metal bar, and I'll slip out the garage window into Deb's vegetable garden, sneak into the tall grass . . .

And then I'll play *his* game. I'll slink up to the house in darkness and stealth, learn which room he's in. Interior lights and no outside lights, clear as a bell looking in, but no one can see out past the reflection. I know the house better than him. I can pick the best door, slip in, and while he's rummaging through drawers and closets, I'll be sneaking up behind him. I know every spot that creaks and I can avoid them all—if only Deb doesn't give me away—and I'll glide right up behind him and I'll raise that metal bar high over my head, and *I'll crush his fucking skull into shattered eggshell!*

That's what I'd do. I *knew* I could do it. I was certain; it was inconceivable that I might fail.

But I did. The bar didn't work. I broke off nine pieces of the lock, wincing in mortal terror at each snapping fragment, holding my gasping breath as each new sound echoed like thunder in the confined interior of the locked trunk. As quiet as I tried to be—nerves taut and brittle as I so carefully pried with that bar—I was certain the snapping and clunking and banging sounds could be heard a hundred miles off. And I was equally certain he'd come out to investigate, annoyed and imperious, deciding to eliminate this meddlesome clown who had the audacity to disobey orders and attempt to break free.

So I'd wait after each new sound, straining to hear *his* sounds. Then, hearing nothing but pounding heart and rushing blood, I'd start again: prying, fiddling, pulling, bending, fulcrum-pressing, shifting cramped position for better angle, crunching my head into that metal corner or compacting myself into the fetal position, hating my filthy womb. Poe and premature burial. How long before I craze out into hysteria? Why won't the damned, insidious trunk just *open*?

It's really hot now, an oven. I'm a human radiator burning frantic energy and heating a small space. Must be 200 Fahrenheit. I'm literally drenched head to toe, as if I'd just fallen in. Hair wet as hair can get. Clothes soaked, clinging. Even my moccasins are wet. Sweat stinging my useless eyes, and now it's even dripping on me from above. Maybe it's 300 degrees. Push the seat back, through the ragged foam rubber. So much strength rewarded by so little air. Enough to breathe, but just barely.

Dizzy, muscles ready to snap, aching all along arms, back, chest, even braced legs. Never pushed my muscles so far before, putting every bit of strength into it, every bit of the bar's leverage . . . *skrakt*! Deafening sound. I broke something, but the trunk's still locked. Damn! Freeze, tense, panting and gasping, heart thudding, listening. So *dark*. Fingers groping for the damage. It's not the lock. I've ripped right through a portion of the metal bodywork attaching trunk lid to lock.

Back to fingertips, all raw and numb, maybe bleeding. No use. I've utterly destroyed the lock. It'll never work again.

(I wrestled, for a dozen eternities, with the complex possibility of accepting God. But I never quite made it; the appeals were all half-assed and insincere, plea bargains and extortion. Agnostics die hard—and alone. There was no God in the trunk, just blackness and fear.)

I tried to decide when I should start yelling and banging the metal rod against the ceiling of the trunk. Another hour? Dawn? How in hell would I know when it was *dawn*? No light could penetrate the absolute blackness of my claustrophobic cosmos. And even when the time *came*, would anyone be able to *hear* me? I didn't know. I only knew I couldn't start making a racket while there was any chance he was

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VICTIM

still in that house with Deb and his gun. So I'd ride it out, waiting, trying to quietly rupture a hole right through the whole damn trunk. Waiting, trying. Waiting.

I waited forever and then some. I cannot describe the waiting. It is an experience I do not wish on anyone in this world. Except Shithead.

Eventually I was convinced I would die very soon. I laid there "resting" between bouts with the metal bar, pushing open the foam-rubber crack for air, trying to prepare myself for death, to face mortality in its final consequence. For some reason, I wanted to go with grace, with a little nobility and dignity, without panic or fear. But try as I might, I could not comprehend the baffling significance of the fact that I was—no shit—going to die. At the age of 28. I never got to write my "best work." Never fathered a child. Never read all those books I've been saving for special times that will now never come. Jesus, if I'd known the future would never come to pass, I wouldn't have wasted all that time busting my ass, laying foundations for a "better" future. I'd have lived for the moment and read the books instead, made love more often, gone to the movies every night, made it my business to sample every wine, taste every cheese, sleep little. Me and Ben Gazzara, running for our short lives, cramming on life before the ultimate exam . . .

Then, a long time after forever, there came the distant sound of the garage door rolling up.

I was instantly alive again, flexing sore muscles, grasping the metal bar, ready to lash out like a whirlwind as soon as that trunk lid popped—to crush his face, turn that dark hood wet red, knock that gun out of his hand, spring out and kick him to death before he—

"*State police!*"

What? What are *they* doing here? How did they know I was in the trunk?

I could have said a thousand things, but I said, "Yeah! It's about time!"

They shuffled and mumbled. One said, "Take it easy."

I blurted, "My wife! Is my wife all right?"

"We're checking on that now."

Checking on that now? My God, *no*! She must be hurt and they don't know if she'll live! "What do you *mean*? Is she *hurt*? Where *is* she?"

"We don't know. They're going into the house now. Where are the keys to the trunk?"

"They won't do any good. I busted the lock all to pieces, springs and prongs and everything. The key won't work. You'll have to bust me out." Anxious. Hurry; where *is* she?

More mumbling, and: "Take it easy in

there. We'll get you out. They're going to get a crowbar."

They started to go away. I yelped, "Wait! What . . . where . . . what *time* is it?"

"Three thirty-five."

Three thirty-five! Time really *was* warped, shot to hell the *opposite* way. I kept assuming subjective time would seem much longer than actual time, kept compensating with reduced estimates. Less than five minutes after Shithead's entry at 1:00, I was in the trunk. I'd been entombed for two and a half hours. It had felt like forever, yet only 20 minutes.

Catharsis. The next few minutes were profound relief, yet unbearable suspense and apprehension. It was almost over for me (although for a scary moment I wondered if Shithead had brought some friends over to play state police), but I kept insisting: Deb's gotta be all right Deb's gotta be all right Deb's gotta be . . .

A far-off sound and Max barking, ending the way it had begun, getting louder and louder. The pup was outside, streaking for the garage.

A hollow clunk louder than barking, prying, wrenching, metal bending under protest, gasping and panting not mine, footsteps, another cop joining the effort . . . and the trunk broke open.

I froze. From 200 to 300 soaking degrees inside, I scrambled out into about 50 degrees. An instant icicle, I couldn't stop the shivering. Maybe some of it was aftershock; now that it was over, my body could afford the luxury of going to pieces.

I walked around, flexing and stretching, mumbling I don't know what, asking about Deb, stepping out of the garage to see for myself . . .

. . . and she was coming toward me. No blood. Just a couple of cops flanking her. We asked each other if we were all right. She said she expected to find me with white hair and splintered fingernails, all shriveled up and paralyzed from the screaming. That was all she'd been able to think about. I didn't tell her what I'd been thinking about, but she knew it was on my mind. The cops had been asking her, too—with good reason. They knew "he" had struck again. They'd come straight to the garage, looking for the guy locked in the trunk, before bothering with the house.

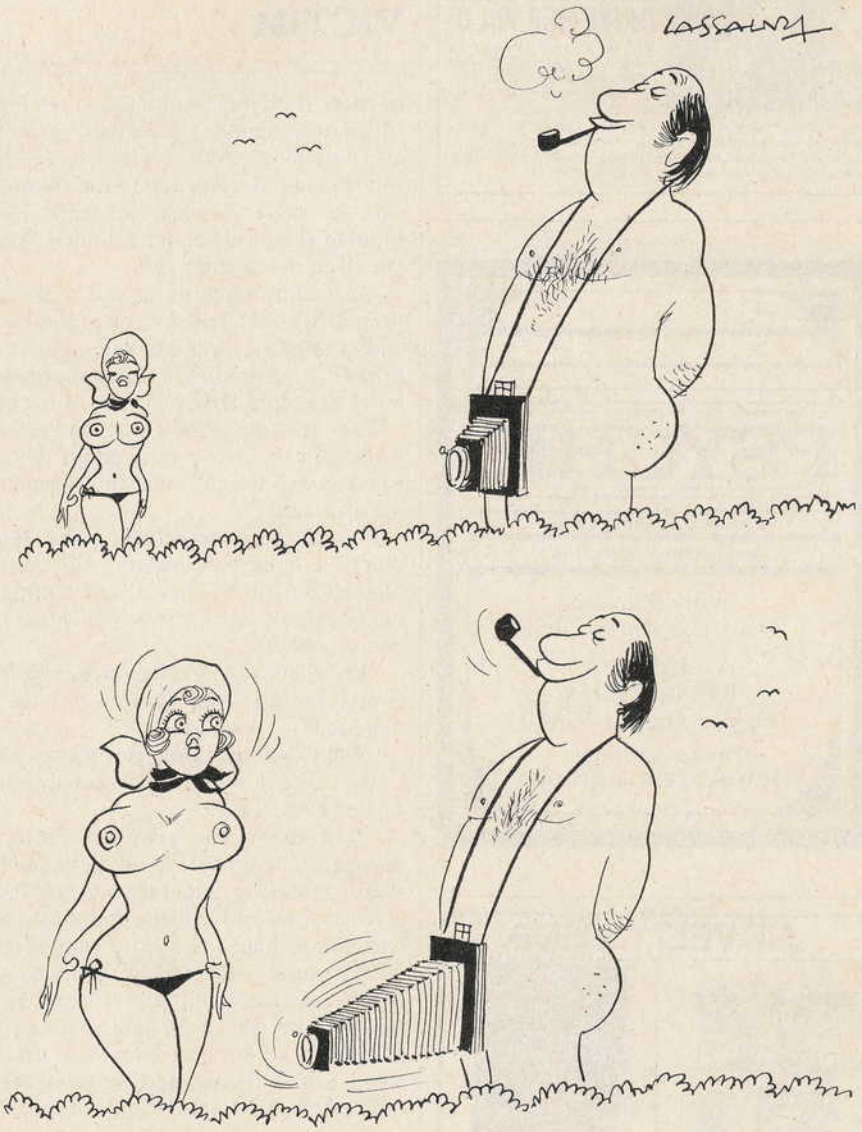
"Did he hurt you? Did he . . . touch you? Did he *do* anything to you?"

I didn't believe her "No." I'd been in that trunk too long for *nothing* to have happened. But she kept saying no until I finally did believe her, wanting to.

In the house nothing looked different, really. It just felt different. Weird, eerie—it was no longer the same house. It'd been tainted, spoiled, its beauty mute. The house had failed us. The house had been raped.

•

He'd locked Deb in the closet before he left at 2:10: so I'd remained entombed some 90 minutes after he was long gone. It had taken the police an hour to find our house. They're real quick.



Deb got me a delicious Coke without taste and I learned, with the police, that Shithead had wanted the phone number of a near neighbor. Deb gave him the Ps' number, family of the builder who constructed our house. Some seven minutes after Deb was locked in the closet, the Ps were awakened by the phone. "Go to Debbie. She needs your help. Go to Debbie Moench—the wife of the comic book writer. She needs you." Mrs. P thought it a poor joke, perpetrated by one of my possibly crazy friends. But the caller finally convinced her it was for real. She said in that case she'd better call the police. "No police—just go to her. Go to Debbie—she needs your help." Then Shithead hung up.

Even though Mrs. P knew it was serious, she assumed for some reason (my long hair, probably) that I'd taken drugs (I quit six years ago) and was beating Deb (even though we rarely *argue*). Mrs. P was thus afraid to go near that den of iniquity her husband had built. Instead, she roused her husband and he drove up to the beautiful house he'd so artfully built. Figuring it might be a trap, he honked his horn, received no response and drove back without leaving his pickup.

Mrs. P, not wishing to jeopardize our community standing by dragging in the local police, finally called the state police.

•

During the brief interim that Deb and I had been separated by the police, they repeatedly asked her if she'd been molested, already knowing the answer. Deb said no, having decided in the closet not to tell me lest I go off the deep end in rage. (She was very nearly right. Indeed, the police say that without exception the man always takes it much worse than the woman. Masculine pride, resentment of helplessness and humiliation, failure at the most fundamental level to protect your woman, the consuming lust for vengeance.)

When Deb's contingent of cops eventually swarmed up the stairs and saw the wet stuff on the bed they politely badgered her anew. Finally, realizing she had fooled no one, Deb broke down and admitted it.

Downstairs, I paced amidst my cadre of

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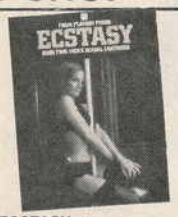

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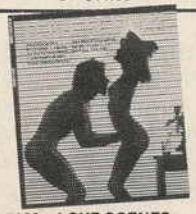

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VICTIM

rescuers, slapping fist into palm, cussing in frustration, smoking furiously, prowling and pounding tables, acting like an idiot, still shaking. A voice called me from outside—a male voice, someone who shouldn't know my name, calling it. A cop. He asked me to come out.

I faced him right on the last stone slab, from which I'd taken my gravel piss for an audience of one. There were squawking squad cars all around the horseshoe now, a lot of cops, and Deb, near one of the cars.

The cop said, "Now, Doug, you've been reading in the newspapers about this guy who's going around molesting women in the area and—"

Me, alarmed, rejecting: "No! No—I don't *read* the newspapers! No! Wait a minute! No, oh no—*him*? I saw a thing on the news two, three nights ago—*him*? This was *that* guy?!"

"Yes. Well, we're pretty sure it was him. Everything fits. And now—well, look, he molested . . . your wife . . ."

"What? No. He didn't. He *couldn't* have. I *knew* he did, the dirty stinking motherfucker! I *knew* it!"

"Now we're gonna take her over to the emergency room. She's all right, understand—but we've gotta take her over there, give her shots and so forth, and the doctors will talk to her. You'd do us much more good if you stayed right here while we take her. We'll take good care of her, but we need you to stay right here, because the detective's on his way over now, and he wants to talk to you, and we want you to remember everything." Could I *forget*?

"Look, all right. Now I want to ask you something—*tell* you something. You guys have been great so far, and I've got nothing against most cops—no complaints or anything—but I've been reading about rape cases and how victims are sometimes abused and asked demeaning questions and things." Asserting myself. If I couldn't protect Deb earlier, I'd do my best now. "I'm not saying you're like that, but I don't know. If I stay here, how will I know she won't be put through any—"

"Here's the phone number of the counseling group. There'll be a representative from a women's group there to meet your wife and talk to her, comfort her, see that nobody bothers her with the wrong stuff." He handed me a card from his wallet.

Deb broke down in tears and came to hug me, telling me *she* was sorry, she didn't want it to happen. There is something grievously wrong when a woman instinctively reacts in this manner.

Deb was taken off for a couple of hours, while I was left with the cops. Thirty-five of them all together, at least, coming and going, changing shifts at seven in the morning, now wearing slickers in the steady depressing drizzle. We hosted them, in shock, for nine hours; it was long past noon before the last ones left.

They both impressed me and (only later, in retrospect) convinced me they could have been better. But they didn't really fit the stereotyped klutz mold. (Although the fingerprint-duster, after instructing me not to touch or move anything, flicked his butt into the john. The detective would later make much of this "clue" before realizing it was the same brand Herb the fingerprint-duster smokes, and that it would be difficult to smoke through a mouthless hood. Irony: I had to go outside to piss three more times because they didn't want the toilets used.)

No fingerprints, of course, not from surgical gloves, but a film of dust is still ingrained in the 200-year-old wood of our antique bed. (After 12 identical crime scenes, they didn't really expect to find any prints, anyway.) And the way those 35 guys stomped and clomped all over the grounds like the zombie horde from *Night of the Living Dead*, they'd never find anything else out there.

But they *were* meticulously thorough about taking my statement. For *hours* . . .

•

Deb returned from the hospital in the fresh clothing I'd selected and which had been delivered to the emergency room by one of the cops. After completing my account of the ordeal, I listened to Deb's version for the first time, as monitored by the detective:

Leaving my desk to put dinner on the table, she was distracted by one of the cats—Punk—madly dashing from kitchen to living room. Punk scrambled under the couch, poked her frenzied head out once, yanked it back in. Deb got on hands and knees to look under the couch and see what was wrong with the cat. She then heard a soft sound or sensed movement, looked up and saw him, walking in a stealthy crouch of long strides, turreting head and gun from side to side, coming from the kitchen toward her. (Had I been facing the other way from my desk, I would have seen him through the foyer.) Deb does not remember gasping.

Moving behind her as she rose to her feet in confusion, he said, "You should keep your doors locked," hissing it into her ear from behind. He fastened his hold of forearm and gun on her, asking who else was in the house. She said, "Doug . . . ," either in reply or appeal.

Then they stood there and waited, the lurid tableau set, until I blundered onto the scene and was stuffed into hellish darkness.

Garage door shut, he took Deb back into the house, releasing her and relaxing only when they were inside. He wanted money and drugs—but nothing hard.

Grass, speed, tranquilizers, hallucinogens. (Anyone with those tastes is not addicted to horse. Besides, robbery is a poor second in the motives department. "Normal" burglars will not go near a house with interior lights, even if they strongly suspect the lights are merely a ruse illuminating an empty house. They just won't chance it; the last thing they desire is contact with their victims. Conversely, that's exactly what Shithead does want, more than anything else. A vacant house does not interest him. There *must* be people inside, preferably a young couple and no one else, although children have slept through several of his numbers, never dreaming Daddy was locked in the trunk of his car and Mommy was being raped in her bed. Shithead's "kick," as closely as can be determined, demands the total domination of a house. Invasion and takeover, subjugation of the residents, humiliation and disposal of the husband, and final persona-usurpation of Lord and Master of the Manor. And the wife. A ripoff of the most pervasive dimensions. No quick roll in the bushes for this asshole; he rapes your entire world, as well as your wife, daughter, mother or even grandmother.)

Deb quickly dug some ancient diet pills from a nearly forgotten corner of the refrigerator, offered them. She suggested supplementing my sparse wallet with a jar of empty-your-pockets change, simply wanting to give him whatever he wanted, send him packing and come out to free me.

But he took his time, wanting to inspect the entire house, study each room savoringly, every closet, all my desk drawers, the wood file cabinets containing carbons of my work. "What does your husband do?" "He writes, mostly comic books right now."

Apparently, he liked our house. "Must be nice to be able to afford a house like this," he said with resentment. "A house like this should have more money in it," spoken with annoyance. We were targeted *because* of the house, because our hard work had paid off.

He took a single paperback from the library—Tom Wolfe's *Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test*. "I've been looking for this for a long time."

Finally he took Deb up to the master bedroom, ostensibly to look at the "jewelry" and to get the jar of change, unscrewing the stairway light bulb as they ascended. He pocketed the most expensive gift I've ever purchased—Deb's $116 turquoise-and-coral Indian necklace. Then he went through the dresser drawers, looking for stashed cash, finding none.

He turned to Deb. "All right, now you take your clothes off."

Only then did it hit her, and she still couldn't believe it. She's too innocent, too trusting.

She said: "What?"

"Now you take your *clothes off*."

"What if I don't want to?"

"You've only got two choices."

"What are the choices?" Bless her.

"Either you do it, or I'll hit you with the gun and do it myself."

It was still beyond belief. After three years of living together, this wasn't supposed to happen *now*—not when we just got *married*.

We'd just seen *Lipstick* not long before. She didn't want to be naked with him, wanted to prevent actual intercourse, the chance of disease, the humiliation and possible pain.

"Couldn't I just . . . *do* you?"

He said, "No, I don't trust girls." (Is he gay and feeling guilt, able to get it on with girls only under circumstances of rape—anonymous, wielding threat, reinforced with a phallic gun? Why would he specify not trusting *girls*? Perhaps Freud does have some relevance; many rapists are indeed impotent in normal relations. One of Shithead's other victims, an attractive girl, claimed, "He couldn't keep it hard.")

Waving his gun, he repeated: "Now you take your *clothes off." Come on, dummy, don't you know this is part of the ritual?*

"You don't have any diseases, do you?"

"No." As if he'd balk at mere deceit.

Deb says the actual rape was nothing, consistent with the other victims' statements. She figures maybe even less than a minute. No pain. Missionary position, jeans around his ankles, army jacket, sneakers and hood still on. Sleazy and sordid, but one-two-three and it was over, consummate boredom, if not so horrifying. She didn't look at his face and lost track of the gun, thinking only of me in the trunk, hair like snow. As soon as he was finished, she sat up and started crying.

Bright asshole that he is, he asked, "Why are you crying?"

"I didn't want to do it. Why do you *think* I'm crying?"

Deb started getting a little feisty at this point, or maybe she just didn't care anymore. Without asking permission, she went into the adjacent bathroom, as he was semi-apologizing and probably pulling his slimy pants up. Now that she no longer acted like a helpless hostage, he said she was "a nice lady."

She felt dirty, and so washed, put on fresh underwear and the same short shift. As they went downstairs, he said, "It's just something I have to do." (The police believe this single phrase, repeated to all victims, will have every shrink in the state crying insanity and, if caught, Shithead will never serve a day's time in prison. One psychiatrist, already consulted by the police, announced that "the perpetrator is probably seeking help and wants to be caught." Then why has he been so precisely calculated, so punctiliously premeditated, never leaving behind so much as a smudged fingerprint? Why does he match nothing but the most ludicrous of

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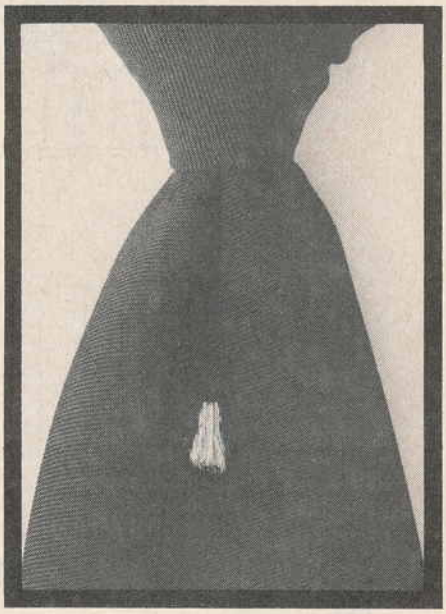

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VICTIM Just before he closed and locked the second closet door, he said one last thing. It is a thing for which I could easily take his eyes. He said: "I'll be back sometime."

descriptions? White, average height, average weight or slightly thinner, possibly gray-blue eyes, perhaps short hair but not necessarily, normal voice, vocabulary suggesting average education, clothing worn by a million "hippie" kids, and which he probably does *not* wear unless engaged in nocturnal fun and games. Age between 17 and 28. That really narrows it down; bullshit he wants to be caught.)

In the studio he examined and rejected the two hand-me-down cameras. (He is extremely choosy, furnishing an apartment rather than fencing goods for cash. "No, I don't need a TV. I've *got* a TV.") He noticed some Big Little Books from the Thirties and Forties. Almost conversationally chatting: "These are worth money, aren't they?"

Deb: "No. Some are, but none of those." He was not planning to take them but I relish, now, each of Deb's little defiances.

It seemed to be nearing an end, with Shithead again annoyed by the dearth of paper money. Perhaps the $100-plus jar of coins was too heavy for him. "I don't want *change*—I want *money*."

Deb: "Well, that's all you're getting. Leave it if you don't want it." She was defeated, yes, but felt she had nothing more to lose.

He finally took the Ps' number and said, "Now what are we going to do with you?"

"I don't know. Lock me in the closet if you have to."

He started to do so, and Max flew out to have a few more words. Deb picked up the dog and Shithead locked one door, paused in the other doorway to tell her: "Now don't try to get out or make any noise. I'm going to be right outside looking at the other houses around here and I'll shoot the first thing that moves."

Just before he closed and locked the second closet door, he said one last thing. It is a thing for which I could easily take his eyes. He said: "I'll be back sometime."

Then he was gone, into the darkness whence he came. It was 2:10; the hypocritical TV's sign-off sermonette could be heard in the closet. Perhaps another I-told-you-so, it was scant comfort.

•

Our material losses enrage me, and they are the least of it. Perhaps $250–300 in cash, coins and valuables. Over $100 in emergency-room and doctor bills. Another $150 to repair the car trunk and replace the lock. And an electric bill permanently increased by some $30 a month for outside lights all night long. So: $600 immediately ripped off, more to come on the installment plan.

A mere pittance in the face of the memories, the psychological aftereffects, the paranoia, the occasional glimpse behind Deb's eyes, all the changes that *really* make me hunger for Shithead's squeals of pain.

•

He is still free. We were the 13th of 16 known hits, the fourth in three nights. Because he threatens most victims with a punitive return visit in the form of a murder spree should they involve the police, it is believed the number of unreported incidents far exceeds the known hits. As far as reported incidents go, he seems to have stopped. Perhaps he is one of the numerous suspects, cooling it, getting a bitter taste from his own bottle of paranoia medicine. Then again, perhaps he's just waiting for the return of spring fever.

His victims have ranged from a 12-year-old girl (likely a virgin prior to his hooded initiation into the joys of sex) to an 84-year-old grandmother. Each victim has a story similar to this one, some worse.

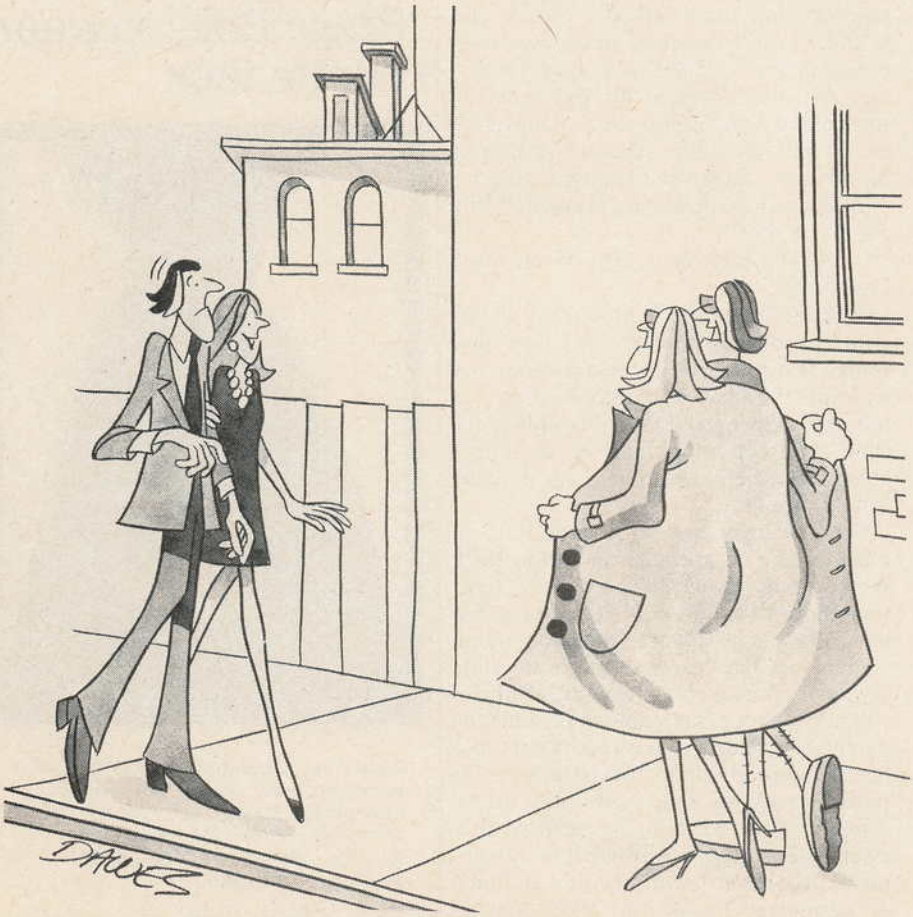
There will probably be more. He's had a lot of practice and he is very good at his chosen profession.

•

I did not sleep well the rest of the long summer, and never before dawn. Even now, I jump at night sounds—the furnace kicking on, the cat scratching at the door. My blood freezes every time a dog barks from the darkness. I now own an expensive, powerful flashlight, and other things. I investigate a lot, hopefully, and I will not hesitate. Once, the cardinal sin to my way of thinking was murder; now it is being caught off-guard.

At this very moment, as I sit here in this Dream House turned Nightmare Manor—the house he usurped and commanded at gunpoint and under hood, at the desk he pilfered, under the haunting shadow of his lingering presence—I wonder: Does he read this magazine? Are you out there, Shithead? Have I angered you? Are you ready to make good on your promise to "be back sometime"? I hope so. Deep in my gut, I hope so, because this time I'll be ready. Waiting. Paranoia justified. And I won't be the old compassionate liberal me, waiting to help you, to bundle you in a straitjacket and trundle you off to an exorbitant taxpayer-funded sanitarium. I won't be content to shrug my shoulders, blame society and forgive, feed and shelter you out of my government tithe-plus. Not on your hooded ass, Shithead.

No, thanks to you, I've got *other* ideas in my head—all of them very, very sick. □



"It's nice to see a couple that do things together!"

SEX TAPES LETTERS

(Continued from page 28)

discomfort). At lunch, I told Shirley I was going shopping after work, but at five, I raced over to see Dr. Edwards, who took me back into the examining room and covered me with the bib. I realized that his nurses were gone. I told him the filling felt fine, and he gently smoothed it down as I lay in a trance, listening to the stereo music. He reached across me for an instrument and I felt his arm touching my boobs. He said, "I think you've been a brave new patient," and kissed me on the cheek. He removed the bib and started to tilt up the chair. Then he noticed that I was not offended by his kiss. "You know," he said, "we were rushed this morning. I think I should examine the rest of your teeth." I automatically sat back in the chair. He said, "I guess you realize that the tongue is five times more sensitive than the fingertips." Then his mouth was on mine, and his tongue was touching mine. After what seemed like a few seconds—it was actually much longer—he pulled back and told me, "Your new filling feels smooth enough, and you have twenty-eight teeth." I couldn't tell if he was serious or fooling around; I only knew that I was enjoying the whole thing.

I was still lying in the chair when he stood up, and when the bulge in his pants reached eye level, it became obvious that he was as excited as I was. He reached down and slipped his huge hands under my arms, caressing my breasts along the way, and he lifted me out of the chair. He undressed me as though he were studying anatomy by Braille. I weigh about 115 pounds and am pretty well built at five-seven, but he picked me up shoulder-high—over six feet in the air—and nuzzled my pussy with his mouth and mustache as he slowly placed me on a big soft beach towel he had somehow slipped over the chair. Then he reached behind the chair, and I felt a pulsating warmth flow through me.

I'd heard of things that produce heat and vibrate, for people with bad backs or arthritis; something like that was built into his dental chair. I let it carry me away for a while; then I looked up and saw him undressing. His pants dropped slowly to the floor and he neatly hung them on top of the door. I was so hot, I wished he'd stop being so compulsively neat. Then he turned around and I saw his huge cock. What an instrument! He swung his right leg over my head and stood straddling me. Then he adjusted the chair so his cock and balls were between my tits. I pulled the head of his penis into my mouth and sucked it, while he rubbed some lotion on my tits. Then he lowered himself over me and started lapping my legs and then my pussy with a butterfly tongue, followed by some wild sucking. I thought his cock and tongue were going to meet somewhere inside me. I came and came and came, and soon he did, too. I was trying to wipe off the come I hadn't swallowed when I realized he was doing something with his dental drill. He told me not to worry; then I heard it whining. He'd placed some sort of gentle head on it and was using it to caress my clit. Occasionally he would place the thing inside me; at other moments he would squirt warm water inside me with his atomizer. I was going wild with orgasms.

I saw that he was hard again. He adjusted the chair so that my mons and pussy were perched up like Nob Hill, and I knew he was finally going to stick that gorgeous rod into me. I got a little nervous. He paused a second, reached behind me and opened a cabinet. He fiddled with some knobs and handed me a mask, saying, "Take a couple of deep breaths. It's nitrous oxide, and it will quiet your anxiety."

Soon I was floating in a room of soft music and falling leaves. I was barely conscious of the head of his cock as it slowly played around my labia and clitoris. I just rocked and swayed with it all as he gently guided my pelvis with his strong hands, until I had engulfed his entire organ. I couldn't believe the feeling of that cock finally *in* me and his groin against me. We came together like the ending of *Star Wars*. I was exhausted! It was nearly seven o'clock when I finally put myself together.

Finally I staggered to the door with a deliciously tender pussy. Dr. Edwards came up behind me and held me tenderly for a moment. "That," I said, "was some treat after the treatment." He smiled warmly and off I floated into the beautiful San Francisco sunset.

WANDA B.
Mill Valley, California

KINKY SEX

Reading through your October 1977 issue, I noticed the letter from Alvin G., who found it an "absolutely marvelous turn-on" to urinate on a girl and then have her reciprocate. I could not agree with him more, and I suspect that many other people would admit to the same, were they not inhibited by our powerful taboos condemning this practice as "filthy." The reception, orally or otherwise, of human urine as an erotic stimulant is a practice, however clandestine, that is as old as mankind itself. *Time* recently quoted some sage in India as saying that he drinks his own urine daily, as a health measure. A drink or douche of a passionate love partner's warm, golden, natural wine is a much more powerful aphrodisiac than, for example, mere pussy juice.

H.J.
Brussels, Belgium

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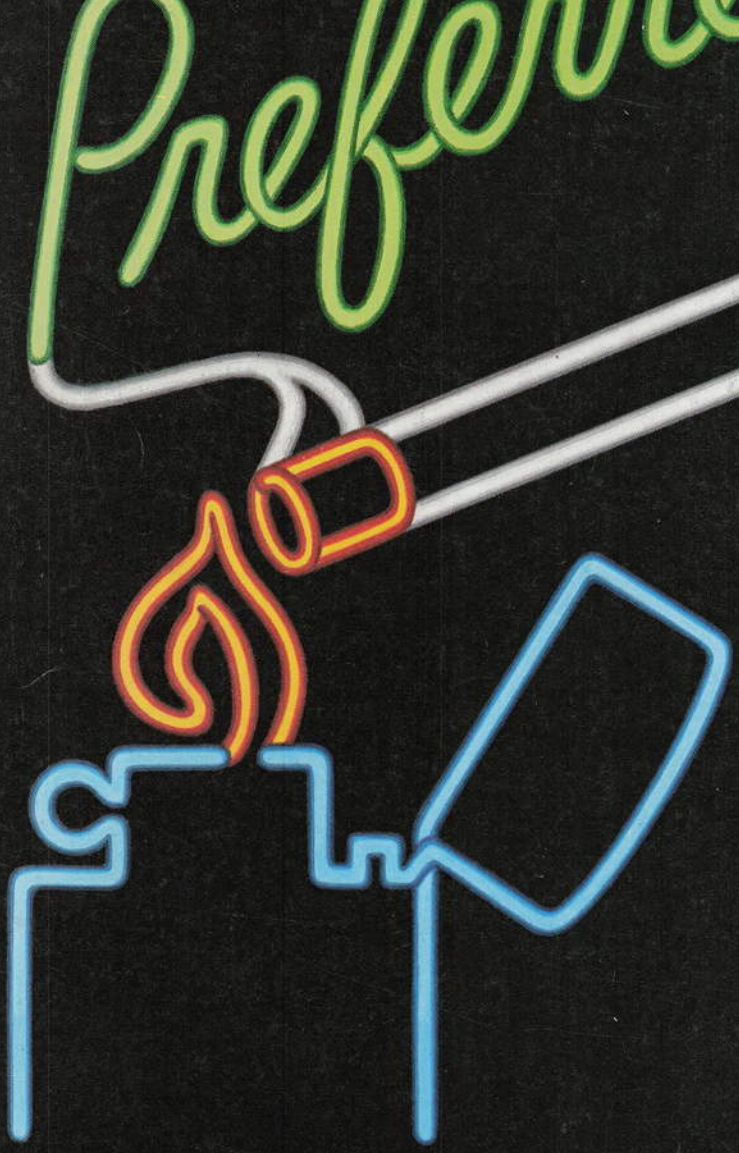

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